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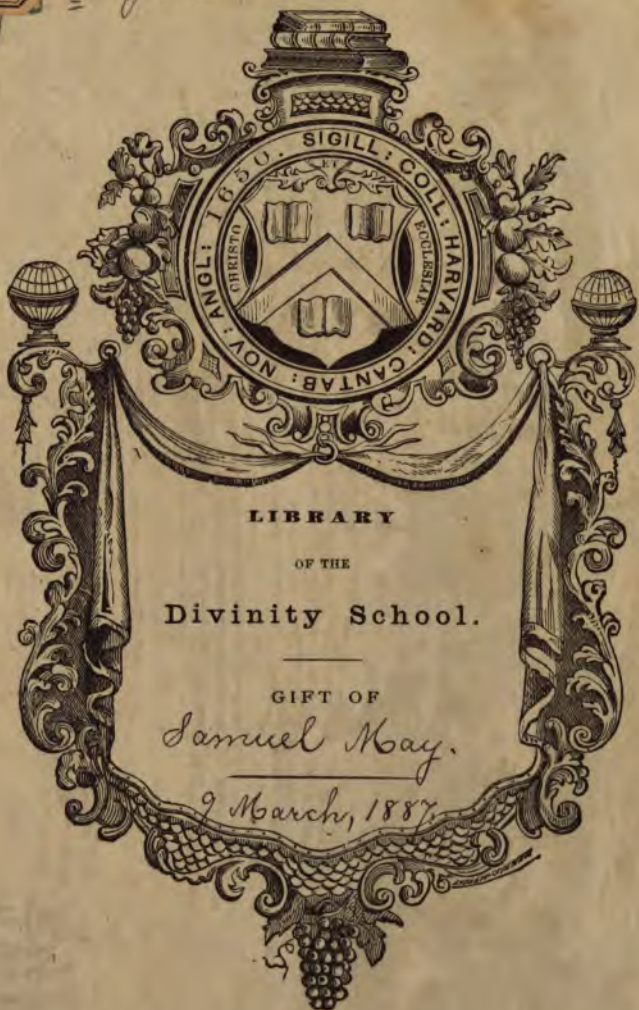

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MEMOIR AND PAPERS.

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PREFACE.

THE literary executors, appointed by Mr. Brigham in his will, offer to his friends and the public the following volume as the result of their labors. It consists of a Memoir by his classmate, Rev. E. B. Willson, and such selections from his manuscripts and printed papers as would, it was thought, best illustrate the range, quality and faithfulness of his work and scholarship. He left, printed and unprinted, a large mass of materials for more systematic and homogeneous volumes, in his critical reviews, historical, biographical and geographical lectures, European and Oriental travels, educational, reform and hygienic articles, and sermons, but the rapid transition of opinions and the speedy superannuation of critical and literary judgments by later investigations and maturer thought, render it difficult in general to use for present purposes to-day what was written even ten or twenty years ago, without modification or cumbersome notes. Probably even in what

we have published, Mr. Brigham's own quick eye would have detected many things to change or qualify. But the object primarily has been to represent the man, not opinions.

With these explanations we contribute the volume as another not unworthy addition to the increasing treasure-house of American letters and biography. The old, old story of character, faith, consecrated labor and immortal hope can never pall on human interest, but renews itself, like the fresh seasons of Nature herself with never-tiring attraction, and gives lessons ever new and stimulating to mind and heart. His parishioners, his brethren in the ministry, and his numerous pupils at Ann Arbor and Meadville will recall with gratitude many a word which helped them to higher faith and nobler living.

ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE.

NOTE.

Rev. Charles Henry Brigham laid upon two of his friends the double and delicate duty, first, of determining whether any, and if any, what, of his unpublished papers should go to the press; and, secondly, the "preparation of a brief memoir."

The two friends living far apart, agreed that a memoir could not conveniently be their joint work. Thus it has come to be undertaken by one of them; and whether fitly or ill done, the responsibility for it rests with him.

The memorialist would never have thought of nominating himself for this office, nor have accepted it under any less constraining commission than Mr. Brigham's supposed wish. At the moment of taking up the pen, he has his eyes upon this sentence: "Few men would choose their own biographers well," and believes that it contains the truth.

He is happily able to supplement his own imper-

fect sketch with some touches by other friendly hands, notably two, which he has set by themselves in the form in which he found them standing, because they seem to him specially worthy to be preserved unchanged, as well on account of the truth and justness in them, as of the close relations in which the writers stood to their subject.

E. B. WILLSON.

MEMOIR.

MEMOIR.

CHARLES HENRY BRIGHAM, son of Dennis and Roxa (Fay) Brigham, was born in Boston, July 27th, 1820. A child of good parts, he made easy progress through the schools which he attended in his childhood and boyhood, and went from the Latin School to Harvard College at the age of fifteen, graduating in the class of 1839.

Of his early childhood we have but a glimpse or two. A kinswoman of about equal age with him, remembers that when he came on visits to her father's house in the country, as he frequently did, "the boy cousins cared nothing about him, as he could never interest himself in any of their sports. The chickens were his chief attraction, and very soon he knew every one (although we had a large flock), and would know if one was missing. He seemed to make a study of them, watching all their ways."

The memory for which he was distinguished in after years showed itself early, laying hold, with swift and sure grasp, of the facts of history and experience, and of the literary treasures of good books.

In his literary training, as in his moral, he owed more to his mother than to all other masters and models. "To her," he wrote when assuming his first pastorate, "I owe

my ambition to excel, my fondness for study, and mental culture."

One with whom he maintained a warm and close friendship for almost fifty years, Rev. Amos Smith of Belmont, furnishes some interesting facts and pictures, falling within this portion of his life:

He entered, when advanced enough, the Bowdoin school, corner of Temple and Derne streets. Its site, and the lots which adjoined it, are now covered by the West Boston Reservoir. He completed in 1830 the course of studies pursued in that school, receiving a Franklin medal. He then entered the Boston Latin School, at that time kept at the corner of School Street and Chapman Place. Horticultural Hall afterwards covered, but the Parker House now covers, that space. It was then (in 1830) that my acquaintance with him commenced, I having entered the school in 1829. I remember him well, as a bright, intelligent, wide-awake, compactly-built, rather short, muscular boy, as fond of fun and play as any of his mates, but obedient to the rules of the school, of uncommon industry, of great power of perseverance in the studying of his lessons, of high scholarship in all departments, and greatly liked, as a good and faithful pupil, by all the teachers. I suspect that no boy of that school ever committed to memory Adams's Latin Grammar more thoroughly than he did. Many a time, here in Belmont, he has amused me, and called back the old Latin School days, by repeating with glib tongue large extracts from that delectable volume, and especially some of the long "lists" with which it abounds, and which at school we had to learn by heart. Forty-five years had not erased them from his memory. What he learned of Latin from Masters Dillaway, Gardner, Streeter, and the other instructors of that school, increased by what he subsequently acquired at college, enabled him to read the language with pretty nearly the same facility with which he read English. And his acquaintance with Greek, though less, was large. He graduated from the school in 1835, having ranked through his whole career in it, among the highest in his class.

In college, as in school, he was studious, maintained a high rank, and identified himself with all that was best in scholarship, and worthiest in character. A high ideal of the scholar's vocation held him to a lofty aim and an unflagging patience in work; and to the end of his life he remained a loyal son of the University, watching over her good fame with a jealous pride, and justly holding it an honorable distinction to have had her culture, and to have received her well-won credentials.

Of the year that intervened between his graduation and the commencement of his professional studies, six months were passed in teaching in a private school kept by a French gentleman in the city of Baltimore, Maryland; the remainder at his father's house in New York. When at home he was not idle. He had no capacity for idleness. He read industriously, did some writing daily, and meantime weighed seriously the question of his life's calling, which he settled by entering the Divinity School in Cambridge in August, 1840.

Although, even after this choice was made, we find him sometimes expressing a doubt whether he had chosen wisely, and half regretting that he had not pursued another vocation, he permits us to see in a "Thought Book," which he kept through the year 1840, how steadily and positively his mind was setting all this time in the direction of his lifelong labors. And we must go even farther back to perceive fully the unity and consistency of his character, and to see how strongly all the indications had been pointing this way from the first. His mother's influence has been mentioned. That of the church is not to be overlooked. The family regularly attended worship in the West Boston

Church, of which Rev. Charles Lowell was the minister while Charles Brigham was growing and plastic. Mother and son were there together. The apostolic dignity of the preacher, his deep seriousness of manner, the exacting and inspiring standard of life which he held up to view as the Christian ideal, and his pastoral closeness and fidelity to the households of which his congregation was made up, could not fail to impress the imagination of this quick-minded and observant boy. They did impress him deeply, and are to be counted among the most undoubted and effective of the causes that gave bent to his mind, when the time came to fix upon a profession.

About the time he went to Baltimore he began a careful and consecutive reading of the New Testament, making a record from day to day of the results, both as to their practical lessons and as establishing the character of their writings. At the close of the survey, which ran through nearly a year's time, he came to the conclusion that the evangelical history was trustworthy, and accepted the New Testament "as a guide book in the way of duty." "If I walk by its precepts I am secure against falling. It is a practical book, the most practical I ever read; eminently fitted to be a lamp to my feet and a light to my path . . . . I am going now to enter upon the study of divinity. . . . . I shall ever remember this year as being the occasion of my first reading of the New Testament." He had omitted the "Revelation" from his reading as "a book which is perhaps apocryphal, and certainly not connected with, or subsidiary to, the original design of the book in general."

It was at Divinity Hall, Cambridge, and at the begin

ning of the academic year in 1840, that I first met Mr. Brigham. The next three years were passed in almost daily and intimate intercourse with him.

The life of a student in a theological school is, to external observation, monotony itself: a round of exercises at appointed hours, quiet study, much writing, much reading, solitary walks and walks in pairs, the professor's learned lecture and paternal advice, argument and discussion around the recitation tables, accidental groupings at odd hours, when fun and banter, wit and story rule; and at other hours, when in more serious conference conscience makes inquisition of motive, and young men, not without anxiety, forecast the future of their hopes and fears—such, to external observation, is this life of the student of theology. It is a great deal more, to be sure, to the eye reading with more insight. It is far from monotonous; it is as exciting as the career of the explorer in unknown countries, or the struggle in the thick of business for the great prizes of fortune.

In the retrospect of that time no figure is more constant to my eye or mind than Mr. Brigham's. Foraging widely, he was the foremost and most diligent of readers, most abundant of writers, faithful in attendance upon all prescribed exercises, never backward in debate, no laggard at a walk, sincere and serious always in his approach to serious themes, and in his treatment of matters of moral concern and religious experience never otherwise than earnest and reverent.

Neither at that period, nor later, was he usually credited with the religious sensibility which he possessed. This was owing not to reserve, nor to any mask of manners

that he designedly wore, for he was frank to a fault. But he was naturally self-assertive, and set a high value on scholarly acquisition, and on some personal advantages of opportunity, in which he was affluent. With a pretty large self-esteem he was sure, therefore, to offend at times by assumptions of superiority and all-knowingness. Along with this, but overlaid and hidden by it, went a genuine humility and an honest self-depreciation, of which abundant autographic proofs exist. Better proof than self-reproaches — of which there was no lack in his private notes — he took sharp criticism, when it came from a friend and one whom he respected as a competent critic, with an unsparing self-application, making no defense of himself nor complaint of injustice, though he felt it with a wincing keenness.

After graduation from the Divinity School, Mr. Brigham preached in several vacant pulpits from one to eight Sundays each. His longer engagements were in Watertown three Sundays, in Greenfield four, in South Boston eight, in Taunton six. Having received a call to settle as Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Taunton, he accepted it on the 20th of February, 1844, and was ordained on the 27th of March, the same year. In his letter of acceptance he said: "I can only bring you the talents which God has given me, a willingness to labor, and a sincere interest, I trust, in the work of the ministry." Such words, common in such communications, are no common places here. "A willingness to labor and a sincere interest in the work of the ministry:" proper and modest words for the occasion, but not much color in them then; how loaded with meaning and warm with life, as we read them

now, with the record of a completed ministry of twenty-two years throwing light upon them! Willingness to labor? It was an irrepressible, exulting eagerness with him. Labor was his delight. No brief spasms and spurts, followed by panting lassitude. It went on steadily from the beginning of the year to the end: from year to year. He carried about him no air of being hurried or flushed by overwork. He was always fresh; one day was like another; busy, but with room for new claims. He had leisure always for social occasions and for recreation, as men of industry and method usually have, because, mastering their work, their work does not master them. To enumerate his preachings, lectures, meetings, pastoral visits, school visits, journeys, gives but a faint idea of it, though they indeed astonish by their number and variety. His labor at his books and pen was not abridged nor slurred because he had so many calls abroad. His love of study took care for that. Up to midday, and past — to be precise, his rule was "till 4 o'clock, p. m." — he was steady at his work-table. He needed less sleep than most men, and was a late sitter at night. One of the most tireless of men, both as to bodily activity and mental labor, his high praise of a fellow traveller who was his companion through some European lands, was, that he was one of the best men to travel with that he ever knew, "because he possessed so much learning and *never got tired.*"

Better than any words of mine to characterize or describe the fullness of this ministry of Mr. Brigham in Taunton, will be the grateful and warm-hearted testimony of some of his friends and parishioners, whom he won and bound to himself by his manly sincerity, his incorruptible

fidelity to truth, and his generous gift of himself to the service of all. It is to be remarked, moreover, that this is a character which wore well, as the tributes we cite to its worth come late. It is not the enthusiasm of a young friendship that speaks. It has run through many years of close and familiar contact, and has survived other years of separation. The judgment is of one tried in all weathers, showing impressions not newly made, but growing deeper with time. They are not neutral men who leave such long-lasting, and deep-cut traces where they have been.

One who knew him intimately and had best opportunities to discover the quality of his central purpose, says of him that from the time of his coming to Taunton in 1844, a young man of twenty-three years, to his leaving in 1865:

His course was an unvarying one of devotion to his work as a minister, friend and citizen. When he went away not only his own society, but every society of whatever denomination, in fact the whole town, mourned his departure, for they felt that the main prop in every good work was taken. His opinions upon all subjects, social, moral, intellectual and religious were sought, so that he was like an oracle. If any vexed question occurred, "ask Mr. Brigham," was the current suggestion. His preaching, in the opinion of most persons was of the highest, because of the truest order. He had decided beliefs upon all subjects which he treated, and just what he believed, felt, or knew to be true, he preached without fear or favor. I think he never strove to make "great" sermons, that is, high-sounding, sensational, or eloquent, though his style was eloquent, I think, for it was true, simple, and concise.

As to his every-day life, the writer adds:

He entered with enthusiasm into every work connected

with his parish. No duty was ever neglected. Reserving full time for his studies, he still had time left for social intercourse; and oh! how welcome he was everywhere. Occasionally his somewhat brusque, abrupt manner would offend an over-sensitive person a little, but it was soon forgotten in the pleasure which his presence gave. A careful housekeeper would say that some article of food was not quite good, and he would echo her own words by saying: "No, it is not so good as you have sometimes;" or if a new picture with a bright, gilt frame was subjected to his criticism, the frame, its chief fine point, he would perhaps say: "It is not so handsome as the wall-paper behind it." He might have left that first thing that came into his mind unsaid, but he could not say, if he saw no merit, that there was any: it was not in him. These are light things to tell, but they are the ones which sometimes caused the imputation of rudeness. I make a distinction and say they showed his truthful, straight-forward manner of speaking just what was in his mind . . . . He was a most unsuspicious person, believed every one was as single-minded and truthful as himself; and if brought to believe that any one was not his friend, bore no malice . . . . He liked bright young people, and they were fond of him. Occasionally there were young men who seemed not to like him, but they were sure to be young men who were not quite right, whom his strong, honest words or manner rebuked. I never knew of a bright, upright young man who did not admire him, and I think his influence over such persons was admirable.

Mentioning a family whose house was more a home to him than any other, the writer observes that:

The son and daughter always welcomed his coming with delight. When they were young, he would play games, solve puzzles, and enter into their youthful sports; and when they were older, was always interested in their studies, music, etc. Their young friends who collected there depended upon him for amusement and instruction. If they wanted to learn anything about any subject, it was a joke with them to say: "Now we'll wind Mr. Brigham up — ask him a leading question — then off he'll go;"

and in an hour they would learn more than in any other way. I have often heard one of my nieces say: "He is the sweetest-tempered man I ever knew." He always appeared in the morning bright and cheerful, and his last words at night were the same. My sister (at whose house he spent some part of every summer) would say that he was the least trouble in the house of any man she ever knew. Everything was just right. Her manner of living was simple, few courses of wholesome food, and although he enjoyed, what he often had at the houses of friends, a luxurious dinner, I think he really liked the simplest fare best. The impression was sometimes given that his appetite for food was large. I think he had a natural healthy appetite for a strong man, and nothing more. He had a strong mind in a strong body. . . . . Stimulants of any kind never passed his lips. He once had a slight attack of dyspepsia and spent six months at my sister's, and it seemed no sacrifice to deny himself all but the simplest food, and when asked if it was not hard, would say: "What, hard to live on good graham bread, boiled rice, and once a day a piece of steak?" . . . . Since reading over what I have written, I feel as if I had dwelt too much upon trifling things, and had not said half enough of his power and good influence in everything, and of how much he was loved. It was my privilege often to walk or ride with him when he made calls, especially when he came, after he left Taunton, for his yearly visit, which I think he could hardly have lived without. Old persons would greet him as if he were a son returned, and I have seen plain, elderly women burst into tears, and even embrace him, in joy at seeing him again . . . . . His presence in times of sickness or trouble was always welcome. He was always bright and cheerful, and if he offered a prayer it was full of hope and consolation. His services at funerals were such that after he left, many felt as if they could hardly bury their dead without his strong words of sympathy and comfort. His own emotion would often be so great that he could hardly speak. His prayers on such, and on all occasions, in church, at marriages, in all seasons of sorrow and of joy, were an outpouring from a devout

heart, of gratitude and love to God for every joy, and for strength to bear sorrow. Not so much asking for favors or blessings, as giving thanks for mercies and blessings received. His love of nature was intense. He would repeat fine poetry suggested by a beautiful scene, flowers, or anything lovely or grand in nature. He was full of faith in a communion of spirit when separated in body from friends. He spent many Thanksgiving and other anniversaries at my sister's, and never after he left Taunton would he neglect to write and refer to the old times and memories both in her own and other families. He was a modest man. I think he never wrote or preached for fame or popularity. He wrote and spoke what he thought was needed for the work in which he was engaged; and his whole strong, healthful body and soul were enlisted. He never spared himself.

In a few passages taken from the letters referred to in the above communication, written some years after Mr. Brigham had left Taunton for Ann Arbor, his graphic pen reveals almost pathetically how deep the roots of his early friendships and first pastoral affections had struck through this Taunton soil, and how hard they found it to take hold and grow again in a new place after transplantation:

ANN ARBOR, March 26th, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND — I have been expecting in all this week to get a letter from you; and though I have been disappointed, I can't resist the impulse to answer the letter which has not come. I feel rather in the meditative mood this afternoon. The skies are dark, the wind is from the East. There are snowflakes flying in the air, and premonitions of a coming storm. I ought to be cheerful and buoyant, for this morning at the last meeting for the season of the Students' Class (which now numbers 284!), one of the Seniors, who has been three years a member of it, in a very feeling and complimentary speech, presented me, in behalf of the class, with two sets of books, elegantly bound, 17 volumes in all, as a testimony of their regard

and appreciation. But in spite of this, it has been running in my head all day, that this is the last day of the 27th year since I was ordained in Taunton, and I have been musing on the old home, and the strange changes which these years have brought there, and have been counting the shadowy procession of the vanishing forms, which I shall there see no longer. More and more all that life of twenty years seems like a dream, as one and another who were parts of it, drop out of its picture. I look back upon that experience as something almost disconnected with the life I have now, as far apart from this as the Old World is from the New. The friends of that time were of a different kind from the friends I have now, and every one that dies seems to cut another sensitive nerve, and weakens sensibility. I used to feel then pained at the least sign of the ill-will or the vexation of any friend in the Church. Now I do not care, when they call me Anti-Christ, a friend and emissary of the Devil, and all sorts of hard names. It does not give a particle of pain, and seems more like a jest. It troubles my congregation more than it does me. I am getting case-hardened to these impressions of the passing time, and all my emotions are for the scenes that are behind, and for the friends from whom I have parted. I attended a funeral a few days ago in a neighboring town, but I did not *feel* the occasion, as I used to in the former days. I visit some sick persons here almost every week, but the visits are rather like those of a chance acquaintance than of a pastor. It does not seem as it did once that I belong to these people and that they have a right to my sympathy. They are simply men and women who happen to know me and come to hear Sunday discourse, while I happen to be here. I am not in any sense, as Paul says, 'their servant for Jesus' sake.' And yet I like these people. I never had in the old parish more genuine supporters, and none of them have proved to be false friends. But, after all, it will be impossible to revive the life that is gone, or to get such attachments again as made the charm of the old pastoral relation. I was, twenty-seven years ago, ordained pastor of a parish. For the last half dozen years I have been only the propagandist of ideas, only a teacher, and have not wished or cared to be anything more.

ANN ARBOR, April 9, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND — It is Easter Sunday, the high Festival of the Christian year. The sun is shining brightly; the air blows cool; the birds are singing; just under my window the blue birds are building their nests in a hollow trunk; the bells are ringing for the afternoon meetings of the children; I have held my last interview with my Bible Class, have preached an Easter sermon, have celebrated the Lord's Supper, with seventy attendants upon it; and now sit down to answer your letter. In spite of the beauty of the day and the hopeful feeling that belongs to the season of opening spring, I have a sadness which cannot be kept back, and this morning my mind was so full of memories that my voice was broken and my eyes were dimmed all through the service. I told the people, in illustration of the power of death to bring the departed near, how constantly the thought of a friend of mine, who had recently gone on to his home in the world of spirits, came to me as I had been visiting the sick and seeing the "good physician" by the side of the suffering;—for there is a good deal of sickness here now, and this afternoon I am going to see a sick man, an old man, whom I shall probably never see again. It is very difficult to make the brethren here appreciate my idea of the communion service. The old prejudice clings, and they will only see the superstition of the ceremony, and not its spiritual meaning. . . . .

Do as you please with my books. If you can find room for them, and for the desk and other things, where they will not suffer harm or be exposed to prying eyes and fingers, I shall be content. I would transport them to the West, if I could get the feeling that this is home, and that I shall be a fixture here. But I often feel as if I ought to go back to New England, and wait there the coming on of old age. For I begin to feel like an old man, when I see that all the workers around me are younger men, and realize how few among the Unitarian ministers, who are efficient, are before me in age. . . . .

The Doctor's* death practically breaks up my home

* IRA SAMPSON, M. D., to whose widow this letter was addressed. To husband and wife, Mr. Brigham was "like a brother." Dr. S. is "the good physician" of a foregoing paragraph of the letter.

in Taunton, and I shall now be only a visitor there from house to house. I seem somehow now to realize that line of the hymn, 'Only waiting till the shadows.' . . . . But I have no spirit to write anything more, and feel brain-weary. Remember me kindly to all, to Mr. H. especially, to whom I was intending to write to-day, as I always associate him with the communion service here. I have you all in my thought, even if the words which express it are not very fluent, and wish that eight hundred miles were not between our places of abode. . . . .

Truly your friend,

CHAS. H. BRIGHAM.

This, surely, was not coming old age, nor fainting with labor, nor yet "brain-weariness." It was simply the yearning for old friends, and a softening into a passing mood of sadness at the recollection of days busy and joyous, now gone by. Long after this his life was brimful of work, and his heart was light after the manner of the industrious.

We select some passages from another letter coming from a former parishioner of Mr. Brigham, to show how positive, wholesome and enduring was his influence upon young men:

Although I was but a child of ten years when he was settled, his influence was near me during the formative period of the character, the fixed purpose of which I shall always remember him gratefully for. His life, as a young man, bore the exemplification of two mottoes that always seemed to be impressed upon me by his presence, — Duty and Faithfulness. The well known variety of his untiring labors, that have made so many men in the profession stand aghast at his industry, may best explain the sense of his always being alive to the duties next at hand . . . . . Having a place in the Sunday School from my earliest recollection, either as scholar or teacher, till the year of Mr. Brigham's leaving Taunton, I cannot forget the stimulus his example afforded in *always* doing his full duty to

the extent of that rare thoroughness and faithfulness that left an inward censure to any one falling back in a work or obligation once begun. Of a zealous student with an eager grasp for knowledge from every possible source, it is no slight thing to say that he was *always* in the Sunday School, the conference meeting, the committee room, and the Bible class, and *never late.* A punctual care and attendance upon these, with a score of other tributary interests pertaining to the life and welfare of denominational affairs, secured a heartiness of coöperation that would have been feeble or unknown without his earnest leading. . . . The force of continued example works wonders in a community . . . . The result of the first ten or fifteen years of Mr. Brigham's ministry was certainly this. His private and public efforts as preacher and teacher were many times too stimulating, often being so much in advance of the common reader. Helpfulness came very largely to the young who came to his study for the weekly Bible lesson. Fact and authority and information rolled in upon us till we were often too full for utterance; the more timid, as I can testify, being awed by the knowledge we had not dreamed of.

Unswerving in exactness of speech and act as we felt him to be, the obligations of men and women to the most sacred interests of life, were continually shown to be the first in importance. If never really intolerant towards immorality, a certain contempt for failures in character appeared severe, when much latent pity was in his heart. Truth, uprightness and dignity were the virtues he expected in men, and being very slow to distrust, honest and outspoken always, he had nothing to conceal, believing most to be as honest as himself. The loss of confidence in men, through the narrow opinions that could not bear the light nor the clash that comes from honest difference, I never knew to grow into a shadow of enmity, nor to alter the manliness of his external courtesy . . . . Happy are they whose religious sentiment finds strength and encouragement in the example of an able and upright man. In him the profession was always dignified, if sometimes magnified. But the conscientiousness of care over small and great things alike showed the man, "faithful in everything."

It was a habit with Mr. Brigham, in which we presume very few preachers have preceded or followed him, to write out an abstract of every sermon that he preached, usually from a half page to a full page in a large ledger-like blank-book, whose record now shows the subject of every Sunday's lesson, and the main points in its treatment. Many abstracts of the discourses of other preachers, who occupied his pulpit in his absence, are also recorded.

After he had carried on for nine years his multifarious labors in Taunton, he saw the time come when he might fairly claim the recreation of a period of foreign travel. He knew by books, and much inquiry, a great deal of the lands, the peoples, the treasures of art and literature which the other continent held, and desired to see with his own eyes its monuments of the past, to taste on its own soil the flavor of its historical associations, and to study by personal observation and contact the characteristics of the nations now occupying its territories.

On the 23d of May, 1853, he embarked at New York on the ship "Constitution," a sailing vessel, for Liverpool. In name this was leisure before him. He did not want leisure: did not know how to use it, — as leisure. Scarcely was he out of sight of the American shore before he was taking the dimensions of his ship, inventorying its nautical equipments and passenger accommodations, gauging the capacities of its officers, rating its seamen, classifying his fellow passengers, describing the families, individuals and nationalities occupying the steerage, noting the phenomena of sea and sky, laying his own unaccustomed hands to the ropes for exercise, and when other resources failed, turning to the ever familiar pen to

indite the daily occurrences and emotions that marked his new experience, in journal or letters to home friends, not omitting to record—with a little pardonable exultation, perhaps—that "all the cabin passengers except Mr. B., the Scotchman, and myself, were sea-sick, my Yankee chum worst of all." Later, however, he had some experience of that as yet unknown malady.

If he did not find leisure on ship-board, it is not surprising that he found none after landing. Covering more miles in travel by his activity, and seeing more objects, and more in those objects, than would almost any other, he nevertheless found opportunities to write long and frequent communications to his parish, his Sunday School, a Taunton newspaper, and to his friends. In the summer and autumn of 1853, he explored such countries of Europe as time would allow. Near the end of the year he crossed from Sicily to Malta and Egypt, ascended the Nile to the foot of the Libyan mountains, and on the 18th of February, 1854, set forth from Cairo in company with a large and well-appointed caravan of twenty-two camels for Palestine, across the desert. He visited Damascus, and on his return way Baalbec and Bairout, sailing thence on the 20th of April, 1854, for Symrna. The Oriental languor never overtook him, nor arrested his steps. On the lazy Nile he was alert in every sense, ready for an excursion to right or left, as famous places attracted him. But though always moving on when possible, he was never in such a hurry as to pass by, without attention, objects or places worthy of observation. Crossing the sandy desert, or toiling through the snow that obstructed the mountain paths of Lebanon, he was

never too worn to take notice of scenery or inhabitants, or too indifferent to recall the history which the land illustrated. At the end of his Syrian expedition he wrote that he had "never been sick or tired out on a single day of the long two months journey."

Letters from clergymen, travelling in the East and in Europe, to their Sunday Schools and congregations have become so common as to be no longer novelties; but seldom has it been my good fortune to read any so complete, so graphic in detailed description, and so accurate and full in information as are some of Mr. Brigham's letters to his Sunday School in Taunton. When in a Catholic country, he described minutely, and in terms intelligible to the young, the modes of worship of its Church, its famous church buildings, and the local traditions and history of the place from which he happened to be writing. In lands where the Greek Church represented the established religion, he noticed its peculiarities and divergencies from the Catholic Church in its claims and usages. In Jerusalem and Palestine the Moslem faith and its votaries, as well as the Christian and Jewish antiquities, and the natural features of the country are drawn forth on pages as carefully and correctly written as if they had been prepared in his study in Taunton for the printer—lucid descriptions, combining the life-likeness of an eye-witness's recital, with a learned scholar's competent and assured statements.*

* Some passages from these letters might naturally be looked for either in this Memoir or in the accompanying selection from Mr. Brigham's writings. Unfortunately, while the letters which have passed through my hands fully warrant what is said of them above, they are written usually on both sides of the thinnest of paper, the sheets are

There were those among his hearers who thought that after his return from abroad, the character of his preaching changed somewhat; that he became more interested in extra-parochial labor, and that as his writing and study for the press very considerably increased, his engrossment with his special work as the minister of his own parish became less dominant, and that his preaching was less direct and tender, dealing more with subjects of a speculative, intellectual and universal scholarship. Others seem not to have been conscious of such a change. Certainly it came from no cooling of his affections for his own people, if it was a reality. Nor was there any falling off from his high ideal of pastoral fidelity. More than ever dear to him seemed his parish and home after he had seen other lands. Without wife or children, those affections which usually find their expression, resting-place and satisfaction in domestic ties and duties, in his case seemed to wed and bind him to his place and parish. He was proud and happy to belong to them, and to claim them as his home. His home thoughts were associated only with them and theirs: the words of Ruth might have told his loyalty:—"Entreat me not to leave thee, ... whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." His yearning fondness for this first scene of his labor in the ministry shows itself in his desire to be buried in the

unpaged, and by passing through many hands, some of which were not careful to preserve their orderly arrangement, they have become almost hopelessly dislocated and mixed; so that the task of making them available for use proved too severe a strain upon the eye-sight, and taxed too heavily the time at my command.

beautiful enclosure in which stands the Taunton church: a desire, however, which for reasons deemed controlling by those with whom the decision rested, could not be complied with.

Early in 1865, perhaps earlier, the officers of the American Unitarian Association had their attention turned to the great and growing State University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, as a field favorable for bringing liberal theology into contact with western minds. When the man was looked for to represent this theology and faith, Mr. Brigham was an easy and a natural selection. The opportunity was one that appealed strongly to his scholarly tastes, his consciousness of adaptation in many important respects to the teacher's office; while his interest in the faith of his fathers and in the creed of his own well-tested and matured convictions, and his persuasion of the great worth of the Unitarian interpretation of religion and life to the free and forming West, went heavily into the scale in favor of the enterprise. The only hindrance was the cord of triple strength that held him to his place and people in Taunton. After consideration and some delay, he came to see it to be his duty to accept the post, provisionally. He would try it, and if it proved that he was the man wanted, would stay. That his society might be disembarrassed of all reference to his future plans, however, he resigned his ministry on the 23d of April, 1865. His resignation was not accepted, but leave of absence for six months was granted, it being voted that his salary should go on meanwhile. He declined the salary, but consented to the continuance of the connection for the time specified. Finding upon trial that it was his duty to remain, he

renewed his resignation of his Taunton ministry on the 26th of February, 1866, and it was accepted.

By this transplantation Mr. Brigham found himself in a social climate in many ways different from that to which he had been accustomed from his youth up. Born in Boston, the chief New England city, half his forty-five years spent in it or in its near neighborhood, the other half in a large parish situated in the old Plymouth colony, with a history running back to 1637, where the flavor of the oldest New England life lingers if anywhere, he had all the typical New Englander's prejudices in favor of the ancient order, the arts, conveniences and culture of an old community, with its long-established institutions. Distaste for the raw, crude and mixed social elements which go to the compounding of the people of a new country, was strong in him. Of course he knew he should find what he did find, most congenial associations under the shadow of the broadly-conceived, well-endowed, nobly-manned and equipped University, to which already great numbers of the most promising young men of the Western States were flocking for instruction. His mission was to these young men. He scarcely looked beyond them as he surveyed the new field before him. He was to become the pastor of a church in Ann Arbor, it is true; and he would be conscientiously faithful to every duty he undertook to perform in its behalf, as it was his nature to be in whatever he did. But he never expected to feel again the fresh ardor and the kindling hope with which he had entered into his first youthful ministry, nor would he believe that any people could ever be to him what those whom he was leaving behind had grown to be in twenty years. Perhaps

this feeling was too strong in him, and was too much indulged, and produced a needless languor of interest on the parish side of his work. But it was a natural feeling under the circumstances, and for such as he was. He was not by nature a pliant man, especially in regard to his intellectual tastes, and, as he considered them, necessities; it was not easy for him to shape his habits and demands to new conditions. He was not one whom, on the whole, it would seem easy to transplant to an unaccustomed soil. Yet he went into his new work with no half-heartedness. He had enthusiasm in it, and his enthusiasm increased as he went on. He was pleasantly and greatly stimulated by the presence of a group of eager inquirers after truth, which he at once began to draw about him from the students of the University. No obstacle or discouragement to the freest access to them was for a moment thought of by the distinguished President and able Professors of the University, who rather welcomed the presence and influence of so ripe, full, and honest a mind among them. This was not exactly like the general habit and policy of orthodox New England; and it was better. He felt the bracing air of this free and courageous thinking; it was tonic and wholesome, and he breathed it with a rejoicing consciousness of strength and health, girding himself at the same time to meet the claims now made upon him for his best thought. His roots took hold. His work extended. He was wanted to help at many things, to lend a hand at many constructive businesses where his trained mind was capable of rendering valuable service, and he was always ready if the thing to be done was good. His times and employments were all fore-assigned: just as much

the hour for recreation and society as that for study or lecture; his assignments were not made as an ideal to be feebly aimed at, but as appointments to be kept, only to be departed from for cause. The amount of work which his method and his industry enabled him to accomplish, was astonishing. The secret of it was that there had to be no whipping himself up to labor for which he was reluctant. He rejoiced in it. Therefore his work was done well; not only in time, not only in full measure, but in quality it was thorough. It will show more clearly if we particularize. The eye sweeping the whole broad field at a glance, does not see what it covers.

Here was first, his society. It was new: or rather as yet it was not. Its organization was to be his care. Its constituency, composed of elements unused to coalesce, were to learn the possibility of a common worship, of unity of spirit, of co-operating diversities. No long history of a memorable past, no honored traditions of loyal generations were here to hold a church together, when antagonizing opinions and conflicting tastes should kindle strife and threaten cleavage, till the strain should be over. They were to find in him, if at all—in the tone of his spirit, the quality of his manhood and his interpretation of truth—the bond that would make their union possible and their growth sure. How it proved is best shown by quoting the words of Mr. James B. Gott, who, more than an eye-witness and recorder, was a living member of the body:

Mr. Brigham's ministry here was a constant and steady sunshine. You could not designate any discourse as being pre-eminent, for there were no contrasts. He never wrote, nor delivered, to my knowledge, a poor or unfinished dis-

course. They were always fair, impartial, logical and exhaustive . . . . He was never sensational. His courses of lectures in the church on representative and historical men connected with the Christian Church, and on the religions of the world, were very instructive and interesting. . . . .

In regard to Mr. Brigham's work and influence: when he came here he was the pioneer of the Unitarian body in this place. There had been a few discourses delivered in the Court House before he came, but no organization, I believe. Mr. Brigham perfected the organization, and meetings were held in the Court House for a time. The new Methodist Church was completed soon after, and through the aid largely of the Unitarian Association, the old Methodist Church was secured for the Unitarian Society, and services have since been held there. . . . .

Mr. Brigham was transparently honest. No one could have in him an ally for trickery or questionable practices. Those who came to his church in expectation that their bad morals were to be glossed over, soon found their mistake.

All the while he rightly understood that the main reason for his being in Ann Arbor was that there was the University with its students, many hundred intelligent young men gathered from widely-separated communities, and destined on the completion of their studies to be scattered again yet more widely. The end, to be sure, which he kept in sight as that with which he was specially charged, was to do missionary work on this spot and in the region round about: it was the dissemination of Christian truth as he held it, and as it was generally held by the Unitarians. Of the means at his command by which to accomplish that end, he accounted a hearing by so many of these students as he could interest in his word, his chief reliance. At the renting of the pews in the church when the society

first occupied its building in February, 1867, it was "voted, that not more than sixty pews should be rented in all, the rest being free for the use of the students of the University."

In November, 1865, he began a course of Sunday afternoon exercises, for college students especially, more than forty joining the class which he thus instructed. Taking up first the Gospel of Matthew for exposition, he gave a series of essays the following year on the character and authenticity of the books of the New Testament, which were followed by general conversation and discussion. This year the class numbered over sixty. The next year, with about the same number, he considered the doctrine of the Future Life, reading essays upon the teachings of the Scriptures concerning it. This Bible class continued to receive his most careful and thorough teaching during the whole time of his residence in Ann Arbor. He gave ample time and study to preparation for it; wrote out his papers fully; carried inquiries on through successive exercises, laying plans for weeks and months forward. One year he had eight essays on Proverbs, nine on the Law of Moses, and eight lectures on Palestine; while the whole number belonging to the class went up to "two hundred and sixty-four, from more than one hundred and eighty different towns and cities in twenty States." Another year the whole number was two hundred and forty-nine; yet another, three hundred and twenty-four. In nothing that he did, did he regard himself as effecting so much in the line of missionary work, as in the teaching of his Bible class.

"Mr. Brigham's influence with the students," says Mr.

Gott, "in disseminating liberal views cannot be estimated. He was the teacher of a large Bible class which assembled at half-past nine each Sunday morning to hear his essay, and to ask questions. Many of them at the close either went to other churches or to their rooms; some remained to attend church services; but all over the land are scattered the members of Mr. Brigham's Bible class; many of them editors of secular journals; and I have no doubt that the liberality of many such journals in the West is the natural outgrowth of this Bible class."

Rev. Mr. Shippen, in a memorial sermon preached at Taunton, presents a pleasant and suggestive picture of the harvest that has come of this widely scattered seed. He journeyed with Mr. Brigham across the State of Michigan to attend a Chicago Conference. "On the same day's journey came forward in the train a young physician, settled in an inland city, gratefully testifying of the valued instruction of the Bible class that has enabled him, amid his fresh studies of the new science, still to cling to his faith in the living God. One hears of some young man eager to plant a new church of the liberal faith in the Northwest, or perhaps a pillar of strength in some struggling church already started, and discovers, as the secret of his enthusiasm, that he was a member of that Bible class. One hears of a young editor on the Pacific Coast, giving his secular paper a tone of liberal religious faith, and discovers that he also graduated at Ann Arbor and listened to this preacher. In the editorial service of the Northwest, with deep satisfaction, Mr. Brigham counted thirty of his pupils."

In November, 1870, he formed a Bible class of ladies,

which he taught in private houses, numbering in all twenty-seven, the first year, and increasing afterwards. Weekly social gatherings were held in private houses, or in the vestry of the church during some or all the winters of his residence in Ann Arbor, and were largely attended. Throughout the community and among clergymen and people of all denominations, by his character, breadth of learning and industry, he acquired a continually increasing personal respect, and commanded for the before unknown and much misrepresented doctrines of his Church a far more respectful attention and examination than they had been accustomed to receive. Appointed by Governor Bagley a member of the State Board of Health, for which position he had shown admirable fitness by his interest in sanitary questions and his knowledge of them, he wrote and labored in this field, as in all others, as if it had been a leading study among the subjects of his investigation. In this, as in everything he undertook, he was a worker. Sinecures were not for him — would not know what to do with him. If offered any place for the honor of it merely, he would disappoint expectation by directly finding something to do in it, if that was possible. Common schools, institutions of education of every grade, measures to promote temperance and social benefit in all kinds, had all his steady and efficient aid.

He was blamed sometimes for making his parish work secondary to his efforts to be heard and felt by the young men of the University, to his lectures at Meadville, and perhaps to missionary work at large in the West: not only secondary some would say, but placing it so far after the others that he seemed not to take a warm interest in it,

thus neglecting an opportunity to strengthen the Church he represented in that place. An intelligent parishioner already quoted, who says, to be sure, that he was "a missionary to the students in the University more than a pastor to the Unitarian Society," yet intimates no felt want in the latter sphere of duty, and testifies to his perfecting the organization of the society, and to his very strong hold upon his hearers by his preaching. Answering also, as he did, faithfully and conscientiously every claim upon him for the usually appointed services of a pastor, making many warm friends among his parishioners, and respected by all, it seems but just to allow such a man, on the ground, never lukewarm, never sparing himself, conscientious in the use of his time and powers, to have been the best judge of how his labors should be apportioned and bestowed. Another might well have preferred other methods, possibly. He knew where his own strength lay, and very probably chose wisely.

Next to his interest in the students at Ann Arbor, was that he took in the students preparing for the ministry at Meadville, Pennsylvania. They were fewer, but they were recruits for the ranks of his own profession, of which he had had a large experience and cherished a very high ideal. His appointment as non-resident Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Biblical Archælogy in the school at Meadville, in 1866, followed close upon his removal to Michigan. "He gave lectures twice a year for ten years," writes President Livermore "embracing in all more than one hundred and fifty lectures upon Ecclesiastical History, Palestine, the other Bible lands, the laws of Moses, the Psalms, the book of Proverbs, the book of Job, and the

books of the New Testament, besides many miscellaneous addresses, in the school, the church, and before the Literary Union."

We may fitly add here what President Livermore has said more generally of his traits of character, his acquirements and labors in other professional and non-professional fields, as they display the sources of his power, and of the wide and lasting influence which he exerted upon the young men who came under his instruction during their training for the ministry, and whom he never failed to inspire with a genuine respect for his integrity of mind and his high and rigorous moral standard, and with a cordial admiration for his great knowledge and industry.

We deeply feel his loss in Meadville. . . . . In temperament he was a happy combination of English sturdiness and bottom, with the mercurial vivacity and quickness of the French, from whom he was descended on his maternal side. This conjunction gave him at once rapidity and endurance in his work.

Few of our ministers swept a wider field of accomplishments or effected as much in solid work as our departed friend.

A critic and lover of music, enjoying wit and humor, sincere in his social sympathies and friendships, stalwart in his profession and denomination, an omnivorous reader of books and periodicals, a keen observer and high-toned judge of current-events in Church and State, loyal always to the highest principle; and indignant at every wrong and outspoken in denouncing it, his word and his deed were uniformly cast into the scale of Christian progress, liberal but not lax ideas, and the universal welfare of mankind.

Without being eminent as a specialist in any one department, he was able and distinguished in his wide grasp of scholarship in history, biography, politics, ethics, theology, literature and the arts.

Where shall we be able to match his encyclopedic

attainments, or find one, at least, in our clerical brotherhood, at once so exact and trustworthy in details, and at the same time so comprehensive in his outlook!

Not naturally endued with a brilliant or poetic imagination, nor predisposed to an easy faith, his strength lay in a solid understanding enriched by choice culture, and in unswerving convictions of moral and religious principles to which he adhered in all circumstances of life.

We shall miss him much and mourn him sincerely in many quarters, in our church and denominational gatherings, our literary associations, our periodicals, in our sanitary and other reforms. He has left his mark on many young men whose influence will not soon pass away, but extend in widening circles into the future."

Mr. Brigham highly enjoyed his visits to Meadville. The welcome which he received from its cultivated and hospitable society, as well as the quickening contact with the professors and students of the Theological School, refreshed him, and gave him the only recreation he knew how to enjoy, change of employment.

Though he sought not the honors of authorship in any extended work, he wrote much — few more — and much that he wrote had solid merit. He contributed abundantly to the higher periodical publications of the Unitarian denomination, the Christian Examiner and the Unitarian Review, in elaborate articles, and furnished both to them and to the newspapers almost numberless critical notices of books, some short, some quite extended and full. He wrote for the North American Review, the New American Encyclopedia, and for the Journal of Health. A member of the Oriental Society, the Philological Society, and the Social Science Association of the country, elected also a member of the German Oriental Society (which he is said to have considered the greatest honor ever conferred upon

him), he wrote, as he read, in amount almost past belief, on the most varied topics. "He was fond," says the editor of the Unitarian Review, "of gathering up unusual and out-of-the-way facts bearing on the religious doctrines and usages of remote localities and peoples, many accounts of which he contributed to the editorial department of this Review. Besides this he prepared several elaborate and extended papers which appeared over his own name. Those on the Samaritans, the Jews in China, and the characteristics of the Jewish race, are among the most valuable that occur to us. At the time when his health gave way he was planning an article on Japanese life and literature, for which he awaited a consignment of books from Japan."

We presume upon the indulgence of one of his friends (whom we cannot reach with a request for permission), to cite a passage here from a private letter written soon after the death of Mr. Brigham, to the Editor of the Unitarian Review. It is Prof. E. P. Evans, of Michigan University, who writes:

FLORENCE, April 9, 1879.

. . . . . The death of our friend Mr. Brigham, although not wholly unexpected, was a great shock to us. We knew him so intimately and prized him so highly that his departure has left a painful vacancy in our lives. He was, in many respects, the most remarkable man I ever knew, a full man in every sense, in the vastness and variety of his learning and in the breadth and universality of his sympathies. He was interested in every branch of knowledge, and could enter into and appreciate alike the aspirations of the medieval ascetic and the aims of the most radical of modern scientists. In addition to his intellectual vigor, there was something grand in the robust moral character of the man. Even those who had no

sympathy with his ideas did reverence to his earnestness and uprightness. A gentleman in Michigan once remarked to me that there was to him something awe-inspiring in Mr. Brigham's sturdy and uncompromising integrity.

I wonder what disposition is to be made of his MSS. He left much behind which ought to be preserved in print. He was singularly devoid of literary ambition for one who was capable of achieving so much in this direction. He delivered courses of lectures at Ann Arbor and at Meadville, which ought to be preserved in some permanent form. He was convinced, as he once told me, that he could exert a wider influence and do more good by writing for the journals of the day, than by putting his thoughts into books, although he admitted that the latter kind of literary labor would probably secure for him a more enduring reputation and greater posthumous fame.

Though he worked easily and with a free will that made toil a pleasure and not a task-work, no constitution even of iron could stand the strain at which he held himself to it, while sedentary habits and the neglect of imperative sanitary laws were also impairing his strength. Perhaps he knew it, but thought some warning more decisive than he had received would tell him in time when to desist. It came, but not in time to allow him to retrieve his lost health. It was not only peremptory but final. He preached for the last time in Ann Arbor, Sunday, May 13, 1877.

There were a few successive days in May, 1877, says his friend, Mr. Amos Smith, on which the weather was like the hottest days of July or August. That Sunday was one of them. He told me that he never was so overcome with the heat, — that he never, in fact, so really *suffered* from it while preaching, as on that 13th of May. But I have no doubt that part of this suffering was owing to the state of his own system. If he had been in his usual

health, he could have endured it as easily as he had done many times before. He told me that he had not been feeling well for several days. It was unfortunate that just at this time, while feeling thus ill, there was a more than usual amount of literary work of one kind, or another, waiting to be attended to by him, so that he was kept hard at work at his desk day after day. Then again, most unfortunately for him, that period of extreme heat,—almost unprecedented for a date so early, set in. The illness, the extra work and the heat coming together, were too much even for him. He managed, however, to carry through the forenoon services without experiencing any serious discomfort. When the hour for the evening service arrived, he had become very ill, but resolved to fight his way through it, and did so.

After a wakeful and restless night he rose, though feeling very ill, and succeeded in partially dressing himself. But the fight was over; his strength was broken; his resolute will was overpowered. He became unconscious. The physicians, when summoned, could not but take the most serious view of his case: perhaps looked with but little hope for his return to consciousness. He rallied, however; became able to travel, and returned East to the house of a sister in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he gradually improved so far as to read, write occasional letters, travel short distances, and visit a few friends; and he entertained the thought of a possible resumption of his work at Ann Arbor. But to his physician and friends it was but too evident that this was a vain hope. The recurrence of illness became more frequent and prostrating. The utmost care and kindness of friends could not stay the falling stroke. On the 5th of September, 1878, a fresh attack laid him helpless, in which condition he remained till the 19th of February, 1879, when the scene closed.

Mr. Brigham did not marry. Yet the society of sensible and pleasing women attracted him strongly, and he sought it as one of his chief pleasures. When he needed social recreation, he looked for it in its purest and most perfect forms in domestic life. Never a taint of reproach is known to have sullied or touched his good name. "Although a bachelor," writes a parishioner in Taunton, already quoted, "he was very fond of woman's society. His manner was always frank and cordial, never flattering or delusive." "He was received," says Mr. Gott of Ann Arbor, "into the homes and society of all denominations; he was a welcome guest at the family board and in the family circle; yet there was a kind of dignity and reserve about him which never let you feel assured that you were quite in contact with him. He was not a favorite with the ladies. One who had seen much of him said to me, 'I am never so near Mr. Brigham as when he is in the pulpit, and I in my pew.'"

In paying this tribute to the memory of a friend, I would not be blindly eulogistic; but I cannot, in justice to him, forbear to say that he was a man not only likely to be misunderstood in some things, but very open to certain misunderstandings which told against him unfairly. People thought him so easy to read, that they read him carelessly; half read him; not half. He was easy to read, as they thought, but too often they only read the few large letters and lines of the title page, — his manners, — which gave a very inadequate and, in some respects, misleading idea of the book. And the hasty judgment which such readers tossed off now and then, gave pain to friends who had read him more attentively and closely.

For example. We have said that he had large self-esteem. This caused him to assert himself more forwardly than those of another temper, but with an equally high estimate of themselves, might have done, or might have thought becoming. He was not unconscious of this manner. He began to detect in himself when a young man "a tendency to be positive, dogmatic and decided. I am too apt by a sentence to settle very doubtful questions; too apt to give my own opinions as if that settled the case. This defect, I have no doubt, leads in a great measure to that abruptness noticeable in my manner of speaking and reading." Thus he lowered himself, as many of large self-esteem do not. And, withal, he was modest in his self-valuation. Some who thought they understood him did not know it, and would have said it was not so: because he had not tact. He had as little as any man I ever knew who was so wise. The art and grace of approaching another's personality acceptably, with a skillful deference to his prejudice, or mood, or special pedantry, he entirely lacked. He had not in his make the fine instruments of a sympathetic perception, by which to read sensitively character in its more timid and delicate organization, its secret affections and motions: did not perceive when he trenched upon a self-reserving pride or privacy, or stop aloof from the door of a soul's penetralia. With a clumsy, frank unceremoniousness, he dropped down upon the tender places of another's conceit or feeling without warning, blunt, dogmatic, impervious to the silent resentment, or good-natured retort which he sometimes received in return. But if he gave offence at the beginning by his assumptions, he was before long found to be thoroughly

genial, kind and chivalrously honorable, and his seemingly self-exalting comparisons were soon recognized as not so much the claim of superiority, as the guileless overflow of an exuberant and joyous consciousness of wealth and a glad exhibition of his treasure, without a thought that he could be humiliating the listener.

He was never the envious detractor of the learning of others. He honored genuine scholarship wherever he found it. His enthusiasm for men of great and good learning was as hearty as his criticism of the pretentious was pungent and unsparing. His pride took the form, not of showing that the justly famous thought highly of him, but of showing that he honored them, and knew how to appreciate them. His boast was of his advantages and opportunities, not of any distinction they had reflected on himself.

The infrequency with which he volunteered extemporaneous speech before public assemblies, or even in the larger gatherings of his professional brethren, I am sure is rightly ascribed by Rev. Dr. Bellows, in his discourse at Mr. Brigham's funeral, to his modesty and self-distrust.

He was very transparent. He knew not how to hide himself. Conscious of being habitually under the guidance of a pure and honest purpose, he had small occasion to do so, and never seemed to think of it. His guilelessness and freedom from suspicion were almost childlike. "I like men who are open," he wrote in his Thought-Book, "who have no concealment. This is my own nature, if I know anything of myself. I like to be on good terms with everybody. And if there are any over whose success I rejoice, it is those noble souls who carry their hearts in

their hands. God bless G.; he has his minor faults, but his nature is of the noblest."

Some would have said that he was a self-indulgent man, because a lover of good dining and of creature comforts beyond what strictly comports with the ideal character of the self-denying and spiritually-minded clergyman.

He certainly did not affect indifference to the good cheer of a bounteous table. But they who suppose that high or free living was a necessity which controlled him, or that it had a foremost place in his thoughts, or that the prospect of missing a sumptuous entertainment and finding a plain and frugal meal in place of it would seriously disturb his equanimity, were far from knowing him. We have already cited some words of a Taunton friend, who knew his tastes and habits in this respect if anybody did, and who, it was seen, warmly protests against such a mistaken judgment of him. Many another one, privileged to be his host, would gratefully testify how easy a guest he was to care for and to content. He partook of the profuse luxuries of the rich and open-handed, with a keen zest and a healthy enjoyment, but he never avoided the simpler fare of the board at which a just economy compelled a narrow range of choice, or pained the hospitality that did the best it could with limited means, by word or look that implied discontent. His activity of mind was incessant, his body vigorous and full of life. The working brain must be nourished as well as the laboring muscle. His appetite, hearty and healthy, was not gratified at the expense of his intellect, which it did not stupefy or becloud, but, judging from his extraordinary mental energy and restless diligence, to its repairing and support.

After a social evening entertainment in New York, when once at home on a vacation, we find this note in the "Thought Book:" "There is one custom, however, on such occasions which, if I should ever attain the dignity of a housekeeper, I certainly would have corrected. I mean the custom of passing round eatables. This stupid idea, which has its origin in desires wholly sensual, is worthy to be banished from the house of every decent citizen. In the first place, are there not three meals, a number amply sufficient, and more than sufficient, to satisfy the appetite and support life comfortably? Why do we need a fourth meal? For nothing else than to pamper the appetite with useless and pernicious luxuries. Immediately before sleeping, we all know that eating must be extremely hurtful: more especially when the articles are of a rich and delicate kind. Yet strange to say, and true as strange, everybody thinks that he must fall in with this senseless idea, and we see everywhere the evening parade of eatables to a greater or less extent luxurious."

Mr. Brigham lived a bachelor. We pass the term "voluntary celibate," applied to him by Dr. Bellows without challenge. But we cannot accept as sufficient proof of his indifference to the satisfactions of domestic privilege and the happiness of having a home of his own the fact that this friend never heard that he had "a single temptation or disposition to change his bachelor state," or that he never knew of his having "a desire to yield up the satisfactions of learning to any domestic yearning." He had, we are persuaded, and the persuasion rests on grounds we think substantial, at times positive and strong yearnings for the home society and sanctities. Had it happened to

him to assume, under fit and favoring circumstances, the obligations, and to experience the felicities of domestic ties, to which there was no barring incapacity or disinclination in his nature, he would not, we believe, have been found always preferring the study to the nursery. He would have been neither insensible to the supreme earthly blessing flowing from family affections, nor unaffected by their beneficent influence upon life and character. He was made to be even a completer man than he was. We presume that he knew that, and knew what would have helped to make him such. In 1852, he wrote to a friend: "This is the first day of my ninth year of service in this ministry, and I am frightened at the retrospect. The awful pile of manuscripts realizing almost the old suggestion of the 'barrel,' the children grown to be men and women, the families removed and broken up, the parish calls counted by thousands (I have made six thousand in these eight years), the long list of marriages, the longer list of deaths, all the simple common-place phenomena of a country minister's life, what a varied, strange picture do they make! I know a little of your old complaint, and confess for the occasion that it makes me feel rather blue. And yet, I have not got tired of the ministry, have you? With all its drawbacks I love it, I enjoy it, I would not change it for any other. I get low-spirited sometimes with the feeling that I am growing rusty, dull, and hopelessly selfish; but something or other comes up to clear the atmosphere, and it is all right again. One thing I envy you, and that is your enjoyment of a home. It is vastly convenient, but I am convinced that it is not good for man to be alone. This boasted freedom is a humbug after all." And a

month later to the same: "O! domestic martyr, rival of that mythical old matron, whose children abounded within the narrow compass of a shoe, I pity and I envy you. The nox child greets with filial confidence.* Lonely I tread the desert land, and can only send love and kisses to the children of friends." He found the most congenial society, that to which he always turned spontaneously as most refreshing and wholesome, not in the club house, but in the family circle. He had a livelier sympathy with children than was generally known, and understood them better, perhaps, than he did any other class of persons. He was mirthful and full of animal spirits, and the children acknowledged him to be of their guild. His enjoyment of the society of pleasing and cultured women has been already remarked, and it was one of the most constant and obvious traits in his character.

No attempt will here be made to analyze Mr. Brigham's mental traits and powers, or to estimate the quality of his intellectual and professional work. This is most admirably and sufficiently done in the discriminating, just and affectionate funeral discourse of Rev. Dr. Bellows, which follows this memoir. I will only mention one or two traits of which I happen to have had opportunities of close observation in the days of our young manhood, which linger still as salient points in the memory of that time.

* I do not presume to say what this sentence may mean. A whimsical pretence of pedantry often substituted a Latin for an English word in Mr. Brigham's conversation, or correspondence with his intimate friends. I venture to interpret his reply to the father of a family complaining a little of loss of sleep caused by the night cries of his children, thus: "The child at night greets [grieves — cries] with a filial confidence that his calls will be heard by parental ears, and answered."

He had a great love of humor; his fund of spirits was seldom low; his sense of the ludicrous rarely slept long. These qualities, combined with his extraordinary memory, made him a most agreeable companion for a walk or a social hour. He was a sincere, though not an indiscriminate, admirer of Dickens. It was only necessary to indicate the point at which a recitation from this author should begin. He would take it up at the designated place, and with an astonishing verbal accuracy, especially not missing the least of those little felicitous turns of expression in which lay and trickled the fun, would go on for pages through the descriptions of Dick Swiveller's grotesque gravity, or shrewd Sam Weller's observations on men and things, inclusive of the domestic crises in the Weller family. His hilarious jesting was sometimes followed by twinges of sharp regret, and called forth expressions of sincere penitence from his sensitive conscience; for his conscience was very true and tender, his self-arraignments were frequent, strict and honest, and his merry moods were balanced by a sincere and unfailing reverence. He was serious and altogether earnest when it was befitting to be so. No untimely levity marred the dignity of his speech or manner when grave subjects were under consideration, or weighty duties were to be enforced. His religiousness was simple, natural, healthy, and of his central self. It was never as to an unwelcome or an irksome office that he turned from social freedom and pleasure to any occasion demanding sober thought or sober utterance. It was not he who sought to give to the conversation in which he participated a turn from high themes and deep questions to mere pleasantries and empty witticisms.

His mental processes must have been very swift without being loose and inexact. His rapidity of reading was inconceivable to common minds. He took the new book or the fresh Review aside for a little while, and in an incredibly short time came back to report what he had found in it, and to give an opinion of its merit. We doubted if he had had time to get through it in any fashion, much more, time to possess himself intelligently of its contents. We proclaimed the doubt. "Question me," he would answer, "on any part from the first page to the last." We were compelled to admit at the end that he had borne the examination triumphantly. And he had seized the meaning. It was his own, henceforth, ready for use. His knowledge did not encumber him, nor befog his sight. He had passed a judgment on the worth and truth of what he had read. His thought was free, firm and strong, as well as nimble. His acquisitions were assorted and available. He could pack his discourses close with fresh, apposite, suggestive instruction as few could.

One likes to know what he himself thought of his much reading. At the age of twenty-one and a half years he wrote: "From an observation of my own mental habits I am sometimes inclined to think that a great deal that I get over is transitory to me. I find it often difficult, even immediately after I have read a passage, to recall it. Certainly the words escape me: — usually all but the principal meaning. It is physically impossible, I know, for one to recollect much of what one reads; it may be doubted whether one would not find it better to *think* more and read less. A few ideas, daily pondered over, would, we might think, do more to enlarge the mind, than stores of

lore gone through, whether rapidly or slowly." We meet with the same thing again in his notes, months later, in nearly the same form. He thought that the demands for the composition of sermons, when he should be actually at work in his profession, might correct this disproportion between his reading and his thinking, as it probably did in some degree. I cannot but think that he was right in his judgment that he read too much: — unless we conclude that the result of reading less would have been, not more thinking, but less, which is possible. His reading no doubt stimulated his mind, but whether it strengthened it may be questioned. Self-compelling, sustained, independent, wilful, concentrated thought, I suppose, was not a characteristic habit of his mind. If it could have become that, it must have increased his power, and would have made him, if possibly less learned, greater. But this is perhaps only saying that if he had been, not himself, but another, of different natural forces, he would have surpassed himself.

Yet, maybe not. How few have filled so large a pattern of manhood, of scholarship, of noble integrity, of ministerial work and loyalty. Who has reached so many, so healthily, leaving such memorable and permanent impressions? How far he has sent abroad his instructions! How sure the seeds of his sowing, wherever they spring, to heal, strengthen, and help humanity!

Before laying down the pen, I cull a few sentences, or fragments of sentences, from his note-books and diary, which, while they have no immediate connection with each other, or with the topics already treated, have some value as throwing side-lights upon the man and his labors.

They all date earlier than the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven, it must be observed, after which period he discontinued the habit of self-reference in his mere business-like journal of appointments and engagements, except during the year of his travel in foregn lands:

Jan., 1841. [At home: vacation.] "My mind to-day has been in a state of doubt and hesitation, and I have not felt very well either . . . . . My doubts have been in some degree the result of an apparent conflict between duty and inclination. This time the subject was my duty as a theological student and a poor man, and my inclination as a Unitarian. By entering at this institution (Union Seminary), I might save some two hundred and fifty dollars per annum in money, and receive, perhaps, better instruction, besides being constantly at home and under family influences. On the other hand, by remaining at Cambridge I contribute to keep up the Unitarian School, I live in a more congenial atmosphere, and I have greater advantages for study than I should have here."

Nov., 1841. "It makes little difference what feelings others have towards me to my own mind; but I am, of course, as all are, sorry that there should be any ill-feelings between members of a Divinity School. We are none of us perfect: far from it. But as an individual I am not conscious of malevolence towards any one. I may have disagreeable manners, I do not believe that I have an unkind heart."

Feb., 1842. [At home: on vacation: dissatisfied with his supposed want of success in addressing a Sunday School.] "I believe that by constitution and habit, I am much better fitted for the Law than any other profession."

Feb., 1842. [After a church "conversation" meeting.] "I suspect, however, that I asserted some things rather positively, and arrogated a great deal to myself. I was a little too conscious of my own superior knowledge, and talked faster than was necessary or proper."

Feb., 1842. Still at home: vacation: he mentions it as a rare fact that he passed an evening at home.

Feb., 1842. "In the afternoon I went up to take leave

of my Sunday School, which I did as well as I could. But I am always disappointed at my own efforts in speaking to children. I always feel as if I ought to be silent. My forte in speaking lies in heated argument."

Mch., 1842. [Has returned to Cambridge.] "Somehow or other much of my theological zeal has cooled. My mind has taken a more practical direction. I have not so much desire to improve my store of knowledge, as to enlarge my store of religious experience."

Mch., 1842 . . . . . "I read, however, a portion in each of the five books I am now reading;" [that is from the five books in the same day.]

May, 1842. "How few are there, even of my most intimate friends, that read my heart! How few are there that give me credit for half the virtuous desires that move my breast."

Dec., 1842. After severe self-depreciation, he is certain that he has "the natural gifts for a preacher. It is in me and it shall come out." Yet, three weeks later—

Dec., 1842. "I begin to think that study and theology, rather than practical matters, are my forte."

Feb., '43. "I have a most extravagant tendency to find fault. Nothing satisfies me, and everybody else sees this. I appear conceited, and I believe I am conceited."

July, 1844. "I wish now to take moderate views, but not conservative views," [apropos to a sermon he had just heard, and deemed hurtfully conservative.]

July, 1844. "There remains now but one more step for me to take to make my settlement complete." [Marriage, no doubt.]

July, 1844. [At Horticultural Exhibition.] "I attended far more to the show of ladies than to the show of flowers."

Sept., 1844. "I feel, too, that the influence of my present life is not what it ought to be; that the influences of my present position are bad,—that I cannot be so religious as I ought in the midst of this society. I must be at the head of a family before I can be a religious man. . . . . I feel the want of some friend more and more,—some sympathy upon which I can rely."

Sept., 1844. "Her children, unlike most ministers' children, behaved well, and were perfectly orderly."

Sept., 1844. "It is the second good sermon I have written."

Sept., 1844. [Six months after ordination.] "I have become a proverb for bluntness."

Nov., 1844. "The dinner was a very feeble luncheon, but it was just what I wanted."

Nov., 1844. [Thanksgiving. Finding a trembling tongue, and starting tears in the pulpit.] "I believe that my nature is not altogether hard and unsentimental. There is more feeling in it than I am generally willing to allow. I try to assume an indifference which does not belong to me, and get the credit for carelessness, when in reality I am all interested . . . . . As for writing a real sermon, it is a thing I have never done. Were it not that I look before instead of behind, by nature and constitution, I should despair of ever becoming a preacher. I dined at Mr. ——'s. We had the usual amount of Thanksgiving cheer, but I did not enjoy it. I was not among those near and natural friends with whom I could feel perfectly free. I longed for my comfortable quarters at Uncle B.'s, and the genial group around his fireside. I had, too, during the day a vague feeling of melancholy, partly caused by bodily illness, partly by a feeling that I was not doing my duty faithfully. I don't know that I ever passed a more lonely Thanksgiving."

Apr., 1846. "A minister in a parish, I think, is placed in an eminently favorable situation for judging impartially. He sees every variety of character, and numbers men of all shades of opinion among his personal friends. I do not know any single prejudice or animosity which is likely to warp my judgment."

[From the Christian Register.]

BY REV. JOSEPH H. ALLEN,

A CLASSMATE OF MR. BRIGHAM.

A person of average capacity for work would be aghast at the industry of those years, — sermon-writing, preaching, visiting, work in outlying districts, with eager interest in all professional associations, or local matters, or projects to promote morals and intelligence, and with the running accompaniment of his prodigious breadth of reading. It seemed as if he had literally read everything that was worth reading in all the tongues worth learning. Without being a book-worm either, for he cared just as much about out-door matters, wrote one of the best articles on forest-trees, gave some of the best descriptions of cities and countries he had visited, was acquainted by hearing of the ear with all the best music, of which he was very fond, was on hand at all important public occasions, and always seemed absolutely at leisure for any chance conversation or companionship.

His incessant and facile industry in writing has been invaluable in many a close-pressed editorial experience, and few names were better known or more welcome to the readers of our best reviews. He was one of those men whose ability to "turn off" work of excellent quality indifferently in almost any given direction seemed positively inexhaustible; while at the same time he seemed wholly free from the vanity which is the besetting infirmity of smaller men of letters, so that he could join in hearty praise of another man's work which he thought better than his own, and could take, in frank good-humor, a criticism or an emendation which another man might resent. These are traits which will be better appreciated by "the craft," but they are also very significant of the real quality of the man.

Mr. Brigham was a sharp critic himself, and not always a sympathetic one. This sometimes showed itself in his literary essays and his critical notices, which were incredibly numerous and invariably good. It showed itself also in a certain impatience at the turn and tone sometimes taken by the fresher thought of the day. At one time, this looked like a lack of sympathy and hopefulness regarding the religious movement we are ourselves embarked in.

It was a happy event for Mr. Brigham, as well as a valuable gift to a wider circle, when the American Unitarian Association fixed on him to occupy the post offered at Ann Arbor. To him, judging from his correspondence at that time, it was the beginning of a new mental life. A certain sense of weariness and routine fell away at once, and one felt a fresher vigor and hope in the tone of his writing, which was the breathing of another climate. And, with his characteristic energy, he was for some years busy in taking in the features and capabilities of his larger field.

He gave solid dignity and respect to his work, and through it to the good cause, by the amplitude of his learning and the mass of his mental industry. The opportunity of Unitarianism in the West, as a movement of religious thought, must be quite another thing from the fact of those twelve years' labors. Once for all, any possible stigma of narrowness, conceit, shallow radicalism, was forbidden to rest on the name he represented. A scholar of the widest range of reading, a man of the world, familiar with art and foreign travel, a sober and somewhat conservative thinker, a man of letters, of untiring industry, a writer and speaker of more than average eloquence and force, — these qualities were recognized and applauded in every form in which the recognition and applause of man has its value.

Perhaps the central and most significant of the tasks he did was the instructing, in yearly courses, of classes from the University; ranging, in the course of the year, from one hundred to two hundred and fifty in number, consisting mostly of young men who have made his name, word, and work familiar (it is not extravagant to say) in every part of the Mississippi Valley, and who are themselves a

whole army of pioneers in the higher and freer Christian culture of that great and superb country.

Mr. Brigham's health had been failing for some years, more plainly and alarmingly in his friends' eyes than his own; when, a year ago last May, he was attacked, near the end of his working year, by symptoms that made it clear that his real task was done. The months of waiting since have had less of pain and more of enjoyment than might be feared. A year ago he was still almost buoyant in the hope of returning to his place before another season. But the cloud soon thickened; and for several months he has been so completely disabled for all part in the world that his final departure must have been a welcome release.

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF MR. BRIGHAM,

BY REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D. D.

We stand here awed by the presence of Death, but emboldened by the faith of Christians. It is not only a faithful Christian, but a Christian minister, whose dust we are committing to the rest which his undying spirit, never to be consigned to any grave, does not need. It is not in the scene of his labors, not among the attached people of his old flock at Taunton, nor the young men at Ann Arbor and Meadville, that this last service takes place. Were it so, there would be warmer and more tender witnesses of this ceremony. But dear kindred are here, and brother ministers of his own special faith, and this sympathizing congregation, all of whom know his claims to respect, and to an honored memory and a burial worthy the value and importance of the life it closes and marks with a monumental stone.

Complete, and full of labors and services, as the life was of the man and Christian minister over whose dust we are hanging, his death, long threatened and at last welcome, affects me as something premature. With a frame vigorous and sturdy, full of sensuous strength, and commanding for its weight and size, he exhibited none of the signs of physical weakness or waste which so often accompany

clerical or scholastic pursuits. You would have said, to look upon him for the thirty-five years of his professional career, that seldom had a man been made whose physical constitution and build better fitted him to endure the labor and strain of life, or who would more naturally have pursued, not a scholar's nor a minister's life, but a life of affairs, of secular pursuits and prepossessions. No marked delicacy of organization pointed him out as a man of intellectual and spiritual tendencies. Full of blood and of hearty appetites, he was outwardly built for the enjoyment of the things of time and sense, and for the ordinary average tastes and interests of practical life. It always surprised and gratified those who knew him from his youth up that, against all the temptations and tendencies of his exacting physical nature, he became so early self-consecrated to intellectual, moral, and spiritual pursuits. His love of knowledge, his devotion to learning, his sanctification to Christian ends and aims, were no product of nervous sensibility, debilitated senses, or delicate health; but, rather, in spite of superfluous physical vigor, strong appetites, and an immense natural enjoyment of his corporeal being. We do not wonder when pale, feeble, and delicate persons, unequal to bodily labors and unsuited to active and tumultuous worldly pursuits, give themselves up to books, to hopes beyond the world, to the intellectual and the spiritual life; but when the muscular, the full-blooded, the sensuous, turn from the things of the flesh and the world, to consecrate themselves to unworldly, to scholarly, and to spiritual pursuits, we behold a grand triumph of the intellectual and moral over the carnal nature, and see with what a strength of grasp, with what a force of consecrated will, with what an intellectual bit and spiritual bridle, the soul has made the rebellious body and senses serve the desires of the mind.

Our departed brother, whom I have known from his boyhood up, was not a man who despised or neglected the body or the things of this life. He had too vigorous and hearty an enjoyment of them, and was too manly and frank, too social and too free from all pretension and all sympathy with ascetic habits and voluntary self-denials, to be wholly safe from the perils of his natural aptitudes

and sensuous sensibilities. But who was freer from all corporeal vices? Who used his physical vigor more unstintedly for intellectual labors and professional services? Who has exhibited a more absolute devotion to the pursuit of knowledge and truth, or maintained a more undeniable and unquestioned sanctification of heart and conscience to his sacred calling and his ministerial office? It would have been so easy for him to have slipped into weaknesses that would have compromised his clerical standing and his Christian repute, that his unsullied life and spotless record, as a minister and a man, deserve something more than ordinary recognition and praise. Without withdrawing from the world, he lived in it, yet above it. With a rebellious, because hearty, physical frame, he kept all the more perilous tendencies of his body under, and never brought his self-control, or his moral and spiritual repute, under the least doubt or into the smallest shame.

From his youth up, he had a noble and never-quenched passion for books; his appetite for them was more masterly than any physical appetite, strong as that might be. To read them more widely and abundantly, he acquired ancient and modern languages, and devoured classical, and romantic, and domestic, and foreign literatures, with an inappeasable hunger and a prodigious power of digestion. He was almost equally at home in ancient and modern learning; in theology, philosophy, science, and fiction; in what was happening in the most distant universities and schools of thought, and in the latest of our American colleges. No book of any importance escaped his notice, and no distance from intellectual centres, and no engrossment in ministerial cares, ever seemed to baffle or delay his reading and studies. And what he acquired, he was as ready and as skillful to impart as he was quick to digest. He never sunk the uses and the practical bearing of his learning and reading in any selfish curiosity or egotistic devotion to his own culture. He read to learn, and he learned to instruct and enlighten others. Without the demands of the professor's chair or the exclusive claims of an academic office, he was truly a professor at large, who knew more of many departments of learning than men set apart to a special study, and called to teach it

exclusively, usually know of their single branch. At Ann Arbor, where he passed eleven happy and most useful years, in the capacity of the minister of a small flock, he gathered about him all the more aspiring students of all aptitudes and varied professional aspirations, who sat at his feet as a sort of Admirable Crichton, — a universal encyclopedic master of knowledges, who could be safely consulted on any theme, and who, if he did not know all about it himself, knew exactly who did. It is said that he was a sort of untitled, unsalaried, universal professor in Michigan, finding the titled professors of the college ready to advise with him, and lending to many, perhaps, the only adequate companionship they could find in the neighborhood. His influence in the college, and over the rising youth of that populous university is said to have been quite unprecedented, considering that he held no office, and was only the minister of a small flock in the town, of a form of faith not at all congenial with the prevailing theology of the place and the college.

I have myself had the opportunity of observing the industry, the variety, the competency of his labors as visiting lecturer at the Meadville Theological School; he would hurry to the spot from Michigan to Pennsylvania, and in a fortnight, lecturing sometimes twice a day, give a long course of lectures on ecclesiastical history, or dogmatics, or philosophy, each crammed with the results of the largest reading, and each bristling with facts and illustrations, making every one tell upon his point, and exciting a strange wonder and admiration among his pupils that "one head could carry all he knew."

What a rare and precious office an American scholar fills, especially in our Western world, some of you must duly feel; but we have so few entitled to the name that it is impossible to think of all the knowledge and scholastic taste, acumen and critical ability, to be buried in Mr. Brigham's grave, without sorrow and sharp regret. Hardly have we left to us one man of so wide and general reading, or any whose tastes for books and learning was so genuine, long-continued, unaffected, and hearty. And he was so generous in the use of his pen, in our reviews, our religious newspapers, and our conferences, that his readi-

ness, promptness and activity will be sorely missed in all our affairs.

Mr. Brigham was for twenty years of his life pastor of the Unitarian Church in Taunton, and expended a ceaseless activity in the pulpit, the lecture-room, the town, and the parish, in clearing up, widening, and strengthening those enlightened views of the Christian religion which he firmly held. He was too widely-read, too deeply-taught, to be a partisan or a denominationalist. His acquaintance and his sympathy with all educated and earnest minds in all schools and branches of the Christian Church made him catholic in the truest sense of that word. He was not an enthusiast in his hopes, or a fanatic in anything. He seldom saw the golden prospects ahead that cheer the eyes of those who are not candidly observant of the present and dispassionately studious of the lessons of the past. Indeed, his readiness to do justice to all sides made him a poor sectarian and a lukewarn denominationalist. He thought few men to be well acquainted with the grounds of their own opinions, and valued their hopes and confidences accordingly. He was himself, moveover, with all his vigor of body and right to the courage of his careful opinions, modest and not over-confident. With a copious and ready vocabulary, he was slow to speak in our public assemblies; and, while one of the most voluble and spontaneous of talkers at the fireside and on the private walk, he was more silent and quiet in our public conferences than could be accounted for on any theory except that of a certain habitual distrust of unstudied and impulsive speech.

He had a superlative method in the use of his time, and the order of his studies; knew just where he was going to be and just what he was going to do, months ahead; and had his reading, and his writing, and his visiting hours laid out with a precision and a method that were admirable, and sufficiently account for his vast knowledge of books and his immense productiveness in manuscripts. To this he added a memory of the utmost tenacity. A rapid reader, he was slow to forget, and had his treasures at the readiest command. His preaching was eminently strong and suggestive, the subject always

having a certain masterful laying out and an exhaustive treatment. And his prayers were copious, devout, and varied. Perhaps he had not that contagious and sympathetic temperament so much craved in the pulpit in our day. But he lacked nothing else, and was really, for so learned, so frank, so common-sensed a man, singularly spiritual and devout in his pulpit work.

He was a Christian — almost an ecclesiastic — in his tastes. He loved the church and its worship, its music and its symbols. Had he lived in the Middle Ages, he would early have repaired to a monastery, to enjoy the privileges of its studies, and its freedom from worldly anxieties; nor would he have despised its good cheer. Indeed, he was one of the few products of our time and our ranks in whom the old spirit of monkery was revived and represented. A voluntary celibate, with not a single temptation or disposition to change his bachelor state, that I ever heard of, he lived a life of books and old learning in the midst of an age that reads little that is not wet from the press and reeking with a superficial novelty; and without one known desire to yield up the satisfactions of learning to any domestic yearnings or any public ambition. He was a singularly unambitious person for a man of his powers and capacities. He has left manuscripts which almost any other man of his scholarship and standing would have long ago thrown into print. He wrote almost as much as he read; but either his standard was too high and his learning too great to make him overvalue or even duly estimate his own work, or else he was strongly uncovetous of public recognition and applause. He never seemed at all desirous of a city pulpit; never grasped at any office; never entered even the academic scramble for professional honors. With his strength and his knowledge, and his blameless life and character, even a little personal ambition would have carried him higher, and made him more conspicuous; but perhaps he chose wisely, and with a better self-knowledge, in prizing most the calm and studious life, and drawing his happiness from his books and his use of them in his secluded spheres, or his pulpit and his lecture-room. Yet he was a lover of good fellowship and good people, and, although he had his limitations

and peculiarities, a welcome visitor in scores of homes in the West.

I have been so long and so widely separated from him in distance—without ever having had a close intimacy with him — that I have no right to speak of his more private views and his spiritual graces. But he always impressed me as a thoroughly good man, whose moral and religious principles were deeply and inextricably wrought into his personality; without hypocrisy or guile; without over-valuation of himself, or over-confidence; ready and generous in his recognition of all the gifts of others; without jealousy or detraction; a tremendous worker, and one willing to submit to any amount of intellectual drudgery; ever conscientious in the use of his time and opportunities. He was perfectly free in his studies and afraid of no depth or breadth of inquiries, but was a Churchman as well as a Christian, a man who knew the invaluable and immense services the gospel had rendered, and read it in its historical form with genuine heartiness, but with the full knowledge and appreciation of all the results of modern criticism.

I do not doubt that he had all the most precious hopes of a believing Christian, and that his last two suffering years have not only tried, but purified and exalted his faith. I never have heard of a murmur or a doubt of God's wisdom and goodness as coming from his lips. He has had a most useful, a highly respected and an exceptionally scholarly career. Labor and thought have filled his days. He has had a rare and glorious chance to impress himself upon hundreds of American youth, as a scholar and a Christian teacher. He made full proof of his ministry, in a strong parish, for twenty years, and stamped himself into one large New England town, where Christianity and civilization will long acknowledge his influence and remain under his spell. After a long life of almost uninterrupted health, he was called suddenly to two years of slow decline and painful invalidism, — which may have been not less useful to him than his health had been to others. He carries a stainless memory into his grave, whither he went in calm Christian faith and confidence. He lacked nothing except the highest form of domestic experience,—

a great lack, indeed,—and that has been made up to him in part by the assiduous cares and devotion of his kindred, who must now value unspeakably the privilege of having ministered to this wifeless, childless man, and this life-long solitary of the library and the pulpit, in these last trying years of his decay.

I will not close without recalling the fact that it was from my old church in Chambers Street that young Brigham went, thirty-five years ago, into the ministry, and that I preached his ordination sermon — the second I ever preached, but since so many — at his settlement in Taunton; that I officiated at the funerals of his honored mother, too early called away, and his long-lived and wonderfully preserved father, who died so recently among you; and that I feel it would be more natural for him to speak at my burial than thus for me to be speaking at his. But God knows the times and the seasons! For our worn friend a sweet rest is already prepared. More than the joys of books and libraries are already opened to him; for he reads the face of his God and Father; he enters the communion of Christian scholars of all ages, and sees them and not merely their works; he is near the fountain of all Christian theology,—the beloved Master and Head of the Church; he is witness to the truth that here we know in part and prophesy in part, but that where he is they know even as also they are known; for when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Faithful brother, we dismiss thee to thy well-earned promotion to heavenly seats, to better society, to fuller knowledge, and to higher intellectual and spiritual joys! Minister of Christ, ascend to thy Master! Child of God, go to thy Father's arms! Christian brother, join the fellowship of the family in heaven! Those of thy mortal blood will long weep for thee; but they rejoice to-day that thou art free from all mortal bonds, and confident of thy welcome in the spiritual world thou taughtest others to find, not forgetting the way for thyself. Farewell.

PAPERS.

I.

ST. AMBROSE, BISHOP OF MILAN.

ARBOGASTES, a Roman general, who at the close of the fourth century, made war upon the Franks of the Rhine country, in an interview which he had with their chiefs, was asked if he was a friend of *Ambrose.* From motives of policy he returned an affirmative answer. But they quickly replied, that now "they did not wonder at his conquering them, since he enjoyed the favor of a man whom the sun would obey, if he should command it to stand still."

This second Joshua was not the leader of any armed host, but was the spiritual dictator of kings and generals. And when one considers the rare union in his life of ecclesiastical dignity and spiritual faith, how he could humble the mightiest by his simple trust, — and make of an emperor first a penitent and then a saint, the miracle might seem more fitting of him than of the leader of Israel's hosts.

No city in Europe has been more the centre of violence and insurrection than Milan, the capital of Lombardy. Lying as it does on the frontier between Germany and Italy, in every struggle between these hereditary foes, it has been the principal sufferer. Down from the slopes of the Alps invading armies have poured into its gates, devouring its substance and deluging its streets with blood. In civil commotion, nobles and people have fought hand to hand in the great square before the cathedral. The plague has there destroyed, and its ravages has given the groundwork of the most touching and exciting of Italian novels.

The Milanese are a restless and rebellious people. But there is one thing which characterises their city more than its turbulence, and which outlasts all its misfortunes, the

deep-rooted reverence of the people for their patron saints. The altar where Borromeo once ministered still gathers its myriads, even in the hottest siege. And even when the enemy are furious in the streets, the Church of St. Ambrose is crowded with penitents who implore the aid of the holy bishop's bones. Separated by an interval of one thousand years, still these two saints are joined in the popular memory. And in the same religious service, the prayers of the one and the hymns of the other, are chanted by white-robed choirs, and shake with their rolling harmony the myriad statues of that wonderful work of art, the great Cathedral of Milan.

We leave to a future lecture the sketch of that most lovely and apostolic of all Catholic saints, Charles Borromeo. If you would learn the spirit and beauty of his life and influence, read Mansoni's story of the *Betrothed.* It is the more ancient guardian of Milan who gives a theme for the present lecture, — the model bishop, as we might call him, of the fourth century, — a man of large mind, but of larger heart, a prince in dignity, a child in simplicity,— firm before men, humble before God, close to keep the faith of the Church, — yet charitable beyond the measure of his age, — prudent in action, fearless in word, — kind to the poor, candid to the great, respectful to all,— capable of becoming great, preferring to do good, yielding the possession of temporal power to the hope of spiritual usefulness, — pleased, not by eulogy, but gratitude, — giving up the praise of the successful scholar for the praise of the faithful pastor.

The city of Trèves, which the conversion of Jerome and the possession of the Holy Coat have made famous alike in ancient and modern days, is honored more truly by being the birthplace of Ambrose. His father was the governor of that province of Gaul. But more propitious still for the future eminence of the son than his noble birth, was the omen which happened one day as he lay an infant in his cradle, in a court-yard of the palace. A swarm of bees came flying round, and some crept in and out of his opened mouth, and finally all rose into the air so high that they quite vanished out of sight. This prodigy, repeated from the infancy of Plato, seemed to prophecy another life

like Plato's. And from his very cradle Ambrose seemed destined to authority and sanctity.

Ambrose was educated first at Trèves and afterwards at Rome for the profession of law; and his abilities in this direction were so marked that his friendship was courted by the most distinguished men of the city, as well Pagan as Christian. Of one of these, Symmachus, he was afterwards the opponent in controversies of singular vigor; by another, Probus, the prefect of Rome, he was early introduced into political life, and finally from one office to another raised to that of governor of all the northern provinces of Italy. As he departed for Milan, the metropolitan city of the provinces, the parting words of Probus to him were, "Go thy way, and govern more like a bishop than a judge." They were prophetic. Hardly had he arrived at Milan, when the Arian bishop, who had held the office twenty years, was removed by death, and all the quarrels that could arise in a distracted Church were inflamed into fury. The Catholics and Arians seemed equally to forget that they were Christians. As governor of the provinces Ambrose believed it to be his duty to moderate ecclesiastical as well as civil disturbances. He accordingly went to the church where the council for choosing a bishop were assembled, and endeavored to make peace among them. In the midst of his harangue, the voice of a child was suddenly heard, exclaiming, "Let Ambrose be bishop." It came like the voice of an angel to the excited throng, and all shouted at once, Catholic and Arian together: "Ambrose shall be our bishop." It was rather a novel method of election, and a somewhat singular choice, since Ambrose was not a professing Christian, and had never been baptised. But they saw at once that the only way of reconciling their disputes was to take a new man, who was obnoxious to neither party, and whose individual excellence, more than his special experience, fitted him for the office.

Ambrose himself, however, thought it a choice not fit to be made, and adopted various contrivances for proving this. To show how inhuman he was, he had several criminals brought up and tortured. But the people were not to be deceived by this, and when he attempted to get out

of the way, they had a guard set upon him, and baffled all his stratagem. His appeal to the emperor to be released from a duty which he knew nothing about, was answered by the command of the emperor to accept it, with the comforting assurance that he considered it a very excellent choice. He was defeated at all points, and was obliged, most reluctlantly, to submit to the infraction of the canon laws, and with the great seal of baptism, to be transferred at once from the temporal to the spiritual administration of the State. On the 7th of December, 374, he was consecrated as bishop. And to the Church in Milan this is still the great day of rejoicing. Ambrose was thirty-four years when he was ordained to this high and responsible office. He assumed a task for which he had no previous preparation, and no original taste. But with such zeal and fidelity did he discharge his trust, that the twenty-two years of his administration were unrivalled in their fruits of benefit by the episcopal life of any that had gone before him. He died in the full maturity of his powers, before the weakness of age had come on, or his natural force had abated. Yet the longest life could scarcely have done more to vindicate the rights, to consolidate the power, and to secure the reverence, not only of his own, but of the universal Church. If his administration was in a less stirring time than that which came immediately after it, he used and directed its incidents so that they gained substantial importance. Without secularizing the Church, he used the spiritual power, so that the influence of the Church was felt upon the State. Without violent persecution, he eradicated the heresies that he found troubling the rest of the people. He carried into his religious councils the prudence, the skill, and the calmness of the wise statesman, and he gained the respect, if he could not get the adhesion, of his adversaries. We can easily follow out his influence in every direction, for while he is nowhere very brilliant or peculiar, he is still a true bishop, ready for every duty, thoroughly furnished to every good work. We will first consider his influence in the political affairs of the Empire.

The Western Empire, in this period, was tottering to its fall. The Gothic hordes in the hills of the North were

gathering themselves together for their marauding onset. A succession of weak and wicked emperors had not the foresight to see what they would not have had the strength to resist. But Ambrose saw it, and turned the weakness of Imperial rule to the strengthening of that Church, in which all the hopes of the future should lie. Though he was forced by the emperor to be a bishop, he never became the tool of an emperor. But he rebuked royal vices at the very moment he was extorting royal concessions. He saw usurpers and murderers in the seat of power, and saw them share the fate of their victims. But he never would tolerate usurpation and murder, though he did not disdain the moral influence which the humiliation of kings could give. We need not go over the dismal catalogue of political changes, nor rehearse the shifting fortunes of the weak Valentinian, the amiable Gratian, the tyrannical Maximus — nor dwell upon the strange union of cruelty, dignity, and piety that were conspicuous in the life of the great Theodosius. Nor need we enumerate the long succession of salutary laws which the bishop of Milan procured from each of the short-lived reigns. Not the least timely of these was the law to prevent judicial assassination, by requiring that no condemned person should be executed in less than thirty days after his sentence. This put a stop at once to those wholesale murders under the forms of law, by which enraged governors sought to satisfy their sudden vengeance. It was a statute which the wisdom of all enlightened nations will keep forever.

But Ambrose did not hesitate to come into collision with the emperor or any other dignitary when the purity of Church doctrines was in question. He had no more respect for Arianism on the throne than in the street. Loyalty with him always yielded to zeal for the faith. The Emperor Valentinian I., who died the year after he was made bishop, left a most uncomfortable widow, whose heresy and ambition were alike inveterate, and who added all the arts of a hypocrite to all the obstinacy of a fanatic. If she seemed to submit, it was because she was determined to conquer. If she labored like a mother for her weak-minded son, it was to keep a mother's rule over him when in power. In accepting the assistance of the bishop

in her day of trouble, she seemed to herself to be gaining a right to command him in her day of triumph. Ambrose supported the pretensions of the son because he believed him to be the proper heir to the throne, but he had no idea of yielding to the arrogance or to the heresy of the mother. During the life of her husband and her step-son, his first successor, who were sound Catholics, the empress did not venture to declare her religious views. But her first use of her son's absolute power, was coolly to demand for the use of the Arians, and the Court, the ancient Cathedral, which stood outside of the walls, and afterwards the new cathedral in the very heart of the city; and with considerable shrewdness, she accompanied the demand with men to take possession. But the messengers found the bishop at the altar, ministering the high Easter service. He was summoned, in the name of the emperor, to give up the church. The messenger received this noble answer: "Should the emperor require what is mine, my land or my money, I shall not refuse him, though all I possess belongs to the poor. If you require my estate, take it,—if my body, here it is,—load me with chains, kill me if you will,—I am content. I shall not fly to the protection of the people, nor cling to the altars: I choose rather to be sacrificed for the sake of the altars." The next morning the church was surrounded with soldiers after the bishop had entered, and for a day and a night he was a close prisoner. But the sermon that he preached so softened the hearts of the soldiers, and the prayers which he offered so cheered the spirits of the disciples, that when the order at last came for his release, it was received with a universal shout of joy. The bishop had conquered without rebellion, and had made the occasion of tyranny an occasion of conversion. In the following year, the same experiment was tried again with no better success. An Arian bishop was consecrated at Court, and enjoyed in the royal favor the show of episcopal power. But in spite of all the edicts and fulminations of the Court, Ambrose took no notice of the foolish farce. He was imprisoned during worship in the church again. But he improved the occasion by a discourse that has come down to us, to discuss the true connection between Church and State. This dis-

course contains many views that savor strongly of our American Congregationalism, and does not sound very much like a flattery of power. It is an expansion of the Scripture precept, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but unto God the things which are God's." The imprisonment lasted several days, and the chronicles concerning it have embellished it with a few miracles, which add nothing to its moral effect. The statement, shortly after, of the man who came to murder him by order of the empress, and found his arm paralysed when he lifted the sword to strike, and was restored only when he confessed his guilty intention and declared his penitence, needs no supernatural intervention to explain it.

One of the most extraordinary triumphs of spiritual over the civil power on record, is the humiliation of the great Theodosius before Ambrose. It is paralleled only by the penance of Henry II. before the tomb of Thomas à Becket. Theodosius was a man of singular gifts, both of mind and heart, who had attained by merit alone, without the privilege of birth, to the lofty station of Emperor in the East, and finally of Emperor in the whole Roman dominion. Though he was a devoted Christian, and reverenced the altars of God, he wished to be severely just; and sometimes his duties as sovereign seemed to conflict with his duties as a prince of the Church. In a small town in his dominion, the Christians, in revenge for the insult of some Jews upon them on a feast-day, had pulled down the Jewish synagogue. Theodosius ordered the Christians to build it up again, and those who had pulled it down to be severely punished. But he found here a stern opposer in Ambrose, who contended that Justice could not require an act of impiety, and that if it were a crime for angry men to destroy their neighbors' property, it were a worse crime for a Christian to build a house of worship for the Jew believer. This firmness overcame the monarch's sense of justice. The synagogue never rose from its ruins, and the hope of the Jews became vain.

But this and other trifling triumphs over the emperor were only the prelude to his greater and more public humiliation. An outbreak had taken place at Thessalonica, at the time of the chariot races, in which several

officers of rank were stoned to death, and their bodies dragged through the streets. Guided by his own wrath, and by the pernicious counsels of his favorite secretary, Theodosius determined at once to take exemplary vengeance, and administer a terrible rebuke. A whole army was let loose upon the devoted city, neither age nor sex were spared, and at the end of three hours seven thousand slain were counted in promiscuous massacre. When next the emperor presented himself at the door of the church, he was met by the bishop there, who forbade him to cross the threshold, and commanded him to discipline his polluted soul in the severest penance before he ventured again to enter the Courts of a holy God.* Eight months long in his chamber this penance endured. And then, when the emperor came again, he found that the severe priest was not satisfied with a private, but a public exhibition of penitence. He was compelled by fear, and a guilty conscience, to submit. And for many hours, the people of Milan, as they passed the great cathedral, could behold the sovereign of the world prostrate upon the pavement of the porch, with tears running down his cheeks, beating his breast, and tearing his hair, and uttering mournful cries,—like the vilest sinner. It was a splendid exhibition of the triumph of religion over power. And it is said of the emperor that no day of his after life did he fail to bewail the violation of God's laws, into which passion had led him, or to thank the bishop as his spiritual Saviour.

Another story is told of the influence of Ambrose upon Theodosius, which is worth repeating. On a great festival day, when Theodosius brought his offering to the altar, and remained standing within the rails of the chancel, Ambrose asked him if he wanted anything there. He answered that he wished to assist in administering the holy communion. The bishop then sent his archdeacon to him with this message: "Sir, it is lawful for none but anointed

* In the Belvidere gallery of Vienna is a great picture by Rubens, representing this scene. The emperor stands on the left, on the steps of the church, surrounded by his guards, in the attitude of supplication. On the right, and above, is Ambrose, attended by his ministering priests, stretching out his hand to repel the intruder.

ministers to remain here. Go out, and stand with other worshippers. The purple robe makes princes, but not priests." Excusing himself for the fault, and thanking the archbishop for his plainness of speech, he went out and stood with the rest. When he returned to Constantinople, instead of going within the rails, as before, he remained outside, upon which the bishop of that city summoned him to take his former place. But the humbled emperor answered with a sigh: "Alas! how hard it is for me to learn the difference between the priesthood and the empire. I am surrounded with flatterers, and have found only one man who has set me right, and has told me the truth. I know but one true bishop in the world, and that is Ambrose."

While in the connection of Ambrose and Theodosius there is much to remind us of Nathan and David, in the intercourse of Ambrose and young Valentinian there is a striking resemblance to that of Samuel and Saul. The intrigues of his mother did not prevent the son from being a most docile pupil: and while in his Catholic zeal the bishop did everything to save the soul of the young prince from perdition, by his moral counsels, he was as faithful to save his life from corruptions. Happy were it if pious men, the guardians of religion, were always as careful to keep the characters of their disciples spotless, as they are to keep their opinions sound.

In the year A. D. 384, Paganism received its death-blow in the great controversy of Symmachus with Ambrose, about the setting up again of the Altar of Victory in the Senate house, and the salaries restored to the order of Vestal Virgins. The controversy involved the great question of the right of a Christian State to protect or encourage heathenism. The tottering fabric of the old mythology found a noble supporter in Symmachus. In him seemed to be restored the masculine energy, vigor, and eloquence of the days of the Republic. His splendid paragraphs were the echoes of voices from the past. His appeals brought back to patriotism, the dignity, the splendor, the trophies of the former time, when the Roman eagles and the Roman gods together led armies on to victory. In sorrowful numbers he sang a lament over the fallen

temples, — the broken columns, the neglected altars, and sought, through pity for the low estate, to awaken sympathy for the fortunes of the old religion. Then he appealed with eloquent earnestness to the emperor's sense of right: "Shall not the conscience of men be respected? Shall not the right of the citizen to his own worship be kept sacred? Shall the State persecute those whose reverence will not allow them to forsake the gods of their fathers, who have given so many blessings to Arts and to Arms?" And then, in ingenious sorrow, he recounts the calamities which had befallen them for their apostasy, and their forgetfulness of sacred things. The Genius of old Rome spoke through him. And the shades of heroes, of orators, of philosophers, of poets, seemed to gather around him as he spoke. But they were only shades, raised by the magic of his potent charm, and fell away again when the words of Ambrose dissolved the charm.

The answers of Ambrose to the appeals of Symmachus have come down to us. If they lack the classic finish, the rhetorical fullness, the varying play of emotion in the appeals of the accomplished Pagan, they have all the force and earnestness of a confidence in the right of his cause. There is less pathos about them, but there is more power. The reference is not to the former glories, but to future judgments. The emperor is made to see not the triumphs of Scipio and Cæsar, but of the Tribunal of God. "Give to the merit of renowned men," says he, "all that is due, but where God is in question, think upon God. No one can be treated unjustly, when God is preferred. Nothing can be higher than religion, than faith. The emperor is the most exalted of men. But as all serve him, so should he serve his God and the true faith. Can he who builds the temples for idols be received again into the Church of Christ. How cans't thou answer the priest of God when he says to thee, 'the Church wishes not thy gifts, since thou hast profaned them to the service of the heathen?' Christ disdains the obedience of one who follows after idols. It is thy soul that thou losest in seeking to bring falsehood back." And then, with clear analysis, he opens the folly of referring the ancient glory of the people to its gods instead of its *men*, — and humor-

ously asks if Jupiter were in the goose whose hissing saved Rome from the Gauls. He puts aside the specious plea that there are many ways of serving and acknowledging God, by asking if the revealed word of God has declared it so. "Has it not said that Christ is the only name by which men can be saved? And when," he indignantly asks, "was it ever known that a heathen emperor listened to this plea and built an altar to Christ."

Symmachus had demanded, not as a matter of right alone, but as a bounty, that provision for the priests, and vestals which could support them in becoming state. This gives occasion to Ambrose to contrast the heathen priests and virgins with those of a Christian profession. He shows the latter poor in goods, but rich in grace, — seeking rather to deny than indulge themselves, — using their own property for the aid of others, not coveting the goods of others for their own advantage, — adorning their charity with humility, instead of splendor, — asking no aid from the ruling powers, but ready to give these the blessing of their prayers. He points to that virginity which seeks not to display, but to hide itself, not to ride in a chariot, but to kneel in a cloister,— not to go clothed in a harlot's colors of gold and purple, but in the white of purity and the black of penitence. Have the chaste matrons, who vow themselves to pious seclusion, asked for a stipend to nourish their idleness? Have they not rather filled their seclusion with busy industry for the welfare of the poor and the suffering? Do they ask a bounty on their prayers? And why should the priests and virgins of a dead religion, that even the barbarians have spurned, which can show only a few mouldering trophies, but no present good, and no future hope, receive more than do the priests and virgins of a religion which asks nothing of the world but to believe and to obey, — which is bringing the heathen into a common fold, and making the uttermost parts of the earth joyful together? Woe to the empire when active virtue receives no gift, while lazy worthlessness is rewarded with vestments and gold, when the living man is left to starve, while the corpse is embalmed and covered with flowers."

In such wise did the Christian bishop argue against the

heathen orator. And his appeal proved the mightier. No concessions were made. The controversy seems insignificant to us now, — and hardly can we rise to its historical grandeur. But it was the most significant fact of the time. The combatants were the noblest and most eminent representatives of heathenism and the Christianity of the age. The cause of each religion seems pleading in their words. Symmachus, the senator, full of the traditions of ancient Rome, speaks in a poetic and elevated tone; he touches everything, he urges every plea, — the right of history, of custom, of tradition, of charity, of the interest of the State, the king, of religion itself. Where one will not do, he presses the other. If faith in the gods will not prevail, let State policy be considered. In his words there is a certain undeniable sense of right. They are the last sorrowful elegy on the falling altars of ancient Rome, and they extort our compassion as we follow them. But they lack the vital truth. They are an ingenious show of justice. We first come to the heart of the matter when we read the clear, logical, strong, living answer of Ambrose. Here is the consciousness of eternal truth; there only the defence of tottering error. The one is the artist who would twine the wild vines beautifully round the broken columns, and deceive men into worship there, — the other the architect, who would build on the ruins a temple meet for future worship. But we turn from these details of controversy, which, perhaps, have had for you but little interest, to behold Ambrose in a different sphere of labor, in his literary and religious activity.

He was the first poet of the Western Church, as well as its greatest bishop. The Latin hymns of Ambrose, unlike the Greek hymns of Synesius, are not so much theological as practical, and were intended from the beginning for use in the churches. In a visit to Greece, the bishop had seen the splendid effect that answering choirs of voices produced in sacred worship, and on his return he introduced it into his own. He was willing to be taught by adversaries, and the policy of the Arjans had proved that the songs of the Sanctuary did more than its creeds for the conversion of souls. Twelve hymns now remain to us of the composition of Ambrose, though it is probable he wrote

many more. They are used still in the Roman Catholic service, and you will find them in the missal of that Church. But their sweet ministry went farther than the public service. They cheered the anchorite in his cell, and comforted the prisoner in his living tomb. The martyr gained courage as he lifted their lines, and forgot the devouring flames around him. They gave an inspiration to hours of misery, and brought heaven into the soul that was worn by the weariness of earth. It is impossible in any version, more especially a literal version, to give an idea of the fire, the earnestness, the flowing movement of these old Latin hymns, — lacking altogether classic finish and beauty, — but full of living and longing faith, — what the Germans call the "*swing*" of devotion. They bear the same relation to classic verses that the Psalmody of the Methodists does to the polished stanzas of the professed poets. You may see this illustrated by comparing the hymn of Charles Wesley, "A charge to keep I have," with the hymn of Bishop Heber (the 814th of our collection), "The God of glory walks his round," on the same subject. The latter is a stream of pure poetry and exquisite beauty. But the former has the true glow of inspiration about it, and will send the blood tingling through the veins when it is sung.

The most famous hymns of Ambrose are his songs for morning and evening. The contrasts between these are beautifully preserved, yet the same faith is found in both. The morning-song is written to be sung at cock-crow.

1. — The sullen darkness breaks away,
See in the East the crimson day!
We own, great God, thy wondrous love,
O let it lift our souls above.

2. — Day's herald stirs our hearts to joy,
Let joy in prayer the hour employ,
The wayward dream is lost in light,
Let wandering faith now rise to sight.

3. — Far on the heaven the star of dawn
Gleams on the forehead of the morn.
A sacred emblem let it be,
Of Faith and Truth and Purity.

4. — The sailor on the billowy tide
Bids now his bark more boldly ride,

And the penitent on bended knee
In the dim church-light his Christ doth see.

5. — Hark! The shrill cock cries, — let the sleeper awake,
Let his leaden slumbers their silence break,
Let him hear the sound which calls him away
From the waste of sleep to the work of the day.

6. — With the new cock-crow the weary find hope,
New faith in the sufferer's heart springs up,
The sick man draws a fresher breath,
And the sword of the robber hides in its sheath.

7. — Look down, O Lord, from thy glory on high,
Lend us the light of thy loving eye,
Strengthen us now with thy heavenly might,
Save us from guilt; keep our souls right.

8. — A worthy song to thee we would raise,
Open our lips to sing thy praise,
Drive far away the dreams of the night,
Illumine our hearts, Celestial Light.

The imperfection of this translation can give you only the swinging measure, and the fervent spirit of the original, but nothing of its genuine force. The evening song is its counterpart. And in all the songs the beauties of Nature are made suggestive of spiritual thought and practical duty. They are all adapted, too, to some particular time of worship. The famous song to the Trinity, which Luther loved so much that he translated it for the Reformed Church, was written for the close of vespers. There is no one of our common doxologies that will compare with it in quiet energy. It is a thing which sacred poets have not often been able to achieve, to apostrophize the Trinity, and yet retain the idea of filial reverence.

1. — Thou, who art three in unity,
The true God from eternity,
The sun hath veiled his glorious face,
Enfold us now in thy embrace.

2. — We hail with praise the morning light,
We kneel in prayer with the falling night,
Thy name now bless, thy grace implore,
Thee magnify for evermore.

3. — Thee, Father of all, Eternal Lord,
Thee, Saviour Son, the Incarnate Word,
Thee, Comforter, Holy Spirit of love,
Three on earth, one God above.

Ambrose has been styled, in regard to his hymns, the *Luther* of the Latin Church. He did for the music of this, indeed, what Luther did for the music of the German. And to this day several of his ancient songs are sung in the Lutheran chapels from the clear, sonorous version of the great Reformer. The characteristics of Ambrose as a poet are the same as those of Luther. There is the same outwardness, the same earnestness of faith, the same practical character. And we cannot wonder that these hymns have kept their place for so many centuries, while the more finished Christian poetry has so much of it passed into oblivion. For it is not polished verse that binds itself to the heart of the world, but rather those simple strains which exhort to duty while they cling to faith.

Ambrose, as a poet, has had much more influence upon the Church, than as a general writer. His works are valuable rather as curiosities of literature than for their intrinsic merit. His critical writings upon the various books of the Old and New Testaments, are mere specimens of allegorizing, without the genius for that kind of interpretation. He wrote a good many doctrinal books, but these were more successful in putting the Arians down than in building up any substantial system. His general views were more Orthodox than those of the men of his time. He was distinct upon the Trinity, and his views about depravity leaned to that positive imputation of Adam's sin, which afterwards became part of the Catholic creed. At the same time he taught that a man would be punished only for his own *actual* sins, and not for those of his father. He anticipates Luther in the doctrine of free grace and election, and hints, not obscurely, at the eternal misery of the wicked. To him belongs the honor, too, if it be an honor, of first broadly asserting the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament, that the bread and wine were changed into the body and blood of the Saviour. But all these doctrines lie so loosely in his writings, that they teach no definite scheme, and seem of little worth. The ascetic writings of Ambrose are written with more spirit, and suit more his temper and taste. He loved to think and talk about virginity, and fasts; about the duty of

saints, and the need of sacrifices. He wrote with a real relish the biographies of various Scriptural characters — such as Abraham and Joseph, Cain and Abel; and his remarks upon Noah's Ark are as quaint and original as the description of its length by one of my venerable predecessors.

Upon Christian ethics, Ambrose wrote a more ambitious work. Taking the Pagan Cicero for his guide, he laid down a catalogue of virtues more in harmony with the philosophy of the Stoics, than the piety of the Gospel. There is no need here of going into any criticism of that system, for it has long ago been superseded, and never became the moral code of the Catholic Church. Its ground principle is that the flesh and the spirit are essentially opposed, and that the element of all virtue is in exalting the latter and depressing the former. He enumerates four cardinal virtues: "Wisdom, Justice, Firmness, and Moderation." A strange classification, is it not, for a Christian, — to leave out every one of the beatitudes? It is Cicero restored again. But Ambrose gives a Christian interpretation to these. *Wisdom*, he calls the true relation of man to *God; Justice*, of man to *Man; Firmness*, of man to outward *events*; *Moderation*, of man to himself. In Christian speech, these four virtues would be called piety, love, contentment, and self-denial. And the account that he gives of them is of this kind. Under each of these virtues he brings up some practical illustration from sacred history, generally from the Old Testament. It is, to say the least, a strange fancy which instances the Virgin Mary as an example of moderation. The Scriptures attribute to the Virgin many excellent feminine graces, but say nothing about her self-denial, or her conflicts with the flesh.

Ambrose divides duties into two classes, perfect, and partial. Imperfect duties are those which are common to every body, and which all may easily fulfill — such as duties to parents, to teachers, to society, and the State. Perfect duties are duties which only comparatively few can perform — duties to the church, such as celibacy, fasting, prayer, almsgiving. In other words, imperfect duties are those by which a man does all that is necessary to get along comfortably; perfect, those that are super-

fluous and voluntary, are purely for the good of man and the glory of God. There were two ethical controversies into which Ambrose flung himself heart and soul,—controversies which have never ceased, and perhaps never will. One is between the "Right" and the "Expedient," and here by a variety of ingenious arguments he attempted to show that *expediency* is never the test of right, but that what the Church declares to be right is always expedient. A principle, you perceive, which worked its result afterwards in the horrors of the Inquisition, and the burning of heretics.* The other was whether the denial or the use of the natural appetites were better. Here Ambrose was of the class who would frown down all amusements, would make soberness the type of piety, and make perfect holiness to consist in voluntary suffering. He would have started with horror in hearing one say that the hands and feet as well as the heart and soul were meant for the pleasure of men. And he became a remorseless persecutor of those who plead for a natural and genial life. The satirical pen of Jerome was aided by the Episcopal will of Ambrose in crushing the bold Jovinian, whose only crime was in holding that every creature of God was good, that the world was made to rejoice, and not to weep in, and that happiness was better than living martyrdom.

But though Ambrose was not adverse to controversy, and was ready to fight in defense of the truth he loved best, the sacred privileges of his Episcopal duty, and the sacred rights of God's altar, the Saint most appeared when he led the devotions on the holy day of the kneeling throng, when he spoke to them of the great sacrifice, and asked for them saving mercy. To him the Church was truly the gate of heaven. He felt the joy as well as the profit of worship. The service of prayer never became to him common because familiar. He cared for the decencies of God's house, because he felt God's presence there. And

* While Ambrose thus by his theory prepared the way for religious persecution it should be mentioned in his honor, that he protested against the execution of Priscillian for heresy, and refused to hold communion with the bishops who sanctioned this. Priscillian was the first whom Christians put to death for conscience sake.

he is usually painted in his Episcopal chair, with simple dignity dispensing a benediction to the humble Christians too happy in feeling his hand upon their heads. He loved, too, the various duties of a bishop's life, — to compose the strifes of foes, to judge in doubtful causes, to give faith to a doubting soul, — to give hope to a breaking heart. He loved to send help to the needy; he loved to speak peace to the sufferer. Often his presence by night in the poor man's cottage seemed sent from God, often his fervent prayer made the death-bed happy. He who could humble an Emperor, loved better to comfort the mourner, and save the sinner. His visit purified the heart of vice, his voice was music in the home of sorrow. From rebuke to compassion, from instruction to mercy, from judgment to pardon, his life continually passed. In the morning he spoke to the crowd in the great Cathedral, that now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. At noon, when they crowded his palace with their gifts for judgment, his word to each was, "Go thy way, be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." At night he cheered the lonely one in her humble home with the Saviour's call, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." He was a true bishop, fearing never the frown of man, but caring always for every child of God. His heart was an asylum for the fears and the sorrows of his flock, as he would have the Church an asylum for the persecuted. He was a true bishop in discretion. His firmness never became obstinate, his zeal never became reckless, his dogmatism never became arrogant. He denounced the errors, but did not asperse the fame, of heretics. He rebuked the sins, but did not insult the dignity of monarchs. He relieved the wants without despising the state of the poor. He was patient in hearing, calm in deciding, prompt in acting. His ambition was not to be served, but to serve. He counted no day lost that was spent in making others happy, peaceful, or faithful. He carried in one hand the blessing of an earthly life, in the other the key of a heavenly kingdom. At the altar he stood to interpret mysteries, in the house, to minister mercies, and it is hard to tell in which his work was holiest. He had all the con-

sciousness, with none of the pride, of influence. He was grateful for his office without being vain of it, and he strove to magnify it not by many pretensions, but by alms, and prayers, and the salvation of souls. He defended the monastic theory, but he did not use the monastic practice. He exercised the piety which the hermit spent in seclusion, in bringing men to God. And in an age when men thought that their truest duty was to remove from duty, his example proved that an active love is better than a contemplative virtue. With the other great men who make up with him the four great Doctors of the Western Church he will not compare in learning, genius, or strength of soul. But he is the greatest Saint among them, and did more good in his day and generation than they all.

The Easter of the year 397, was a sad and solemn festival for the Church at Milan. For the manly form and countenance that had so often bent down there before the silent throng in fervent entreaty and sweet benediction, now lay in the sleep of death before the altar. It was a touching story that they told of his dying, how the emperor, afraid for his whole dominion if this good man died, called his nobility and magistrates together and persuaded them to go to Ambrose and ask him to beg of God a longer life, — how he refused to ask God to change his plans — or to delay the hour of his release, — what wonderful signs prophesied his near spiritual glory, a flame in the form of a shield creeping over his face, his body lying with the hands extended in the form of the cross, his sight of Jesus coming smiling towards him. They told of his last words, and his last look, and of the peaceful sinking of his breath away. And then he seemed to be bending again above the weeping crowd, and a voice to be heard, "Weep, friends, no longer; Him whom ye loved is not here. He is risen."

St. Ambrose has enjoyed the rare honor of a place on the calendar of the Greek as well as the Latin Church. His name stands beside that of Chrysostom and Basil there, and so wherever the memory of the Fathers is kept sacred, *his* hath its appropriate season. There are many who claim to possess portions of his holy relics, and it is probable that not many of the bones are left where they

were laid at first. The city in which he labored and died has long since been troubled about other things than the preservation of relics. But his bones are not needed to keep him in mind there. So long as the great cathedral, the miracle of art, stands proudly there in the public square, so long as white-robed priests celebrate the service at its altar, so long as the immortal ministry of the later saint, the good Borromeo, is fresh in the affection of the people, will the thought of this great spiritual father stay there. Rome may lose from his holy seat her Pope, the memory of her orators and patriarchs may pass away, — but the name of Ambrose will linger in Milan, deserted though it should be, as a holier name still lingers in and sanctifies the desolate walls of Jerusalem.

II.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND HIS INFLUENCE.

How patient and powerful is a mother's love! Hopeful in every sorrow, bearing up against every disgrace and sin of him she loves, never desperate, never indifferent. How many of the world's greatest benefactors have been made so by a mother's enduring affection! To this sentiment the Christian Church owes its brightest names; and to none is its debt of gratitude more due than to Monica, the mother of St. Augustine. Her untiring love and prayers kept the youth from realizing in manhood his youthful tendencies, and saved to the ancient Church her greatest light.

The scene of our sketches, thus far, has been laid in the East and in the North; in Bethlehem of Judea; in Milan, the frontier city; and in Rome, the ancient capital of the world. We shall turn now to the land of a Southern clime, where the associations, both historical and religious, if less numerous and splendid, are not less striking than in the East and the North. We have spoken of the great men who, in Asia and in Europe, represented the speech and the spirit of the Catholic Church. We turn now to Africa, to find its greatest thinker. The scholar and the bishop need their complement in the theologian. The biblical labors of the one, the pastoral purity of the other, may be viewed now as harmonizing into a life of rare powers and combinations.

He whom we shall speak of in this lecture, was the convert of Ambrose, and the correspondent of Jerome; receiving from the one, piety of heart; receiving from the other, accuracy of knowledge, and uniting the excellence of both to original qualities possessed by neither.

Rarely have the lives of the saints furnished us with such rich material as the memorials of Augustine, which

are left behind. Besides that most voluminous correspondence on every variety of subject, besides those multifarious treatises which give us every shade of the author's thought, we have from his own pen a book of Confessions, which trace his spiritual history with a minuteness as admirable as the candor with which they expose his frailties. More than these, he had his Boswell in an admiring deacon, Possidius by name, whose panegyric upon Augustine gives us a higher opinion of its subject than of its author. And if all else were lost about him, the multitude of allusions from contemporary writers, would give us a quite complete biography. The controversy that Jerome carried on with him exhibits the mildness and ability of one foe, while it shows the conceit and scholarship of the other.

In the year 354, on the 13th of November, at the little town of Thagaste, not far from Carthage, in Africa, was born a child, who received from his parents the name of Aurelius Augustine. The father, a nobleman of that region, arbitrary in his temper, a worldly believer in the Pagan gods, and a strong adherent to Imperial rule, might rejoice most in the surname which called back the greatest and most arbitrary of Roman monarchs, and the palmy days of Pagan rule. But the mother might have a prophetic Christian hope in giving us a Christian name, Aurelius, (signifying a sun of gold), for she was a devoted Christian, and trusted yet to convert her husband to the faith of Jesus. To both was the child a child of promise: to the father, as one who should establish the fame of the statesman and the philosopher; to the mother, as one who should become a good steward of the grace of God. The differing tastes of the parents, though perhaps not favorable to their domestic happiness, were of advantage in making the son complete in his education. The classical and rhetorical teachings of Patricius were tempered and sanctified by the prayers of Monica.

There is nothing in the infancy and childhood of Augustine that is especially remarkable. Rather less than the usual quantity of miracles seemed to mark him above his fellows. He seems to have been pretty much like other boys of a sanguine temperament,—rather fond of having

his own way, and ready for fun of any kind, — especially if it involved the element of roguery. He tells us in his Confessions, with great minuteness, his boyish foibles; and we recognize in his account of robbing his neighbor's pear tree with other boys, just for sport, while he flung the fruit away as not fit to eat, a characteristic of boyhood almost everywhere. The tears and entreaties of his mother did not quite succeed in making him a good boy according to the received standards. He had no great taste for study, though he loved Latin, his own tongue, and especially the poetry in it. But Greek took too much labor, and mathemathics were his special aversion. The difficulties of a modern school-boy in learning the multiplication table could not be more severe than those of this eminent saint. And yet the boy was very bright, and though he would not study hard, and loved to hunt and catch birds, and loiter about more than he loved his books, he was somehow or other always ready, and was the first among his equals. His father was very proud of him and sent him away to school, first to Madaura, where he learned grammar and rhetoric, and afterwards to Carthage, which was the Collegiate City of Africa, — what Rome was to Italy and Athens to Greece. In these places his progress in knowledge and dissipation was alike conspicuous. He became eminent as a fast man, as well as a strong man, familiarized himself with all kinds of vice, and gained a knowledge of the world in her sins, as well as of wisdom in her treasures. His mother's remonstrances he despised, — thinking them to be mere womanly weakness. He had a great respect for Christianity, but no faith or interest in it. Even his father's death did not turn him from his course. If it led him to apply himself to study as a means of support for himself and those whom nature, and whom his own folly or vice had made dependent on him, it did not soften his heart or convert him to the Gospel. His head soon became turned by the various theories which he stumbled upon, but it was fortunate for him that, among the rest, he fell upon the Hortensius of Cicero, a philosophical work now lost, which kindled in him a great ardor for philosophy, and a great disgust for his irregular mode of life. He gave up his boon companions at once, and

henceforward devoted himself, heart and soul, to the search after truth. His pursuit of this end only made him more eager as he failed to find truth in the works of heathen philosophers. He felt that there was something wanting in Aristotle and Cicero. They gave him speculation, where he craved assurance. And his early Christian associations still lingered by him. He remembered the name of Jesus, so often mentioned in his mother's prayers; and he could not get over the feeling that the name of Christ ought to be found in every religious treatise. His dissatisfaction became such that he finally determined to read the Bible, a book of which he had heard a good deal from his mother, but which his father did not think much of. It disappointed him very much. Its style seemed tame compared with the flowing and stately rhetoric of the heathen orators, and the ideas in it too simple and practical to suit his notion of the dignity of religious truths. He gave up the Bible accordingly very soon, and went back to philosophical speculations to find a faith. It is not uncommon for young men of twenty or thereabouts to see in philosophy an answer to the questions about life and death and God, which perplexed them. The most tempting solution which St. Augustine seemed to find was in the sect of the Manicheans.

This Manichean sect had a mixed origin from the mythology of Persia and the mysticism of the Gnostics, drawing from the first its doctrine of sin, and the second its doctrine of emanations from God. Manes, its founder, was a Chaldean by birth, and flourished during the latter half of the third century. He incorporated into his system the leading features of the Persian dualism, — of two eternal antagonist principles, of good and evil, which he gave names to and ranked as equal gods. He took the spiritual system of Plato, and taught that everything in nature has a soul. In every man he thought that there were two souls, — an angel and a demon, — the angel-soul, created there by the good God; and the demon-soul, created there by the bad God. Throughout his system there was the strangest mixture of spirituality and absurdity, of vagaries and of Christian precepts, — of high and of weak morality. He spoiled his denial of the

resurrection of the flesh, — which was a sensible advance upon the common faith, — by affirming the transmigration of souls, which was a return to the old Pythagorean fancy. The morality which he taught was in some respects very high and pure, in others, very puerile. It carried the principle of temperance so far as to refuse the wine of the Lord's Supper, and would not pluck an edible root or fruit for fear of injuring the soul which dwelt within it. It was a strange mixture of hardness of heart and sensitiveness of fancy. It cared for the souls of men, yet neglected their wants. But its very peculiarities caused the system of Manes to spread, and at the time of Augustine it was a popular and powerful philosophical sect. The young rhetorician was captivated by its specious pretensions. It flattered his spiritual pride in pretending to initiate him into spiritual secrets. And it gave a mystical answer to those doubts about God and the origin of evil, which he found so perplexing. He gave himself to the sect, and was nine years a warm adherent. But the ignorance and pretensions of a certain eminent Dr. Faustus opened his eyes, and he was then amazed that he had remained in the absurdities and darkness of Manicheism so long.

During most of this period, from the age of nineteen to twenty-eight, he was a teacher of rhetoric, first at his native town, Thagaste, and then at Carthage. The tears and prayers of his mother, for his recovery from corruption of life and his impious faith, were incessant. And when she was ready to despair, prodigies were ministered to keep up her faith. Finding that her own manifestations of abhorrence had very little effect, — for she showed this by refusing to sit or eat with him, — she tried to get the Bishop of Thagaste to persuade him into the truth. But this prelate was sagacious enough to evade such an honorable, but arduous, task, and excused himself by saying that Augustine was so intoxicated by the novelty of his heresy, and so puffed up, that talking would be of no use; for he had already puzzled sorely divers Catholics of more zeal than learning, who had attempted to argue the matter with him. When she still persisted in entreating him, he dismissed her with the comfortable prophecy, "Go your way, — God bless you, — it cannot be that a child of those

tears should perish." She had a very cheering dream, too, in which she saw a young man, who, when she had told him all her troubles, bid her keep a good heart, for her son should be where she was; and then turning round she saw him on the same plank with herself. When thus her prayers were just ready to faint and expire, then suddenly they revived again.

The most serious impression made upon Augustine in this period, was from the death of an early and bosom friend, the companion of his studies, his follies, and his heresies. This young man, soon after he became a Christian, died of a short sickness, and the ridicule of Augustine for his new-born piety was changed into anguish at his loss. He has left us a touching story of his grief, of the vacancy that came into his heart, and the darkness which came over his plans of life. He felt now the inadequacy of his philosophy, but instead of seeking in the consoling faith of his mother for comfort, he plunged more into those pursuits of worldliness and ambition which could drown the memory of his loss. He became first in all the public disputations, renowned as an orator, adroit as a pleader, and entered more eagerly into theatrical pleasures and scientific studies, gradually growing more and more restless as he failed to find happiness in these.

At the age of twenty-nine Augustine came to a turning-point in his life. He had become weary of his useless labors, sick of his round of follies, and skeptical in all matters of inquiry. He was solitary, tired and sad. Truth seemed no where to lie around him, the pursuits of the world to be vain, and no hope opened beyond them. There was darkness behind and darkness before him. And as he found his astrology worthless in really acquainting him with the stars above, so he found his Manichean philosophy weak in interpreting the hidden laws of God and life. In the chaos of his thoughts one bright idea struck him. He would break away from his loose companions, and go to Rome, the great centre of power to the universe, of which from his childhood he had heard so many singular stories. He would try now his talents on a broader sphere, and show those proud patricians that as the arms of Hannibal conquered them once in their own

homes, so now the art of another African should captivate them there. He stole away therefore by night to escape the entreaties of his mother, whose first despair was lightened by hope, when she remembered that he was going to a Christian city. But his first impressions of Rome were saddened by a violent fever, which took him after his arrival, and kept him for a long time at the point of death. On his recovery he set himself to teaching rhetoric, and had what seemed distinguished success. Scholars flocked to his classes, the wits and orators courted his society, and the great Symmachus, who was then in the height of his power, became his friend. But Rome did not satisfy him more than Carthage. If the students were less profligate, they were more fickle; if they were less fond of show, they were more mean. The Christianity of the city seemed to him a farce, and its daily life a comedy. In his own heart he felt that the *tragedy* was acting. And he was glad therefore when, on a summons from the emperor, he was sent by Symmachus to Milan, greater then in the reputation of its bishop than as the Imperial City.

It was a great day for Augustine, when he first heard in the Milan cathedral a sermon from Ambrose. He had heard before from his Manichean teachers more brilliant oratory, but never had he heard such solid reasoning, such vastness of knowledge, such profoundness of thought, or such a spirit of sincere faith. It seemed to open to him another world. And though he went only to gratify his curiosity, yet the impression remained with him, that there was something good in a superstition which could make so great a man its servant. The impression was deepened by the subsequent close acquaintance which he formed with the great bishop. The dignified mildness, the calm wisdom, the insight into the spiritual meaning of those dark passages of Scripture, which had seemed nonsense to his Manichean view, and above all, the poetical sentiment of the mind and language, while they showed the superiority of the great Christian teacher to all other philosophers, commended also silently his doctrine to the heart of Augustine. Day by day he felt himself coming under the fascinations of that wonderful character and intellect. And

even while his reason was resisting, his heart was giving way. It was a delightful message that brought to his mother the news that Ambrose was the friend of her son, and it brought the mother to his side. It needed the prayers of a mother to confirm the work which had been begun in the soul of Augustine.

But the process of Augustine's conversion was slow and gradual. His was not a mind to yield at once to the impression of the moment or to be carried away by novelty. He was a seeker after truth, and his tastes were scientific, rather than religious. During the two years that he remained at Milan, he examined and rejected many heathen views and gained what, after all, is the needful foundation for Christian faith, humility and self-distrust. At first, he read Plato and Plotinus with great delight. For they corrected his gross corporeal notions of the essence of God, and represented him as a purely spiritual being. But he did not find that Plato solved for him the problem of life, or made him wise in regard to the future. He turned then to Paul, and found great delight in his Epistles, so strikingly opposite in their religious earnestness to anything that he had before read. They created in him the *desire* to become a Christian. which is the second step in the Christian life. But still the desire was a long time in passing into its fulfillment. He has given us in his Confessions a most affecting account of his strong inward conflicts, — how the earthly passions warred there with the spiritual desire, how the flesh strove with the spirit, with what reluctance his sinful heart yielded, little by little, its convulsive hold upon the world. And, perhaps, the worldly attraction would have proved stronger at last, but for the yielding of some weaker friends to the religious impulse. Augustine had not his mother only, but also a son by his side, — a child of early sin, but not the less dear to his heart for that. And when he saw this child giving his heart to God, — the sternness of the strong man was melted and broken.

I cannot here go over the minute and striking account which Augustine gives of his own conversion, — those bitter regrets, those burning tears, that wrestling with the tempter, reminding us of St. Anthony in his night-visions;

those conversations with his friend Alipius, as they walked in their garden, reminding us of Socrates in the groves of the Academy. One day they were visited here by Pontitianus, a simple menial in the emperor's household, but an eminent Christian, who related to them, in a sincere and unaffected way, the story of his own conversion, caused by reading the life of St. Anthony. No sooner had he gone than Augustine broke out in these words to his friend: "What are we doing, who thus suffer the unlearned to start up, and seize heaven by force, whilst we, with all our knowledge, remain cowardly and heartless, and wallow still in the mire? What! because they have outstripped us, and are gone before, are we ashamed to follow them? Is it not more shameful not to follow them?" He then rose, in a violent excitement, and paced through the garden like one beside himself. He seemed to see religion stretching out her arms to receive him, and offering him all chaste and holy delights. Yet all around him were a legion of demons, for these were the forms that his former pleasures took, and they shrieked and threatened if he should go with their enemy away. At last, in an agony of despair, he threw himself down under a fig-tree, and burst into a flood of tears. "How long," he cried. "How long, O Lord? To-morrow! To-morrow! Why does not this hour put an end to my transgression?" As he cried thus, he heard the voice of a child in a neighboring house, singing a song, the refrain of which was, "Tolle, lege, — tolle, lege, take up and read." He was struck by the words, and not being able to recollect that he had ever heard them before in a child's song, it seemed to him a divine voice. He went back quickly to his friend, and took up the volume of St. Paul's Epistles, which he had left there, opened it, and read the following words, the first on which his eyes fell: "Let us walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, — not in impurity and wantonness, — not in strife and envying; — but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh with its lusts." It was enough, he read no farther, but calmly handed the book to his friend, marking the place. Alipius read it, and finding that the next words were, "Him that is weak in the faith

receive," — applied them to himself, and joined his friend in his sudden purpose to adopt a Christian life of self-denial. Augustine thus breaks out into rapturous joy at the thought of his conversion. "O, how sweet did it become to lose the sweets of my former follies! What I had been so much afraid to lose, I now cast from me with joy; for thou has expelled them for me, who art the true and sovereign sweetness; thou did'st expel them, and camest in thyself instead of them, sweeter than any pleasure whatever, but not to flesh and blood; brighter than any light whatever, but more interior than any secret, higher than any dignity whatever, but not to those who are high in their own conceit. Now was my mind free from the gnawing cares of the ambition of honor, of the acquisition of riches, and of weltering in pleasures; and my infant tongue began to lisp to thee, my Lord God, my true honor, my riches and my salvation." Augustine was about thirty-two years old when his conversion took place. It produced an instant change in his mode of life. With his mother, his brother, his son, and several of his intimate friends, he retired to a small village in the country, and there, all together, spent several months in beautiful, pastoral seclusion. It was a convent in miniature, without the absurdities of convent life. They studied and conversed and prayed together, each giving the other what he lacked, that the faith of the whole might be strengthened and purified. Augustine was foremost here in all the exercises of penitence. He changed his habits of life, became temperate, neat and frugal. The fire of his devotion burned steadily and brightly, and gave rise to the symbol which painters have joined to him, of a flaming heart. That eight months' retreat is the poetical passage of Augustine's life. He came back again at the Easter Festival a matured Christian in heart and faith. All things had become new before him; and he received as a little child—though his manly son stood by his side to share the holy water — the seal of baptism from the hands of Ambrose. His parting from his spiritual father to go back to his native land, reminds us of the scene of Elijah and Elisha. They never met again, but the younger prophet took with him the mantle of the elder, and wore it as an angel-gift.

One more affecting passage remained to Augustine before he should enter upon the new work of his life. The mother who had watched and prayed, and waited for her desire and her joy to be full, could now say, like aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He has left us a beautiful picture of their closing interview. They talked about God and the spirit-world, about the communion of saints, about the joy of believing, and the son felt what he never felt before, that he could be calm even in the thought of losing his mother's earthly life, from the feeling that she would stay as an angel by his side. His heart felt desolate, indeed, when he closed her eyes and committed her body to the earth in the land of strangers. But, as he woke the next morning, he seemed to hear a choir of angels chanting the beautiful morning hymn of Ambrose, which thus begins:

"Maker of all, the Lord,
  And Ruler of the height,
Who, robing day in light, has poured
  Soft slumbers o'er the night;
That to our limbs the power
  Of Toil may be renewed,
And hearts be raised that break and cower,
  And sorrows be subdued;"—

and his own sorrow vanished at the sound, and he girded himself up with new zeal for his future Christian work.

In the midst of the columns and fragments of the ancient city of Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, may be found to this day a chapel, which tradition points out as the spot where the last conversation with Monica was held, and whence her spirit took its upward flight. How much holier the association with this spot than with any mere burial place of mortal relics! The dust of his mother was of little value to him who should become a teacher and a prophet unto men. But the memory of those parting words, years after the form had mouldered away, restored the sinking soul of the weary teacher, and made him confident and hopeful.

I have dwelt thus long upon the first portion of Augus-

tine's life, because it has a peculiar interest as showing the influences under which his great and vigorous mind was formed. We may pass more rapidly over the remaining portion, though it is crowded with marvels of power, of labor, and of endurance. A hasty glance at its events will lead us to speak of its various forms of activity, its great results, and finally of the character and spirit of the saint. It is impossible in a trifling sketch to do justice to that which volumes have failed to do. The part of his life that we have thus far passed over makes hardly one-tenth of the work of his chief biographer.

Augustine had nearly reached the middle age of life when he returned to his native land. He had left it a restless skeptic, driven by worldly ambition, a slave to his lusts, and with no high or noble aim, — feeling the hollowness of the praise with which his name was spoken, but not knowing where to find any better. He came back a serious, calm, and sober Christain, resolved henceforth to devote his talents, his zeal, his strength, to the spiritual teaching of his brethren and to the salvation of his soul. It was his desire to keep a retired life, and to assume no honor or office in the public gift. The death of his son soon freed him from all earthly ties. And he was like to have become a hermit thereupon. But his application to the study of the scriptures had made him so skillful in reading their meaning, that his fame was widely proclaimed, and he was often invited by the pious to come and talk with them about spiritual things. The nunnery which he founded, imitating in this St. Jerome of Bethlehem, also made his name dear to the Christians, and they began in many places to desire him for their bishop. One day he was sent for by a dying person at Hippo, a city some hundred miles from Carthage, to converse with him on the state of his soul. His words here were so full of wisdom and comfort, that, as he stood in the church, the people flocked round him and demanded with loud cries that the bishop should at once ordain him to be a priest. The urgencies of the people were so lively and violent that he could not resist; and, overcoming his scruples, he consented to devote those powers of rhetoric which he had before used for personal ambition, now to the service of God.

The bishop of the diocese, Valerius, who was an old man, at once appointed Augustine to preach in his own church. And from that time the episcopal church became a cathedral in the truest sense. For seven years the new priest stood there, day by day, and expounded the word of life to the waiting crowds. The enthusiasm with which his preaching was greeted was paralleled only by that which in another part of the empire, almost at the same time, waited upon John Chrysostom, the orator of the ancient Church. It grew continually stronger and stronger, till at last not alone the failing health of the old bishop, but the unanimous voice of the people demanded that Augustine should be secured to them in the highest seat of dignity and authority. In the forty-second year of his age he became the assistant bishop of Hippo, soon, by the death of his old friend, the sole occupant of the seat,—and soon, too, by the vigor of his pen, the watchfulness of his faith, and the profoundness of his wisdom, the virtual primate of the Christian world. Men looked henceforth to him for spiritual guidance, though they might refer to the Pope for temporal council. And for the remainder of his life he wielded an authority in the world of thought and doctrine unprecedented and unparalleled in the ancient Church. Hippo became henceforward to the Western Church what Alexandria had been to the Eastern. There was tried the truth of all speculations. There the heresies were judged, and there the standard of sound faith seemed to be promulgated. For thirty-five years Hippo remained the metropolis of faith to the world. The wise from the East and the West sent up thither to learn how to teach, and what to teach, and the opinion of the thinker there became the action of the whole Christian Church.

The African Church, when Augustine became a bishop, was in the midst of its time of severest trial. The Donatist schism had robbed it of more than half of its most important churches, and four hundred bishops claimed and administered authority in that heretical name. Often severe and terrible conflicts took place, and blood was shed by brethren claiming the common heritage of Christian love. Augustine set himself as his first great work of Episcopal duty to crush and extinguish this powerful

schism. It was a bold project, but he had learned from the beginning to labor and to wait. It was not by reckless denunciation or by stirring up the spirit of strife that he sought to accomplish, but rather in the gentler way of argument and suffrage. His pen was busy in refuting their claims, his tongue was eloquent to persuade them into duty. Knowing, too, that a house divided against itself cannot stand, he showed them that they had no internal agreement or bond of union. He accomplished in a little while what the persecution of more than a century had failed to do. At the great council at Carthage, in the year 411, at which nearly three hundred bishops of either party, Catholic and Donatists, were present, — the doctrine of the latter, through the influence of Augustine, was formally condemned, — and the sect might have been extinguished, but for that persecution, which followed it. This was against the desire of Augustine, who loved not to include pains and penalties in his condemnation of opinions. This Donatist controversy, however, was the least of those three in which the great powers of the bishop were called forth, — and his voluminous works against the Donatists have for us little value, except as showing the spirit of the man.

The controversy which he held with his old friends, the Manicheans, was one which taxed more of his intellectual strength. This involved the discussion of high philosophical questions, and entered, too, into the domain of science. But his warfare with the Pelagian heresy is that which has kept his controversial fame forever in the Church. An outline of this heresy I gave in a previous lecture. Its authors were Pelagius and Celestius, — the one a British, and the other an Irish monk, — the one full of English shrewdness, the other full of Irish fire. The sentiments of the first were so skillfully softened that their diffusion became easy, while the boldness of the last soon procured his condemnation as a heretic. Pelagius' views on the doctrine of the natural condition of man and the nature of sin were fundamentally opposite to the received Catholic view. He held that man by nature was pure and free, — that Adam's sin extended no farther than himself, — that each child born into the world was as innocent as the first

of men, — that all penal transgression was voluntary, — and that future reward would be measured by human merit, and not by the arbitrary grace of God. He maintained, in the process of salvation, that the free-choice of man, and not the Special Spirit of God, was the first impulse, — and that every man had the materials in his own condition and powers for coming to the peace of the Christian and the love of God, without any extraordinary action of grace. He did not intend in this to degrade God or his work, but rather to exalt man, made in the image of God. Perhaps the early associations of Pelagius had led him to this view. His Christian name, which was taken, according to the ancient custom, from the peculiarity of his residence, signifies a dweller by the sea. And it is there always that the dignity and glory of human nature are most felt and learned. There is something in the free, rolling ocean so self-sustaining, so majestic, that it seems to speak to the soul of a kindred self-sustaining power. The Pelagius of the modern Church, our own Channing, confessed that his summer walks on the sounding shore of the beach at Newport, gave him the inspiration and the faith to speak to the Church of the dignity of man.

But the views of Pelagius were better suited to the distant tranquil shores of the lonely British Isle, than to the luxurious and sinful haunts of the civilized world. The Catholic doctrine that man was born with the curse of Adam on his soul, had been wrought out, not by Oriental speculation or Biblical reading merely, but by the long experience of manifold iniquities, great and small. The wickedness and woe of human life were more conspicuous in Italy and Greece and Africa than its native dignity; and the rumor even of a doctrine so flattering to the pride of the sinful heart, and so fatal in reconciling men to corruption, roused up the watchful guardians of the Church. From the East came the wrathful voice of Jerome in indignant protest; from Rome Papal edicts fulminated anathemas against its daring supporters; and from Hippo, in Africa, came the word of entreaty, remonstrance and refutation.

Augustine had long been forced as a convert from the

Manicheans, who were the successors of the Stoics in their belief of an omnipotent destiny, and the precursors of Calvin, Priestley and Edwards in their doctrine of necessity, and human inability, to assert manfully the *free-will* of man. He had made this the central truth of his theological system. And he now brought it into a new and peculiar use, — not logically consistent, but good for an antagonist principle of the saving grace of God. Augustine maintained that all *sin* came from the original free-will of man; that man, and not God, was the author of evil; and that the will of Adam was truly the will of his race. He held that so obstinately independent was this moral determination of the human race, that only a divine leading could draw it back again to virtue. But very soon he found that the ardor of his reasoning drew him into a denial of what had so long been his favorite view. He ended the controversy a predestinarian in his dogma, and from him now men gather the most striking hints in the ancient Church of election, decrees, and the whole catalogue of doctrines which Calvin afterwards reduced to system. He could really sustain the theory of original sin on no other ground. For if man be born into the world with positive depravity, for which he shall hereafter be punished, then is there transgression which is independent of his own choice. The manner of Augustine's conversion might have impressed his heart more sensibly with the efficacy and need of God's supernatural grace. But it was probably the deep-seated conviction that the theory of human purity would not explain the fact of such wide and growing corruption, which made his doctrine more acceptable than that of Pelagius. A falling world could not behold that bright view, which free and holy Nature inspires. And Scripture, read in its profligate cities, would take a darker impression of life than is found in the view of the foreign heretic. Augustine, silenced by his relations of personal experience, and by his ingenious logic, the prophetic wisdom of his foe. When Pelagius was condemned by successive councils, the doctrine of native depravity became fixed in the Church. But even his mighty authority was not able to restrain the pure and the holy from feeling that God had made them

happy by his original grace before even any special work of redemption was done. The penitent sinner that had passed through an experience such as his, might come to feel that it was a miraculous change from perfect darkness to perfect light. But the heart of his mother was true to a higher instinct, when she trusted, even in the midst of his voluntary transgressions, in that native goodness and piety which she knew was waiting in his heart to be called forth. She knew when she prayed that his heart was not wholly evil. The mother's instinct denies forever the doctrine of native sin. There is the dearest earthly home of the heresy. Among the angels on high the doctrine never enters.

But we turn from the controversies of Augustine to speak of his two great works, by which his fame has been made immortal, — which the heretic as well as the Catholic, the infidel not less than the Christian, can read with admiration, the "Confessions," and the "City of God." It is upon these that his reputation as an author mainly rests. In size they together form but an insignificant fragment, compared with the rest of his works. But they concentrate the beauty, the eloquence, the pathos, and the power of all the rest. The Confessions were written at the age of forty-three, shortly after he became bishop. They are a faithful portraiture of his life up to this period, — not of his earthly life merely or chiefly, but of his spiritual life much more, the truest life of every man. They are not like most autobiographies or narratives for other men to read, but rather a conversation with God about past experiences, thought and emotions. They are not a confession before men, but before God. They are a spiritual analysis of his life in the Past, with its promise for the future. They mention circumstances only as these show the growth and the working of character and faith. And it is hard, therefore, for one who takes them up, as he would the story of an ordinary life, to get interested in them at once. They are a mixture of penitence, praise, and prayer. They show the frame of mind in which a soul is brought which has renounced self, and submitted wholly to God. The details would appear to us needlessly revolting and minute, were we to think of them as set down for the

interest of men,—but they become sincere and just, when they are seen to point towards God and his mercy. You can frame from the Confessions of Augustine no good account of his time; and when you have finished reading them, you seem to have lost your idea of when and where their subject lived; the elements of time and place seem to have been almost annihilated. You are rather brought into the presence of an intense spiritual consciousness,—and made to see the process of a soul in flinging itself clear of mortal incumbrances, and gaining the place of pure spirit before God. One by one, the ties to earth seem to be unbound, and as you close the book, you seem to have been absorbed in a dream of heaven. In this modern day, more than one have attempted to imitate the method of the African saint. Reinhard, the German preacher; Rousseau, the French infidel, and inferior writers, not a few, have laid before the world their private experience in the form of Confessions. But you are struck at once with the notable difference between the *direction* of their works and the work of Augustine. They have the amusement or the admiration of men in view. He had only the approbation of God. They transport you into the scenes and times in which they spoke and acted. He brings himself home rather to your time as a spiritual brother.

One writer beautifully compares his book to the nebulæ in the heavens above us, in which no single star in its relation to other stars is actually defined, but in the dim light of which are gathered the forms of many unknown worlds. The Confessions of Rousseau leave upon you the clear and distinct consciousness of a selfish, worldly, and bitter spirit. You feel that the trust of this man was in earthly joys, and that even his pretence of humility was only a morbid craving for sympathy and admiration. He seems to be proud and desirous of applause even in the relation of his vices. The Confessions of Augustine, on the contrary, lift you up to the mystical table-land of the soul,—appeal to your own sense of error, and linger in your memory as some vision of the spirit world. The work may be called, in fact, an epitomized history of the human soul. It is a study for the philosopher,—a manual for the devotee. It has been analyzed in the schools,—and

has for ages been the chosen companion for the closet. Age has invested it with no savor of antiquity, it is a voice to us from that eternal world which never grows old. It cannot be read in every state of mind. There is nothing of historical or romantic attraction about it. To common sense it is a dreaming rhapsody. But the spiritual sense will find in it the soaring of spiritual desire up to its native seat on high.

The great work of Augustine was "The City of God." For eighteen years he was occupied on this, the majestic prose epic of Christian antiquity. It was first conceived when the shock of the barbarian devastation of Rome had reached his ears. It is like the great epics of Homer, a funeral oration for the Past, a Christian prophecy for the Future. It bids adieu to the Pagan world; it opens the reign of the Christian state. It is impossible here to give even an analysis of so great a work, extending through twenty-two books, and crowded with so much learning. By illustrations, by arguments, by analogies of every kind, he shows how weak and worthless is any faith which is not pervaded by the central idea of a spiritual God. He makes the whole course of former falsehood, folly, and superstition, a witness to the divine truth. It is one of those books of which we may say, as was said of Varro, the author of "Antiquities of Rome," that it shows so much reading, that we wonder how he had leisure to write it. Read in the light of modern history, it seems one long prophecy of the triumphs of the Cross. It unfolds the doctrine of Christian progress, shows the glories of a true Christian civilization, the blessings of peace and its arts,—and the future triumph of the soul of man over its material clogs. He shows that all true influence for good comes from virtue in the heart, that character is greater than condition, and that man becomes noble by what he is, and not by what is around him. "The City of God" reminds us of that ancient custom of Egypt, by which they judged their kings before proceeding to bury them. It stands as a solemn judge of the gods of the former world and the kings of human thought; shows to the one their weakness in upholding the men who adored them, to the other their impatience in seeking to soar to the eternal

truth on the wings of genius alone, — and declares their final sentence. Then it sings their funeral song and sits on their sepulchre, sealed with its own powerful hand.

It is a spiritual paradise which the "City of God" spreads out before men, — no sensual Eden, — but rather a kingdom of ideas and sacred sentiments, of righteousness, temperance, peace, and freedom. It is striking to us now, who live in an age when the question of human liberty is the absorbing topic of thought, to read the noble testimony borne by the most eminent Christian teacher in an age of comparative darkness. Augustine denounces slavery as belonging to a heathen State. It has to him no justification in the laws of Christian grace; it is the sad penalty of human degeneracy, but justified by no command of God. For God has said: "Let man have dominion over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and the beasts of the earth," — but he has nowhere said, "Let man have dominion over his brother man." Every progress towards virtue will be a progress towards *freedom;* and as the truths of the Gospel are developed before men, so will liberty be vindicated and established. But a whole lecture would be needed to give you an idea of this wonderful work of Augustine, so fertile in fancies, so full of learning, so rich in suggestion, so oracular in its utterances of the profoundest truths, so broad in its faith, so far-reaching in its spiritual vision, — the picture of a Christian republic, the ideal of heaven made actual among men. As the minor poems of Milton to the "Paradise Lost," so are the "Confessions" of Augustine to the "City of God." The first give you the inward life and aspiration of the man; the last is his whole majestic work. The Emperor Charlemagne declared it the greatest effort of human genius.

We cannot give even the titles of the other works of Augustine, of the thousands of sermons, preaching, as he did, twice every day for years, of the innumerable letters and tracts on every variety of topic, addressed to every quarter of the world. We should love to linger over the controversy with Jerome about the sincerity of Paul in his anti-Jewish speeches, — not for the matter thereof, so much as showing the striking contrasts between the tempers of

these two great men,—how sweetly the mild firmness of Augustine conquered the hot sensitiveness of the Monk of Bethlehem. As the proof of his poetical abilities, which are shown in some hymns of extraordinary length, we quote only his hymn, entitled "The Antidote for Sin." The translation is nearly literal:

Tyrant! Shall thy threatenings harm me?
  Every grief and every pain,
Every wile thou weavest to charm me,
  All against my love are vain.
This can bid me brave the terror,
  This to die, my soul can nerve,
Better death, than prosperous error,
  Mightier is the power of love.

Bring the rack, the scourge, the fagot,
  Lift on high the fatal Cross,
Calm before these foes so haggard,
  Still my love shall fear no loss.
This can turn aside the terror,
  This to weakness shall not move,
Better death than shameful error,
  Mightier is the power of love.

When with love my heart is burning,
  Heaviest woes seem all too bright,
Hasty death, a quick returning
  Home from darkness into light.
Then life's changes bring no terror,
  Trials turn my soul above,
Better death than wearying error,
  Holier is the joy of love.

But in our admiration for the genius and wisdom of Augustine, which, in a life of signal activity, seemed to gain all the fruits of the most secret contemplation, in our amazement at finding that this thinker of the fifth century anticipated not only the theological thought of the fifteenth century, but the practical wisdom of this nineteenth as well, in our wonder at this ancient writer defending the modern doctrine of progress, we almost overlook and forget the actual life and character of the man. His intellectual greatness seems even to eclipse his serene and beautiful holiness of life and walk. His was one of those finely-balanced characters, the excesses of which fall harmlessly. He was severe in self-scrutiny, but

charitable in his judgment of others. In his own life his mistakes were magnified to sins; in the lives of his flock, often his fatherly kindness would soften seeming sins to pardonable errors. He was a theologian without being a dogmatist, he was a bishop without being a lord. Rigid in his own private morality, he insisted far less than the Christian of his time on the need of an ascetic life for others. He was a foe to suicide in any form, whether in the sudden act, or in the wearing mortification of the flesh. He was a sincere friend and an open foe, — accusing himself often without cause, but always excusing others. From his own apparent harshness, he was the severest sufferer. He practiced upon and proved the Scripture precept, that a soft answer turneth wrath away. Busy in the affairs of the world, he seemed above the world while he lived in it. His home was always a house of prayer. There were brother hermits that dwelt there, but those who visited it seemed rather to see angels than hermits. Indeed, Augustine was one of those men who are usually conceived of as accompanied by some good spirit. I have, from Murillo, an engraving of him, which represents him as in his pontifical robes and insignia, bending to an angel, in the form of a little child with a shell in its hand, who says: "I could as soon empty the ocean with my shell as you explain the mystery of one God in three persons."

Augustine had in his own age a most extraordinary influence. He was the arbiter of disputes, — the idol of all the faithful. He lived at Hippo, in Africa, like Plato in another Athens. But, on the faith of all succeeding ages, he has had an influence greater than that of any ancient Christian. He wrote no creed, and he preached and counselled liberty and progress. But from the hints and the views, which lie so thickly in his voluminous works, the sternest creeds of the Christian world have been wrought out. The Catholic and the Calvinist alike claim him as the father of their several systems. The great Council of Trent, which confirmed the Bible of Jerome as the text for Catholic reading, confirmed also the dogmas of Augustine as the substance of Catholic faith. In the great controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, which

agitated for half a century the Church of France, Molina quoted the words, and Pascal quoted the thoughts, of the Bishop of Hippo. Our own Edwards girded the loins of his mighty mind with the strong proof-armor of his ancient prototype. The visions of the calm and passionless Swedenborg were made clearer by the mystical raptures of the "Confessions," and even modern Fourierism will translate for its advantage the Utopian beauties of the "City of God." Still the views of Pelagius are a heresy, and the Churches of the world confess in word, if they do not in spirit, that man, according to the sentiment of Augustine, is born a sinner, and can do no good thing till the grace of God shall raise him again.

The last great work of St. Augustine's life was to compose his book of "Retractions." In this, with a truly Catholic spirit, he reviews all his former writings, taking back all that is doubtful, extravagant, or offensive, — harmonizing discordant opinions, — and seeking to winnow out the essential from the accumulated stores, or chaff, as he deemed them, of years. He had reached his threescore years and ten, and felt that, though his eye was not dim nor his faith yet failing, still the natural time of his departure was drawing nigh. He, perhaps, had a vision of his future influence in thus fixing and correcting his manifold labors. It was his last testament to his Church. It was his permanent legacy to the world.

In the year 430 of the Christian era, the barbaric invasion which had overrun the other provinces of the Roman Empire, at last broke upon the shores of Africa. And there its course was one of fearful and utter ravage. The cities fell before it, — the churches were hopelessly scattered, and the curse that Dido had uttered a thousand years before, was at last fulfilled. Carthage and its regions of beauty became desert again. For some time Hippo escaped the fate of the other cities. But at last, as the sails of Genseric and his Vandals appeared on the waters of the bay, the bishop was struck with his final disease. Months long the siege of the city continued. But long before it was ended, the body of the holy comforter therein had been laid in its final sleep. So quietly had he passed away, that the noise of his death was hardly heard

in the terror for their future. But when they came to choose another bishop, then the grief of the people became anguish; they forgot their danger, and broke out in words of bitter despair.

We have the conversations of Augustine in his final hour faithfully reported by his friend Possidius, who watched by the bedside. They are full of faith and beauty, and far more precious than those sacred relics of which such peculiar care has been taken, and which have received in these latter days such peculiar honors. We are more thankful for the Providence which saved the works from the hands of Vandals, than that which spared the bones of Augustine from desecration. It were a long and needless narrative to follow the translation of the bones through many chances and miraculous discoveries, to their honorable place in the cathedral at Pavia, where now they mostly rest,—working miracles to the credulous, but of small value to the traveller, who has been wearied already with the multitude of such holy treasures. Perhaps some of you read some twenty-five years since, in the papers, of the great and pompous ceremony of the restoration of the bones of St. Augustine's right arm, with which his brilliant works were written, to the church at Bona, on the site of ancient Hippo. It was a remarkable pageant, and must have greatly edified the turbaned Arabs of Algiers. A long company of bishops and priests, with steam frigates and splendid music, must have seemed a singular spectacle as they bore so simple a relic. But if the soul of Augustine were in that company, it must have rejoiced to see the beautiful region of ancient faith now again, after ages of darkness, restored to its former hope, and the banner of the Cross again unfurled in the land of his love, which the heathen had profaned.

I close this lecture, already too long, I fear, for your patience, though a most inadequate presentation of a most inspiring theme, by repeating the short comparison which the French biographer has drawn between the works of St. Augustine and of the saintly Thomas à Kempis, a classic of the closet. He says: "This voice, coming from ancient Africa, and the echo of which is so magnificent and wide, instructs and moves us most in a book which

does not bear the name of Augustine, but evidently has sprung from the influence of his genius. This book is the "Imitation of Christ." The profound humility which lifts us to the greatest mysteries, the love of truth which puts every created thing to silence and will listen to God alone, — the method of reading wisely the Sacred Scriptures, the little confidence to be placed in man, — the self-denial and charity for all, — the raptures of inward peace and a conscience pure, the joys of silence and solitude, — the separation from visible goods and patience in sufferings, — the soaring of the soul towards eternal and immutable beauty, — the tender and sublime communion of the soul with its God, — all that is gentle, profound and comforting in this work, which has no acknowledged author, as if heaven would dispute it with earth, — all this delicious study of the hidden Christian springs, is filled with the soul of St. Augustine. When I read the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," it seems to me that it is Augustine who is speaking."*

* When Italy was invaded by Vandals in the fifth century, the bones of Monica were transported to Rome. In the great medieval church, which bears the name of St. Augustine, near the Tiber, not only does the curious visitor go to admire the pictures of Guercino, and the masterly fresco of Isaiah by Raphael, but to gaze with amazement upon the thousand of votive offerings hung before and around the miracle-working picture of the Madonna, from the hand of Luke, the Apostolic painter, of every device and form. But I remember a deeper emotion in standing in one of the side chapels, before the urn of verd antique, which hold the relics of the mother of Augustine.

In the gallery of the Vatican, there is a little oval picture, which represents Monica leading her son to school, one of the most curious art remains of the fourteenth century.

One of the greatest pictures of that gentle son of genius now passed away, Ary Scheffer, represents Augustine seated by Monica, with his hand clasped in hers, looking up with her to heaven with an expression which seems to say, "Help thou my unbelief." Well might the queen of France count it good fortune, for £1000, to get possession of this picture.

In the Academy at Venice is another striking picture, which represents Augustine, with his mitre, and Monica, with her veil, supporting on either hand the enraptured Mother of Christ.

III.

SYMBOLISM OF THE CHURCH.

THE use of symbols is not an artificial, but a natural use. It belongs to the physical condition of man, and can no more be outgrown, than the body can be outgrown by the spirit, or the senses by the understanding. It is essential to this complex nature of ours, and is the avenue by which the spiritual world is reached. Philosophically viewed, all things around us are symbols, — the sun and planets, the earth and its fruits, — the inarticulate sounds of Nature, — the spoken words of man, — all are signs of ideas, — and all bridge over for man the chasm between matter and thought. The utter absence of all symbols implies *death*. He who shall really see spiritual realities, must be in the spiritual world. While he is in the natural world, he can only see them through their signs. If you think of this for a little while, you will see that it is true. But in the matter of religion, and particularly in the order of worship, it has always been an admitted fact. No nation has yet been discovered without some religious form, some *sign* of worship or *faith*. The most rude and the most cultivated races have alike found emblems needful for their prayer and praise. The Labrador savage, the Russian serf, and the Roman cardinal, are alike in their necessity of using these emblems. And that red Indian, whom the French traveller saw kneeling alone at evening on the shore of a Canadian river, with arms outstretched toward the setting sun, felt the need of symbolic worship, as he who kneels beneath the studded dome of St. Peter, and before its blazing altar, with myriads of holy men around him.

It is a common, but an erroneous idea, that the need of symbols grows less as men become wiser and more spiritual in their tastes. The very opposite of this is true. Educa-

tion and refinement tend to increase the number, and to widen the province, of symbols. These are fewest and simplest when the wants of man are fewest and simplest. Prayer belongs to the idea of God. And wherever this idea exists, you will find some kind of prayer. But in savage life, the principal fact is death. That is the only thing which is of much importance. The eating and drinking, the daily occupations of the savage, are very much like those of the brutes, merely animal. The only thing in which the *soul* within him is really much interested, is the death of his enemies and his friends. And consequently, you find that the symbols of savage life are mostly those connected with war and its results. They smoke the pipe of peace, or they utter the scream of battle, and bury their dead with peculiar emblems. Their visible worship seems to be almost wholly connected with these. But the progress from savage to cultivated life brings other events and occasions into equal prominence. Worship comes gradually to be associated with a greater variety of scenes. It needs many signs, because it has so many ideas to express and so many needs to meet. Churches that would do very well in Lapland would not do in London, even for the poorest class of the people. It is a principle that reason shows very readily to be sound, that genuine culture only increases the need of signs, and the number, too. The ignorant boor can worship only before his wooden cross. But the enlightened Christian finds all God's universe a temple, and everything round him a sign of religion.

We are not to infer, however, from the increase of symbols, either in number or beauty, increased purity of spirit or sincerity of faith. For a great many things may appear to be *signs* that are not really so, or have ceased to be what they were once. The Cross on the altar is properly a sign, but may, and does very often become an idol. Those emblems that represent to a truly religious mind many high spiritual conceptions, may still be retained and prized when they represent nothing, but are merely external ornaments. To most, no doubt, the tablets upon the wall in churches are rich in religious suggestions. But to some they are only gilt letters on a ground of stone-color,

and are admired not for their meaning, but for their beauty of outside show. Culture demands more symbols than ignorance. But the increase of symbols is governed by another law than the progress of culture. And a luxurious ritual has in every age been far from indicating great spiritual elevation in the Church. All its forms have been the product no doubt of some intention. They have not been brought in without a spiritual purpose. And all too no doubt have religious value to many minds. There was nothing so absurd in the Catholic service of the middle ages, that it had not to some minds a really religious significance. But a vast number of the forms that have spiritual uses were invented for purposes of deception, or ecclesiastical influence. The skill of cunning priests gave food to superstition, while it made the ritual or the Church more splendid. And when darkness was upon the minds and hearts of the civilized world, and nations were breaking up in terror, then the gorgeousness of piety became all the more striking.

The first Christian communities, those of the Apostles, had very few set forms. They met without any special appointment, and there was no order of anything to be done, but each man spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost. The time was every day, if they could manage this, the place was any secure and quiet room, usually the house of some of the more prominent Christians. The meeting was for mutual instruction and conversation, they talked about the Saviour, and took counsel what they should do to spread his Gospel. The first Church meeting was a conference meeting. They met merely in a free, friendly way to talk over their duties, their dangers, and their experience, and to encourage each other unto perseverance. They sat together as brethren always sat, remembering the injunction of their departed Master, though in no formal way.

But this simplicity of worship could last only a little while. As soon as converts began to multiply, private houses were not large enough for a general meeting, and special places were set apart. The poverty of most of the converts prevented these places from being costly, and persecution in many parts forced them to keep their places

of worship secluded. And when therefore the fury of their enemies would not permit them to gather in some special building, they were wont to meet in caves or in tombs, which were sometimes built very large. They worshipped in the catacombs at Rome. It was not till three hundred years after Christ that the Church buildings had become at all conspicuous, or had begun to rival Pagan temples either in beauty or convenience. They were probably, except in solidity and in natural grace of structure, edifices about as ornamental as the Congregational churches of the last century in this country, of which you will find specimens still standing. The early Christians were too much harassed and tried to think much about the externals of their sacred house.

So too as their numbers multiplied, and men of various humble trades were converted, who could not spare their time from daily labor, there grew up the practice of meeting at regular intervals. The Jews had always had a weekly Sabbath. And the reverence which the first disciples bore for this was soon transferred to the first day of the week, the day on which our Saviour rose from the dead. Though the Gentiles had not, like the Jews, a Sabbatical notion, still they divided their weeks into seven days, and fell readily into the observances. And convenience and fitness, not less than reverence, dictated the observance of this day. It became soon the regular day of religious meeting, and was uniformly regarded. And soon too the idea of a festival, was attached to it.

Saturday, the old Jewish Sabbath, became a fast day, and a preparation for the great feast of Sunday. Men could not be other than joyful on the day of their Lord's resurrection. Sunday was the fixed festival. But soon the spirit both of old Roman and Jewish antiquity suggested more imposing festivals at greater intervals. The first of these was Easter Sunday, which is really to the year what Sunday is to the week, its sacred beginning. Easter is the *Annual Sunday.* You know that the Jews had their Sabbatical year as well as their weekly Sabbath. This festival came into vogue sometime before the close of the first century. Then arose Whitsunday, the Christian Pentecost, which came seven weeks after Easter.

These two, with the Lord's day, continued to be the occasions of ecclesiastical meeting and rejoicing up to the time of Constantine. Christmas did not come into the Church till a later period.

There was in the beginning no set form of worship. But it was quite natural that the Sacred Scriptures should be open for counsel, and that some brother, more gifted than the rest, should address the company. By a very swift and obvious process, this became to be understood as a settled thing. And the meeting of the early Church was conducted by reading from the Scriptures, by an exhortation, from some one or more of the brethren (it is called by St. Paul the gift of prophecy), — by audible prayers, which were offered as the spirit moved, and by very frequent singing. But gradually as the writings of the Christian teachers accumulated, they were added to the sacred records, and the Canon of the New Testament was made by custom complete before it was fixed by any special statute. For convenience sake, the old Jewish method of dividing the Scriptures into lessons was resorted to, and then finally certain passages assigned to each particular Sunday, as there are now in the prayer-book. A special man was after a while set apart to take charge of the reading, chosen probably for his gifts in that regard. For the case then was as common as now, that he who could preach most effectively could not always read with most eloquence and expression. You will find this distinction between the reader and the rabbi, or priest, still kept in the Jewish synagogues. Very different men are chosen to these two offices. This was the custom at the end of the third century. Selections from the canonical Scriptures were regularly read by a person appointed for that purpose. The canonical Scriptures then consisted of the books which we have in our collection, and no other writings were allowed to be read, as books of devotion, in the house of God.

The sermons of the early Church were, in the beginning, mere unpremeditated exhortations to perseverance, patience and the practice of all virtues. Their end was excitement and action, and not instruction. They were probably much in the strain of the practical epistles of

Paul. From this they passed on to the expository style,—and became explanations of the various lessons that were read from Scripture. Of this kind are nearly all the homilies of the earlier fathers. The main thing was to interpret and to understand the Scripture. This kind of preaching had reached its climax at the time of Constantine. The proper *person* for preaching was the *bishop*, if there were one to the church. It was as much part of his business to *preach* as to *oversee* his flock. And it was not expected that in his presence any priest or deacon would take that duty. Exceptions to this were afterwards allowed, as in the case of Augustine. But every faithful bishop was expected to preach every Sunday at least once, and frequently in the week. Fast-days and feast-days were days for preaching too as well as Sunday.

In the beginning several sermons were delivered at the same service. But by and by, as certain men established a peculiar reputation for eloquence, the people preferred to hear them alone all the time that was before allotted to several in succession; and the two hours were taken up with single sermons when such men as Basil and Chrysostom entered the pulpit. The pulpits however of the first churches was a simple table or reading-desk, and the preacher sat behind it, and expounded as he read the passage through.

Sometimes, however, there was preaching in the open air. And then the fork of a tree, the top of a column, a sepulchral monument, or a precipice on the hill side, were the places chosen by the speaker. Mars Hill, where Paul preached to the people of Athens, is a wonderful natural pulpit. The gentleman who addressed you last evening told me that he never knew a place more admirably adapted for a most effective discourse.

Preaching in the open air was not much liked by the bishops, but was pursued chiefly by the monks, especially by the heretical and mystic monks, who were in their practices to the Church at large what the Methodists were to the English Church of the last century. The regular preachers commonly used the hour-glass to tell them when their time was over, — a custom, the disuse of which in this day is somewhat to be regretted.

The exact opposite of the present position of the speaker and audience prevailed. The speaker sat and the people stood all around. This seems to have been the custom from the earlier times. And this is perhaps one reason why the hour-glass was so important. This most uncomfortable practice probably came from a reverential feeling. They had learned from the Jews to stand during the reading of the Scriptures, and they would think it equally becoming to stand during the interpretation thereof. There were Scripture precedents for this position too. Was not Jesus found sitting in the temple, with the doctors standing around him? Did he not sit when from the ship he taught the people standing on the shore? Was it not in that position that he spoke to them from the Mount of Olives? This was the condition of preaching at the end of the third century.

The *prayers* of the Church were at first spontaneous ejaculations, short and earnest entreaties, — with no set form or method. The sacred sentences of the Scriptures, which were diligently studied and committed to memory by persons of all ages and conditions soon however made an essential and principal part of the service of prayer. The Lord's Prayer and the Apostolic benediction were very freely used. There is no evidence nevertheless that at the time of Constantine anything like a regular liturgy had been formed. The prayers in the religious service were generally two in number beside the Lord's prayer, — one just at the commencement of the sermon, when the preacher had announced his intention of expounding the particular passage which had been read, and would ask the blessing of heaven and God's aid in his attempt, and the other, at the close of the sermon, that its influence might be for good. This custom prevails now in the German and the French Churches. And it sometimes in their Churches confuses one, who is not accustomed to it, to hear the preacher, just after he has finished the introduction to his discourse, break suddenly into a prayer.

During the first two centuries prayers were made almost exclusively to God the Father, — in the name of Christ. It would have been considered in the Apostolic Church almost impiety to have addressed worship to any other.

But when philosophical speculations and controversies got into the Church, then Christ himself became the object of prayer. It was these theological controversies that brought on at last that kind of idolatry which ended in the worship of the Virgin, of martyrs and of relics.

That part of the worship in which the people were wont to join, were the responses and the singing. In the earliest Church these responses were two, — the Amen and the Hallelujah. The *Amen* was ejaculated by the people at the end of prayers, the sermons and the reading, and at the close of the doxologies or benedictions. Sometimes it was shouted after the rite of baptism and the administration of the Supper. It comes from a Hebrew word, signifying, "So let it be." The Hallelujah is a word which means "praise the Lord," and is derived from those Psalms, from one hundred and thirteen to one hundred and eighteen, that were sung at the Passover, — called the Great Hallel. The tradition was that Jesus sang this Hallel with his disciples at the Last Supper. It gradually became a common ejaculation, and at last its use was so annoying that by authority it was restricted to the period between Easter and Whitsunday. In the Greek Church it was rather an ejaculation of grief and of penitence; in the Latin Church it denoted Thanksgiving, and its proper meaning was regarded. There were other ejaculations that came into use afterwards, but these were all that are found in the first period of Christian history.

But the part of the worship which the first Christians loved best, was their *singing*. In this all seemed to be equal and brethren together. Some were too simple to undestand, and too ignorant to interpret, the truths of the Gospel. But the most unlettered could join in the Psalms and Hymns, — children of tender years, as well as those who bore the burdens of the flock. It was an inherited love. In the Jewish ritual the whole service was chanted. And the first collection of sacred songs was the book of Psalms, which had always been kept separate from the Law and the Prophets. These the Christians were never weary of rehearsing together. They were not sung to metrical tunes, but were rather chanted, — sometimes in a

low and monotonous key,— sometimes breaking into the anthem of rapture. Probably the spirit of the singing was better than the melody.

In the third century the great men of the Church began to write hymns, which were first sung by the faithful in their own houses, and afterwards introduced into the public service. At the time of Constantine however the policy of Arius had brought into worship a great number of these hymns, mostly of a doctrinal character. The Catholics found it prudent to take advantage of the love for music to counteract heresy. No instrument was used except the human voice. The various methods of the Jews to produce a harmonious accompaniment were all set aside.

The method was something like the old-fashioned New England method, when the deacon used to stand in front of the altar and read the lines for the congregation to sing. That practice was found necessary as new hymns increased in the Church. The custom of choir-singing took its rise when they began to chant the responses. The congregation then divided into two parts and chanted in turn the separated verses of the Psalms and Hymns. But for the three centuries after the death of Christ there was nothing like our present choirs in the Church. The congregation stood while singing, and in fact this seems to have been the posture in all parts of the service, except the administration of the Supper.

The early Church had only two services that could be called *rites*. And even one of these was not so in the beginning. *Baptism* of course was from the first a symbol, not having value in itself, but kept up for its religious significance. It was not only an inherited custom from the Jewish worship, but was believed to be expressly enjoined by the Saviour. It was confined at first to adults, and administered usually just before admitting them to partake of the Sacrament. For the first two centuries it was a public rite, and all could witness it. After that it became one of the religious mysteries, and was applied to infants as well as adults. When this had come, the place was changed, and what had before been performed in the running stream, was now performed in an artificial pool

within the church or house. Immersion was the primitive method. But I will not weary you by going into details upon what has been so fruitful a theme of such useless controversy.

The disputes about baptism have done very much to weaken respect for the ordinance. But it is still now as ever one of the most touching, beautiful and significant of all religious services. It is a rite which the Church can never outgrow, and in some form or other it will keep its place. The method is of comparatively small importance, but the rite itself is one that cannot be dispensed with. And as we have come now to a general belief of the religious theory that men are made holy rather by education into holiness than by sudden conversion, so there is all the more reason why we should observe the rite of infant baptism, which is the symbol and the pledge of religious education.

It would require too a separate and a long lecture even to sketch the history of the rite of the Lord's Supper, — to show how that which was the most simple of friendly meals became the most sublime and awful of mysteries, — how the communion became the mass, and the bread, eaten in our Saviour's memory, became his very broken body by a supernatural change. The Lord's Supper, however, is not to be confounded with the love feasts which the early Christians held. It was never properly a feast, and its elements were very simple. It became a rite from the same necessity that drove the Church from the upper room in the house to a special sacred place. But for three centuries it continued to be a memorial, but not a superstitious rite. And its observance was left quite free, and hedged about by none of those artificial rules that confine it in modern times. It was a rite of the utmost importance, and was sent to the sick and those in prison, administered sometimes too even to infants. All the old writers are full in its injunction, and I might multiply quotations to show what estimate they put upon it. Every devout believer felt it to be the height of his religious joy, when from the hand of his bishop he could receive the sacred elements. The method of administration however even at the time of Constantine, was more like our Congrega-

tional than that which is the Episcopal or Catholic method. The deacons aided the bishop in the distribution of the elements. Our own form of administration differs only slightly from the form in the Church of Constantine.

We have followed the worship of the Church through the first period of history. A summary of the progress can best be given by a simple sketch of a religious service in the days of Constantine. Let the day be Easter Sunday, and the place Athens, where Paul had become a hero greater than Plato or Pericles. Early in the morning, the Christians are astir, and before the sun has risen, are set forth on their way over the rocky hills, and through the narrow streets to the house of their solemnities. The fresh, clear air of a spring morning, the smell of flowers and the song of birds seem to lend impulse to their devotions. All around the wild and lovely ruins tell of God's doings in the past, and how the Pagan gods have fallen. They pass by Mars Hill, and think there of the time when an Apostle summoned a multitude to leave their idols and worship the true Jehovah. Some cross the place where Socrates once walked with his followers, and spoke such profound and mystical words, and think then that they are blest in hearing a higher wisdom, and beholding in the risen Jesus a holier mystery. Some come from the outskirt villages, where they see the plains of Marathon on their way, and can think of a more glorious victory than that in the Cross of Christ. The desolation and ruin around them only exalt the great salvation. But they converge from every side to a plain, lowly, and dull-colored building in one of the narrower streets. The building fronts towards the East, where stands the Jerusalem of their hope. They enter not through the front, but from a court-yard in the rear, — for they must face the East in the worship as well as their sanctuary. As they enter, the sound of loud singing greets them. They are chanting the "Glory be to God on high," and in the song are heard the mingled voices of childhood and age, of men and maidens, — making sweet melody with their hearts together, if their music be not quite perfect. The company, decently, but not gaudily, clad, are standing around the railing of the altar. Within is seen the Table of the

Lord, adorned with the sacred vessels, and on the wall above it hangs the Cross, emblem of a dying Saviour. On a raised seat at the side sits the bishop, and one or two priests and deacons wait around him. You will see nothing else around the walls to attract you, no painting or architectural ornament, only the plain, simple cemented stone. Presently, as the chant ceases, one of the priests passes to the little desk beside the table and opens the Bible, which is laid thereon. And then in a sad, low tone, he reads that wail of the Prophet Isaiah, where he foretells the humiliation and the agony of the Redeemer. There is the hush of anguish among the silent worshippers. Then he turns to the twentieth chapter of John's Gospel, and the expression of joy and triumph passes upon their faces as he reads how Christ rose from the dead. He ends, and another rises to dictate before the throng St. Clement's great hymn of "Christ the Saviour,"—and the voices linger sweetly on the refrain "*αἶνειν ἁγιως, ὑμνειν ἀδολως, ἀκακοις στομασιν, παιδων ἡγητορα Χρισιον.*" This done, a short portion of Scripture is read by the bishop. It is the first verses of John's record, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." And then, having lifted a fervent prayer, in simple phrase he expounds the secret mystery of this passage.

He shows them the great plan of redemption concealed in this union of God with a human soul,—how the logos is no attribute, but a *real person*, in wonderful guise the word was made flesh. And as he exalts the bounty of that celestial love, that did so incarnate the Divine word, and provide for man's salvation, what rapture kindles on his countenance. How the dignity of his theme seems to raise him almost to the place of a divine interpreter. And then there is seen a frown darkening his face as he speaks of the impious heresies with which evil men are infecting the Church, robbing Christ of his dignity, and making the salvation of Christ only part of a heathen order. He compares too the darkness of the old philosophies, which never exhibited one risen from the dead, with the clear beauty of the Christian promise. And before he closes, you have seen the sacred oracles of the holy volume pass

into precepts of virtue and promises of joy. Insensibly his word of interpretation melts into prayer, and he is leading the hearts of the multitude to the throne of Grace. And now they chant in soft and plaintive tone the Psalm that Christ, in his anguish, remembered, "Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani."

Then, for a little while, all pause in silent prayer, until one of the priests shall supplicate God's kind care for all conditions of men. Then come forward in turn the brethren with their offerings, all have something to give,—the wealthy gold for the needs of the sanctuary, and bread and wine for the holy office, — the widow her mite. The elements are placed upon the table and covered with the napkin. Then, after the priests have washed their hands before the people, to fulfill the word of the Psalmist, and the kiss of peace has passed from them through the company, each saluting his neighbors, commences the service of communion.

Those who were baptised yesterday in the classic brook, now pledge at the altar their allegiance to God, and devotion to his truth. They seemed, dressed in robes of white before the altar, to be the best votive offering that the Church can give on their day of rejoicing. Now the people are earnestly exhorted to be true to their vows. The entreaties of St. Paul to the Romans are rehearsed again, and, as they come forward to the altar, all join in that beautiful Psalm, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Then by repeating the words of Christ as he broke the bread and wine, and asking a simple blessing, they are consecrated to their use, and are handed round to the brethren by the ministers present, saying, as they go, "The body of Christ, the blood of Christ."

Silently the feast goes on, broken sometimes by sobs of grief, sometimes by half-restrained sighs. But when it is over, they break into a thanksgiving, — the friends of those who are sick or absent take charge of the portion that is for these, the benediction, "Go in peace," is uttered and the service is over. How simple and beautiful. As the rest depart, one or two linger behind, perhaps to tell some tidings of recent religious persecution, — perhaps to

meditate upon the deep truths that have passed, as in a vision, before them. But all have separated to their homes, before the mid-hour of Pagan labor has come. Some will return when the day is declining to talk and sing anew in their tabernacle of faith. But no curious heathen eye could discover when the meridian sun sends light through the narrow streets, that here was anything else than a house of the meaner sort. No sign around would tell him of the beautiful service that had passed therein since the break of day, and had given to Athens a more sacred glory than the morning walks of Plato, or the appeals of Demosthenes.

This sketch will serve to show the position of worship in the Church at the close of the third century. The establishment of Christianity as the religion of the empire by Constantine brought about a striking change in all parts of the Christian ritual. And the great work which Gregory did, at the close of the second period, was only to prepare the elements formed to his hands. Perhaps the most sudden and thorough change was in the kind and appearance of the buildings for public worship. Now the meeting-houses became temples. They were placed on the most eligible sites, sometimes on the ruins of Pagan temples, — sometimes the very Pagan temples with their name and their god transformed. Emperors vied with each other in the numbers and costliness of their churches. They were set upon the hills, and their broad porches and elaborate columns rivalled the relics of Pagan art in majesty and beauty.

Now the altar within became a kind of throne for Jehovah, and its marble was inlaid with jewels and gold, and candlesticks blazed upon it. By the solemn rite of dedication, the church was set apart as a sacred place, and became to the brethren a holy of holies. About the middle of the sixth century, about the same distance from Constantine's time that we are from the landing of the Pilgrims, the Emperor Justinian commenced building at Constantinople the magnificent Church of St. Sophia, where stands now the holiest of Moslem mosques, — which he considered to be the greatest work of his life, greater even than the code of laws which he gave to the world. His

proud expression, when the work of forty years was done, was, "I have conquered thee, Solomon."

It was one hundred and eighty feet in height, and cost $5,000,000. Forty thousand pounds of silver were used in decorating the altar, and its retinue of special ministers and attendants was five hundred and twenty-five. The Gothic style, with its pointed arch and rich interlacing tracery, began now to encroach upon the plainer Grecian. And churches began to point their tapering spires to the sky. The cross became the form which the building took, and the divisions of the altar, the nave and the portico were more distinctly marked off. Great libraries were attached to the churches, — that of St. Sophia contained one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. The worshipper in a church of the sixth century trod upon a beautiful floor of tessellated marble, inlaid with the finest mosaics. On the walls were paintings of Scriptural scenes and sculptured heads of the old Apostles. The shields of heroes and the spoils of war were hung up in the temple for ornament. And from these the lights hung down. The sanctuary became a place of refuge, and, as in the old Roman temples, the worst criminal was safe so long as he stayed by the altar. In less than three centuries, from obscure and plain tabernacles, the houses of Christian worship had become gorgeous cathedrals, — and the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome was a more attractive object of pilgrimage than even the temple of Olympian Jupiter.

Now too feast-days began rapidly to multiply. The degraded people had little else to do than to spend time in sport or rioting, and this tendency showed itself among the Christians in the new festivals to which every year gave rise. Christmas came in, a conjectural day at first, but fixed at last by custom on the day of its present use. Then Mary, the mother of God, as she received divine honors, had a day set apart for her service. The martyrs had their share. And the epigram of a reformer upon Rome in this latter age, that the Saints' days left no room for any secular time, was almost true when Gregory assumed the helm of the Church. The regular fasts now were appointed on Wednesday, the day of our Saviour's

betrayal, and on Friday, the day of his crucifixion. On these no meat should be eaten, and only the simplest kind of food was enjoined. Some even taught that the forty days before the feast of Easter, which is now called Lent, should be spent in fasting.

Now too the reading of the Scriptures, which had before been untrammeled by severe rules, became a systematic and formal matter. They were parcelled off into separate lessons, which were rehearsed in a sort of monotonous chant. No special events were allowed to guide it. The cumbrous ceremonies of the Levitical Law were read thus to the people as if they were important truths, and the thundering of invading armies could not unsettle the prescribed routine. Now sermons too passed from the expository into the declamatory style. Preachers studied the rules of rhetoric, and borrowed the arts of the popular orator. They directed appeals to the prejudices and passions of men, and flattered while they warned their hearers. In the cathedral churches the bishops were the orators of the world. Men crowded to hear Chrysostom and Ambrose as they would to the play or circus. Applause waited upon their words. And even their most terrible warnings captivated by their beauty. The sermon became an entertainment as well as a searching exposition of Scripture. And men expected to hear the truth of Christ softened by the periods of Æschines or Tully, and mingled with the wit and wisdom of the classic sages.

In the fourth century the service of prayer, which had before been a spontaneous outpouring of the heart to God, was drawn out into liturgies. And forms were given to be used everywhere through the Church. The new splendor of the sacred Courts seemed to demand such a ritual. Indeed it is observable everywhere that increased magnificence in church building brings in more formality of service. There is a kind of consistency about it. And it is easy to feel, as many do, that Congregational worship is out of place in a highly decorated temple. And the prayers that were very natural in the gatherings of the caves by night became presumptuous in the great cathedral halls.

At the time of Gregory there were four distinct liturgies

fixed in the Church, each of them old enough to have a history. To each was the name of some Apostle appended, without any authority however. The liturgy of Antioch bore the name of James, the Alexandrian of Mark, the Roman of Peter, and the Gallican of John. At the time of Gregory these had reached that point where they were just ready to be changed into the mass. The hymns and the prayers were chanted together, and a Pagan hearer could hardly tell which was the penitence and which the praise. It was a fatal progress for spiritual religion. Beautiful as were the offices that were thus established in the Christian ritual, their final tendency was to check fervor of devotion, and reduce the service of the sanctuary to a mechanical routine. Men became weary of the words of Basil and Ambrose when they heard them every day. And though Attila could look with barbaric wonder upon the splendid pageant of a Christian ceremony, he could not say, with the great man of an earlier age, "See how these Christians love one another."

The union of words so strongly cemented, by which the prayers of one were the prayers of all, was no true type of a spiritual union, — of heart joined to heart. There were never more private interests, more jealousies, more usurpations of individual churches, more practical egotism, than when the whole Latin Church was in possession of a common form of prayer and praise. The true interchange of gifts and graces, true charity, forbearance, and kindness were far more conspicuous in that early time, when each one spake and sang as he felt, moved by the spirit. It will be so forever. You cannot bind the hearts of men together by giving them a common form of words, or even a common written creed. These will create no doubt an appearance of mutual love, but the appearance will be as much a form as the words used. There are many excellencies no doubt in written forms of prayer.

I never worship in an Episcopal or a Catholic Church without feeling the exceeding beauty of their devotional service. Those prayers are marvels of dignity, comprehensiveness, and simple fervor, — worthy of their high theme, yet such as a child could utter. But I do not believe that the claim set up for these written forms, that

they increase the essential love of Christian brethren for each other, is true. They become no doubt the centre of many religious courtesies,— but the love of the heart is not easily promoted by that which enchains the tongue. It lies deeper than the surface. It comes from having religious ideas and feelings in common, no matter in what phrase the words of prayer may be. It is the conference room where everything is free, that brethren are drawn most closely together. This is a universal experience.

The heathen art of music now found a place in the occupations of the faithful. And the singing, which had before been more spirited than melodious, began to be drawn out in harmonious numbers. Trained choirs performed this work for the people, and their enraptured ears listened to the rising and falling cadences as they echoed through the aisles and arches. Now hymns were written for music and for religious occasions. There was music at the bridal and at the funeral; and the best Christian poets tried their powers in writing birth-day odes, and requiems for the dead. A beautiful specimen of this is a funeral hymn of Prudentius, a Christian poet of the third century:

1. — Why, ye mothers, why this sadness?
  Why do tears your cheeks bedew?
 Why should death disturb your gladness?
  Death doth truest life renew.

2. — Dark and cold the vacant hollow,
  Still the bier beneath the stone,
 Yet no night the death shall follow,
  Morning glows where he has gone.

3. — Leave the corpse! An useless covering,
  Peaceful in the grave to lie,
 Soon the Spirit lightly moving,
  Holier dress shall weave on high.

4. — Time shall come of strange reviving,
  Breath these mouldering bones shall warm,
 To a nobler being striving,
  They shall bear a brighter form.

5. — What ye now consign to burial,
  Food for worms, beneath the sod,
 Soon, like eagles, through the Empyreal,
  Glad shall speed its way to God.

6. — As from a dry and rattling kernel
Dropped into the lap of earth,
Joyfully in beauty vernal,
Nodding grain-ears burst to birth.

7. — Earth! This form to thy embraces,
Take and fold it safe to rest;
Dead, yet lingering still the traces
Of the love that warmed its breast.

8. — Once a soul, by God inspired,
Here as in a temple dwelt;
Now to Christian ardor fired,
Now in pity's tears would melt.

9. — Leave the body then to slumber,
Let it wait that trumpet-call,
When the Judge the dead shall number,
Gathering in his Sentence-hall,

10. — Then, O Death, thy reign is ended,
New life fills the crumbling clay,
Mortal dust with angel blended,
Keep in heaven eternal day.

In this period the ordinances of the Church gradually changed from simple symbolical acts to most imposing and momentous ceremonies. The Lord's Supper became a *mass*, and the brethren knelt when the host was lifted, and veiled their faces before its awful mystery. The doctrine of Transubstantiation having become part of the general creed, — men eat the transmuted bread with fear and trembling, as if partaking of Christ's holy flesh, — and the red wine gained to their taste the savor of the new blood of suffering. Baptism too passed from the sign of future purity into a pledge of divine favor, and the child with sprinkled forehead seemed chosen henceforth an heir of the kingdom, and armed, like Achilles, with panoply divine.

Now other sacraments were added. Marriage, from a contract, became a rite, and its religious outweighed its secular obligations. The dying man received the oil upon his forehead as the final seal by God of his reception on high. A newly-discovered Purgatory made necessary many gifts from the brethren of the Church to rescue souls from that doubtful state. And prayers for the dead made an important portion of the worship of the living.

One could hardly discover in the multitude of feasts and fasts, of sacraments and chants, of vestments and of images, any vestige of the worship of that little band, who, in an upper room at Jerusalem, bewailed their Master's death, and, by prayer and counsel, found strength for their great missionary enterprise.

But we may concentrate the changes that took place in worship in the course of three centuries, as before, in a picture of a religious service of the time of Gregory the Great. The place shall be at Rome, for Rome is now the home of universal spiritual dominion, and her bishop can look round on every side as a Christian emperor upon his subjects. The time shall be the martyrdom-day of St. Peter, for this has come to share the reverence of the world with the birth-day of Christ. On the 29th of June, when the hot sun of a Southern summer is pouring down its rays upon the shining pavement, a gay crowd, in many colors and from many climes, are seen thronging to the great church of the prince of the Apostles. As they enter, their eyes are greeted by a raised altar, blazing in the distance with light and gold, and the soft music of answering choirs, from either side, bids them welcome to the solemn mass. On every side, from floor to ceiling, marble images, or strange scriptural scenes, painted on wood, tell them that this is a holy place. They tread gently for fear of soiling the fine mosaic beneath their feet. Behind the chancel railing sits in his chair of state, the most serene Vicar of God. Before him, kneeling, two priests hold the Latin mass-book, on painted parchment, and from that he chants the prayers to which the choirs respond. No word is heard from the people, but only suspended breathing makes the silence audible. Now a priest in purple garments mounts the raised pulpit, and then, without Scriptural preface, breaks into a florid harangue. It is eulogy of the Church and of the Blessed Apostle that forms the burden of his message.

He tells how Peter was crucified with his head downward, — what miracles God has wrought with his sacred bones, and holds up before them a fragment of that mantle which wiped his tears away when his Master rebuked him. He tells them of the blessings then that shall come to the

true believer, and paints in luxurious colors the Christian Paradise. But, Oh! there are wailing spirits that fly between heaven and hell,—will not the faithful rescue them by liberal gifts and earnest prayers? Will they not give of their substance to save these souls from final woe? And more like this, till another follows, who in melting tones describes so mournfully the sufferings of the martyr, that the whole multitude are dissolved in sentimental grief, and can hardly behold the ceremony which succeeds, when a hundred priests in turn distribute to each other the kiss, and receive from the Bishop a fatherly benediction.

And now the high service begins. The anthem sounds from the choir. New candles suddenly burst into flame upon the altar. And in their glow are seen the forms of the dying Peter and the praying Virgin on either side of Christ upon his Cross. With stately step, the bishop advances with his retinue behind him. The audience tremble with sudden awe as they hear the magical words that restore again the agony and open the wounds of Jesus the Crucified. Every head is bowed. Slowly and reverently, as in the sight of God alone, the bishop eats the wafer and drinks the wine. The vault of the church is full of the sound of low wailing voices, and a supernatural darkness seems to be on every form. There is a fearful pause, and it is finished. A hallelujah rings out and the arches are vocal now as with angel voices of praise.

The great service of the Christian feast-day is over, and that crowd gathered so seriously in the morning, the evening shall find crowding the theatre or the chariot-race. The pageant of the morning has furnished an excuse for the dissipation of the evening. This is a picture, faintly-colored, of the Catholic religious service, such as it was when Gregory took the helm of spiritual power. He gave order to this custom, and finally established it as the Christian ritual.

IV.

GREGORY THE GREAT AND HIS INFLUENCE.

"He who will speak with power in the name of the Most High, must manifest in his life the law of the Most High." This sentence from the great work of Gregory on the Christian Pastor and his work is the general formula of his own life. The Christian teacher must be himself a Christian before he can teach, and he will teach just so far and only so far, as he is a Christian. The formula has been proved by memorable examples in Christian history, and the life of every successful minister of God bears witness to it.

Characters of more striking interest than that of the Great Gregory have passed before us in the great doctors of the Latin Church, but we find in him an assemblage of contrasts not elsewhere met with. So much that is puerile joined to so much that is lovely, such narrow bigotry united to such wide charity, such practical, added to such ideal, tastes, rarely make their appearance in the annals of the Church. In one view, the creature of circumstances, the man of the age, because moulded by the age; in another view, the creator of events, the man of the age, because the maker of its issues; at once a Pope and an Apostle; a fanatic and a saint; austere in bearing, but humble in spirit; the legislator of pomp and show, yet a lover always of simple fitness; a merchant-prince for the Church, filling its coffers, and watchful of its revenues, yet a very anchorite in self-denial and frugality; frank in demeanor, but shrewd in policy, he stands in the record in strange isolation, yet we feel him to be our brother after all.

The name of Gregory is as much connected with the establishment of the Catholic ritual, as that of Leo with the establishment of the Catholic power. But there is far

more individuality in the life of the former. Leo is the representative merely of an idea. He has no personal biography. He is only the first of the Popes, great in position, but nothing by himself. Gregory, on the contrary, if he had never done anything for music, for poetry, or for worship, would still have been a marked man, and worthy of the title, which his own age gave him, and which no succeeding age has annulled, of "the Great." He was not merely the former of choirs or the framer of liturgies, but a man, with human sympathies, a minister most devoted and faithful, a prelate, able and vigorous, a sovereign powerful and commanding. He was a man to be loved, admired or feared, according as one looked upon his purity, his talents, or his strength. Even the infidel historian of the secular decline of Rome and its dominion, pauses to speak of the Great Ruler of the Church, who showed in an age of decline so rare a union of gifts and graces.

Gregory was born in Rome about the year 540 of our era. His parents were of noble lineage and high in distinction. But either so high ran their religious zeal, or so low had fallen the standard of profane scholarship, that even the child of noble birth was not suffered to study in the heathen poets or philosophers. In the dreamy round of pious pleasures passed away the first years of his life, and he hardly knew how the civil dignity had been put upon him, when he found himself at the age of thirty prefect of Rome, his father dead and his mother in a cloister. It was not till this mature age that he began to be troubled by the conflict within his heart between the carnal and the spiritual, between his duty to the world, and his desire to see God, between ambition and aspiration. Burdened with the cares of life, he felt then the necessity of spiritual rest. And the conflict ended then by the victory of the spiritual desire over the temporal interest.

At the age of forty, tne patrician child had sacrificed wealth, rank, honor, and power to his pious resolve. Six convents in Sicily had sprung into being on his endowment, and what remained of his wealth was devoted to a Benedictine monastery in his own house, into which he entered as the most rigid of the monks there. Long fasts macer-

ated his body; and he aimed, by double penances, to expiate not so much the sins as the enjoyments of his youth. This period of cloister life, though short in duration, Gregory was accustomed to regard as the oasis in the desert of his career, and to say that he was never so happy as when deprived of every pleasure, and doubtful whether each day should not be his last. But a genius like his could not be left to waste itself in mumbling litanies within convent-walls.

The magnitude of his gifts to the Church marked him as meet for the work of the Church. The Pope commanded him to go as Legate to the Emperor's Court at Constantinople. The heart of Gregory relucted, but he had learned obedience too well to refuse. He regarded it as a salvation that his train of brother monks could follow him there, and keep in his mind his religious duties, even in that luxurious and intriguing Court. Dignities did not corrupt him. The honor of standing godfather to the emperor's son at baptism did not seduce him from his unworldly love. But he gave rather heed to purity of faith, and sanctity of life, rebuking when he found any to be unsound, and praying for the conversion of all heathen, both of Christian and Pagan name. He remained at Constantinople seven years, when, to his great joy, his recall was ordered, and he was permitted to become in quiet the Abbot of the monastery which he had founded. The order and firmness and patience of his administration here seemed to mark his fitness for higher dignities.

It was about this time that he first conceived the plan of sending a mission to the distant isle of Britain, where then a race of beautiful savages, called Anglo-Saxons, dwelt. The impulse took its rise from the following incident: Rome at this period was to the Empire not only a seat of civil power, but a great central *slave-market*. One day, when Gregory was walking through the mart, he was struck by the beautiful countenances and complexion of a group that were exposed for sale, and he stopped to inquire whether they were Christians or heathens. On hearing that they were heathen, he answered with a sigh, that it was a lamentable thing that the prince of darkness should be master of so much beauty, and have such comely

persons in his possession; and that so fine an outside should have nothing of God's grace to furnish it within. The venerable Bede adds, in his narrative, some poor puns made by the holy Abbot, which, however, the vanity of a Saxon may well be pardoned for repeating. When told that the slaves were Angli, Gregory answered, "Right, for they have angelical faces, and are fit to be company to the angels in heaven." Asking the name of their province, he was answered that it was called "Deira." "Truly," said he, "They are withdrawn from God's wrath in coming here. And the king of that province, how is he named?" "Alle!" "Allelujah," said Gregory, "shall then be sung in those regions."

He applied at once to send a mission to Britain. And finding no one willing to lead it, he set out himself with a company of his own monks. But the city was in such an uproar at his departure, that the Pope sent after him speedily, and on the third day he was overtaken and compelled to return to Rome. He was afterwards enabled to fulfill his desire on a broader scale.

Some signal acts of discipline in his convent, began to mark him already as a fit person for the Papal office, when a vacancy should occur. The case of Justus is related with needless minuteness. This monk confessed, on his death bed, that in violation of his poverty he had obtained and kept three pieces of gold. Gregory not only forbade the community to pray at his bedside, but had the discipline strictly observed, the corpse buried under a dunghill, and the three pieces of money thrown into it; and all this, though the man died penitent. The most that he allowed was a mass for his soul of thirty days.

Gregory had just completed his fiftieth year when the acclamation of bishops and people called him to the Pontifical chair. He had no mind to accept the duty. And by letters to the emperor and his sisters, and the bishop of Constantinople, he sought to prevail on them that the choice should be annulled. But his hesitation and self-distrust were, in their eyes, only an evidence of his fitness, and the choice was confirmed by the civil authority. The stratagem of procuring some friendly merchant to carry him out of the city in a basket was less fortunate

than in the case of Saul of Tarsus, and he was discovered, brought back again, and, on the third of September, consecrated solemnly to the office of the Holy See.

The duty which he had taken up most unwillingly he fulfilled most faithfully. And he gave to the clergy and the world his idea of duty in a great work upon the Pastoral Office. This admirable work, of which the analysis even would occupy a lecture, divided as it was into four parts, each containing almost a separate treatise, remained for ages a classic and a manual for pastors in the Church. It was translated into Greek, and King Alfred loved it so well that he had rendered it into the Anglo-Saxon. This treatise abounds with wise sayings, which have passed into maxims and are settled truths. It anticipates the wisdom of subsequent experience, and its counsels are as useful for an American clergyman of the nineteenth century as they were for a bishop of ancient Rome. The youthful pastor still needs to be admonished that the souls of his people are more to be cared for than their approval, and that their final salvation is of more consequence than their present applause.

For thirteen years Gregory exercised the power of a Roman prelate. And all historians agree that these thirteen years were the most brilliant of Church history since the days of the Apostles. They saw the dominion of the Church broadly extended, its order confirmed, its doctrine revised, its discipline systematized, its worship rounded off and made to rival the most splendid ceremonies of heathen antiquity. To enumerate the various acts that Gregory did for the good of the State and the Church would be fatiguing. We need only behold his influence in the several more important spheres of action. For his influence in these really represents to us what were the average opinions of the Christian world at the end of the sixth century, when a new religion broke upon the world, and Mohammed appeared as the prophet of God.

And first, we will look upon his doctrinal position. He was a strong believer in the double sense of the Scriptures. He held that there was an inner and an outer meaning, a spirit and a letter, standing towards each other as the porch to the door. The multitude are permitted to stand

in the outer court and to read the words of the Bible, to learn its facts and histories, but the wise and holy, by means of allegory, can penetrate its sacred recesses. It is thus that one is able to find the great central truths of the oneness of Christ with God and his trinity of persons revealed in the Holy Scriptures. Gregory is very honest in confessing that this mystical doctrine comes out of the allegorical and not of the literal sense of the Scriptures; — an honesty which the Oxford divines of the present day are entitled to share.

The general theology of Gregory is that which Augustine taught two centuries earlier. But his theory of the human will is different. Gregory was what is called a Semi-Pelagian, — i. e., one who ascribes the conversion of men to an equal and contemporaneous action of the will of man and the grace of God. He was too devout to attribute all the work, like Pelagius, to the first agency, and too practical to attribute it all, like Augustine, to the last. The principal addition that he made to the sum of Christian doctrine, was in the discovery of Purgatory. What the earlier fathers had only dreamed about, Gregory actually defined. And though he did not say whereabouts in space the singular region was to be found, he located it exactly in regard to the time of each man's life. It was a time between earth and heaven, and a region wherein disembodied souls should walk until they were prayed into Paradise by the faithful.

There was much shrewdness in the discovery, and it tended signally to enlarge the revenues of the Church. But Gregory was one of those singularly constituted minds which believe in their own impositions. And there is no doubt, though he admitted purgatory to be a profitable place, a sort of Christian El Dorado, from which gold came into the Church, though those who went there could not get back again, he really believed in it as a fact. Indeed he defines with some minuteness the kinds of crimes which are punished there. Unpardonable sinners he consigns to hell at once, there is no hope of them. All the prayers of all the faithful cannot get an obstinate heretic out of hell, for he has blasphemed the Holy Ghost. But the sins which merely condemn one to purga-

tory are idle words, immoderate laughter, mistakes and blunders of all kinds, and worldliness in general, anything, in fact, which does not indicate positive depravity of heart, but only depravity of habit. There is a good deal of sound philosophy in this classification. For do we not all feel, and are we not warranted, too, by Scripture, in asserting, that there is hope when the temptations of earth are removed, that habits here contracted will tyrannize no longer, that so much sin as is external, and not of the heart may be escaped from? The soundest reason does indicate to us a kind of purgatorial state, in which the soul, pure in its essence and intention, shall cleanse itself from the stains contracted in its earthly sojourn. But for the recovery of one whose soul is desperately wicked no purgatory seems to be so pertinent. We should probably differ from Gregory in not assigning to obstinate heresy so conspicuous a place in hell.

Immediately connected with the new doctrine of Purgatory, which Gregory introduced, was that prayer for the dead, which was both a doctrine and a ceremony. He could see no reason why prayers for the salvation of the souls in limbo were not as proper as prayers for the welfare of men during their earthly probation. In either case, it was a supplication that God would carry them safely through the trial. But he saw even a superior necessity in case of the dead. For prayers were the only kind of aid that these could receive. The living might be helped by counsels and gifts. But no other than an earnest supplication could be brought to aid the dead. He makes a distinction however between the different classes of the dead; and tells them that it is of no use to pray either for very desperate or for very excellent departed spirits. For the former cannot be benefitted by such prayers, and the latter do not need them. He arranged masses for the dead accurately in regard to time and method. Some souls require more and some less; but the average number of daily services required to get a soul out of Purgatory is about thirty. And this has become the standard of the Catholic Church in its prayers for the dead. When anybody dies now, in that Church, his friends and relatives are expected to say mass for him, — or to hire it said, — for

the space of thirty days. It is a cheap way for some hardened sinner to get into Paradise to engage accommodating priests thus to pray him in; and many are the ample legacies which have been left for this end. This discovery of Gregory has proved, in a pecuniary sense, more profitable than any gold mine could have been to the Church.

Another most prominent article in Gregory's faith was to believe in miracles, relics and amulets. No story was so marvellous that he would not take it in, no tradition, legend, or relic so uncertain, that it did not become holy to him. He had a particular love for any memorial of the Apostle Peter, his great predecessor. And he esteemed himself highly blessed in possessing the key of St. Peter's tomb. He was always sending this round when any signal cures were wished for, and occasionally would accompany it with a few filings from St. Peter's fetters. When the Empress Constantina sent to him the modest request for the head or a portion of the body of St. Peter for the consecration of a new church which she had built, he replied, that such a gift was out of his power, and then relates to her what awful prodigies had occurred when they attempted to take the silver plate from the bones of the saint.

Gregory's was one of those minds that take naturally hold of every form of superstition. And yet he was not a dogmatist nor a merciless persecutor. Though Orthodox enough so far as soundness of faith was concerned, he had not the spirit of a bigot. His course in regard to the Jews, for instance, was very much in contrast with the course pursued by his successors, and by some, too, who went before him. He allowed no plunder, no outrage, no exclusion even from business or social transactions, of this unfortunate people. They were permitted by him to keep their synagogues and their worship, to have the rights of citizens, their oaths were received, and all offences of the Christians towards them were punished as much as offences against fellow-Christians. Equally just and tolerant were his rules with regard to heathens and heretics. And yet, though tolerant towards them, Gregory had a flaming zeal for the conversion of all these classes of unbelievers.

If he thought there was any hope of this, he would overlook some questionable methods taken to bring it about. In pious transactions, like some modern religionists, he believed that the end sanctified the means; and though he would not allow obstinate unbelievers to be maltreated, he would condescend to bribe or to threaten into the true faith those who showed signs of wavering. He thought that it was a laudable way of spending the Church revenues, to convert lost souls to the Catholic creed. And if he could not get the fathers, he would take the children. Many youthful Jews and heathen, tempted thus by the prospect of an early independence, forsook the great Jehovah and the gods of the temple, for the Triune Head of the Christian faith. Gregory, with all his superstition, understood human nature on its weaker side.

Let us look now at the ecclesiastical position of Gregory in regard to the government of the Church. Gregory was less of a Pope than Leo, but more of a priest. He was less strenuous about the power of his Papal seat than for its comfort and order. He loved to talk about the Church and to tell its blessing, but was not so jealous to contend for it. He was proud of its unity, and yet delighted to recognize this unity as a regular building with four side-walls, as he called the four great patriarchates. He disclaimed for himself all titles of authority or honor, and did not like to have him obey his orders, but rather yield to his suggestion. He writes to the Patriarch of Alexandria: "In rank you are my brother, in virtues my father. Why then do you say that I command you and address me as the universal Pope. I do not find my honor in allowing my brethren to relinquish theirs. My honor is that of the whole Church. And when any one receives his fitting dignity, then am I truly honored. When you call me the universal Pope, you separate my dignity from the rest, and prevent me from being universal. Away with these empty words, which nourish vanity, and outrage love." Instead of Pope, he would have them call him, "Servant of Servants."

Yet Gregory was not willing to make compromise of the rights of his place. He felt himself to be by this the first among equals. His was the front wall of the building,

and he never consented to any assumptions from the other quarters. He held to the regular pyramid of order which Leo had finally fixed, and was as truly a defender of Peter's supremacy as any Pope. He differed from Leo in the breadth of his view. Leo's doctrine was that anything that the Pope commanded must be obeyed, because he was the head of the Church, and had its authority. Gregory, on the contrary, thought that the Church was the infallible arbiter, and the Pope only through the Church. Leo believed that the Pope might dictate to Councils. Gregory held that Councils should dictate to the Pope. So too in regard to the State. He would keep the Church separate from the civil Power. It was in his eyes not a government, so much as a means of moral and religious culture and salvation. He maintained its order rather for the efficacy than the strength which this would give. His idea had in it more of the Gothic splendor and mystery, exciting devotion, Leo's more of Grecian massiveness, exciting awe and submission. The one strove to make the Church powerful, the other to make it attractive. The art of the one was that of the ruler, the art of the other that of the priest. Leo loved to subdue and reign, Gregory to charm and captivate.

And the contrast between them then is strikingly shown in their different regard for all that pertained to the personal dignity of the Pope. "It has been usual," writes Gregory, to his vicar in Sicily, "for the bishops to come to Rome on the anniversary of the Pope's consecration. Let a stop be put to that. I have no pleasure in such vain and foolish display. If they wish to come to Rome, let it be on the Feast-day of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, by whose grace they are ministers of God." Leo welcomed and rejoiced in personal honors as adding to the dignity of his station. Gregory would have none of them; rejected presents of every kind; and sometimes, when gifts of value were sent back to him, would sell them and send back the price to the donor, or, if he were not known, would give this for some charitable purpose. He had no love of showy robes for ordinary wear, though he loved to have them sufficiently splendid at the celebration of the Holy Feast.

Though Gregory lived one hundred and fifty years later than Leo, his ecclesiastical position and assumption were not really so high as that of the great Pope. He did not, in fact, interest himself so much in what pertained to himself and his office as in what pertained to the Church and its influence upon the world. He had more interest in spreading the Church abroad than in concentrating it at home, and he was always on the watch to see what could be done at the outposts. In pursuance of his early design, he sent, instead of an army, a peaceful company of forty monks to the distant isle of Britain. And he gained through them, in less than two years, a more signal victory than Cæsar had ever been able to accomplish. The king of Kent and two thousand of his Saxon followers embraced the Gospel. To appreciate the satisfaction of Gregory and the difficulty of the work, we may remember that the relation of Britain to the rest of the world was something as that of the South Sea Islanders to us now.

Gregory too kept an eye to the purity of doctrine and discipline among the priesthood. He was tolerant towards incorrigible heretics, but he would not have any heretics among the priests or the monks. He commended, as he practised before them the virtues of an ascetic life. And especially was he eminent in the virtues of charity and almsgiving. In his time the revenues of the Church and of the Pope had reached a vast sum. Thousands of legacies had been left for pious purposes, and the faithful without number who had embraced a monastic life, had yielded up their possessions to the Vicar of God. Most of these revenues were faithfully applied to religious purposes, and apart from the amount required for the ritual, vast sums were expended in giving to the poor and sick and friendless the necessaries of life. Every day, at the appointed hour, came crowds of mendicants to receive their stipend; and it was a sad, though beautiful sight to see matrons and virgins, and men too of noble descent, whom the calamities of the times had ruined, thronging to the palace which had been built by their ancestors' gifts to receive from a holy hand these gifts again. On the four great festivals of the year, abundant largesses were made. The accounts of these resemble the lavish expenses of a Roman triumph or a royal coronation.

To manage this distribution required great practical talent, and this Gregory had in an eminent degree. He was an admirable farmer of revenues, and, under his management, there was no loss of any interest. Though he gained no wealth for himself, he took care of the wealth of the Church. He did not disdain to care for the small things as well as the great. Modern Popes have boasted that they owned and could exact tribute from kingdoms. Gregory did not disdain to look after farms and stores and houses. And while he gave corn and wine to the poor, he got rents from many tenants among the rich. This is the reverse side of his superstitious character. The same man who could send to the Empress a piece of the sacred linen which had touched the bones of Peter, as if its holy alchemy would create in the hearts of all who beheld it the fine gold of the spirit, knew also how to make his farms yield their increase, and to coin the gold which perisheth out of his earthly possessions. I have observed that to be true of the fanatics and the credulous generally.

But the most important influence of Gregory was that which he had upon the ritual and the music of the Church. His superstitious tendency led him to make very much of symbols. And while he forbade the worship of these, he heartily commended their use. He would have the Sanctuary well-adorned; and he loved that imposing service which seemed to cast a spiritual awe, and trembling wonder upon the senses of believers. He loved anything that would increase the objects and the strength of faith. Gregory may be said to be truly the Father of the Catholic mass. This stood in his view in the same relation to the ordinary prayers and services that the Pope did, in the view of Leo, to ordinary priests or bishops. It was the crowning act of devotion.

Before the time of Gregory, the services of the temple were divided variously among the choir, the congregation, and the priests. But he systematized the whole, and ordered just how much should be done by each party, and what portions, how much spoken, how much sung, where they should kneel, where rise, and where be prostrate. The share of the people, small at the beginning, soon became smaller by the introduction of double choirs,

which took all the parts assigned to the people, so that they had nothing left to do but to change their position. They could not even say "amen," and could only kneel their assent.

The Liturgical service which Gregory gave to the Church continued to be the standard for many centuries. In the eleventh century it was substantially the form in the Churches of Italy, Germany, England, France and Spain. And his care extended too to the order of the mass on the festival days as well as Sundays. Each day of Holy Week had its appropriate service. Gregory however did not make this liturgy obligatory on the different churches, but left them free to modify it in particulars, if they would only retain its essential features.

To church music Gregory rendered the most important and lasting service. He marks the second epoch in the history of this branch of art. The music at the time of Ambrose admitted only four tones, what are now called the first, second, third and fifth, and was merely a succession of changes on these four tones. Of course, the number of combinations of these were small, and the tunes had a great and not very musical sameness. No doubt there was real music which brought in other tones, for it is not to be supposed that the vocal organs of men then could make the various sounds in the compass of a human voice less naturally than now. But the science of written church music extended only to these four tones. The familiar tune called Peterboro' in our books is probably a very lively specimen of the Ambrosian chant. The music was not by notes, but by figures, and the only variety of time is that which the rhythm of the song seems to suggest. A long syllable would be sung in twice the time of a short one. And the system altogether was something like the reading of the Hebrews, in which there was no vowel, but every man formed the vowel sound according to the position of the consonants in each word. We would probably think it somewhat of a penance to hear a few hymns in this stinted measure of tone. But this was no doubt a great treat in the day when there was no more to be had.

The chant which Gregory introduced in the Church

though less melodious than the Ambrosian, had the higher element of a full harmony. He completed the octave, and of course immensely increased the number of combinations. By writing too the notes with separate characters and not by numbers, he made music independent of the poetry or rhythm of the Church song, and they could apply it to prose as well as to poetry. To separate too sacred music from profane, in which there was then as there always will be, great lightness and constant variety, Gregory had all the chants written in notes of equal length. This sometimes had a curious effect when they were called to sing songs of praise, anthems and hallelujahs. These might easily have been mistaken for burial songs. But Gregory had not a very nice ear, and he loved to recognize in every service a difference between the songs of the sanctuary and those of the theatre or the street. This chant of equal notes had at least great dignity and solemnity, and checked every irreverent feeling. Unless it had some real power within it, it would not have kept its place so long in the worship of the Church. It has been conjectured that these notes of equal length were made so for the sake of imitating the natural simplicity of the speech of men, since originally all words consisted of one short syllable. The Hebrew for instance, contains hardly a word that cannot be reduced to three radical letters. If there are ten letters in a Hebrew word and you can guess out the three original letters and find their meaning, you will find the meaning of the whole word. This music of the Gregorian chant too has a highly comprehensive character. It not only seeks to imitate the early speech of men, but it adapts itself to the progress of speech and culture. Being independent of rhythm, it can be applied to any poetry, and by a slight change in arrangement made to suit any language. It will fall in best with old Latin words that were joined to it in the liturgy, and some parts of it now are used with these in the Catholic churches. But the soft Italian, the guttural German, and even our grating English will accept its measured flow. You will find in our Books of Tunes, especially in the older books, several that are arranged from the old Gregorian chant. Some of these are very

familiar and are used in all conference meetings, — such tunes as Hamburg, Shawmut, Olmutz, Milan and Ghent. And many of the tunes attributed to Martin Luther are borrowed by him from this majestic original.

Gregory did not confine his musical improvements to changes in the science. He also made many and important changes in the practice. He established at Rome the first singing school of which we have any record in Christian history. And this was not on the small scale of such establishments in our day, but was rather a great university of music, from which the directors and performers in choirs all over the Western Church were graduated. This singing school, though the earliest, and coming up at a time when the most barbarous customs prevailed in regard to a discipline of the voice, adopted only natural methods. It would be interesting to dwell on the form of instruction within it, but very little has been left us in regard to this.

Gregory however had restrictions as to admission into this school. He would not have any priests or deacons in it. He said that their business was to preach and pray and help the poor, and that others could do the singing. He would not have either any of bad character in his school or in his choirs. He desired that a soft voice for the sacred office should go accompanied with a righteous life, and that the spiritual singer, while fascinating the people with his tones, should charm God by his virtues. Lamentably did the Church in later days fall off from his example.

Gregory, like Ambrose, enriched the church with hymns of his own writing, as well as with chants and music. There are eight hymns remaining which are ascribed to him. Six of these are written in the regular rhyming style of ecclesiastical Latin, but the other two in the genuine Sapphic and Adonian stanza of the old Latin poets. They are all adapted to some peculiar festival of the Church. The most beautiful is the Hymn to the Supper.

1. — O Sovereign Lord of Majesty!
O Saviour Christ, — we call on thee!
Thine ear in pity opened be!
Thine eye our penitence to see!

2.—We pray by thy redeeming cross,
Thy boundless love, that bore such loss,
Thy bleeding wounds whose crimson flow,
Did cleanse the flood of Adam's woe.

3.—Thy glorious way was with the stars,
Yet wearest thou here the dust and scars,
Did'st share our anguish, dare our strife,
To leave to man Eternal Life.

4.—The dying world in darkness lay,
Thy death its darkness warned away,
From shame and sorrow man didst save,
For sin the full Atonement gave.

5.—They nailed thee to the fatal tree,
They heard thy cry of agony.
Earth shook, and midnight veiled the sun,
The last redeeming work was done.

6.—Now gloriously in light on high
Thou wear'st the robe of victory.
While we thy cross and victory sing,
Send down thy spirit, Christ our King.

It is impossible to render this hymn into a spirited version on account of the sameness of sentiment in each stanza. We will try the short morning song, which has more vivacity.

1.—We wake to praise at the early call,
We hail with rapture the breaking light,
And sing of the care which has kept us all
Through the fearful night.

2.—The peace of the saints in their heavenly home,
The purer joys of the land of the blest,
May we share on earth, till at last we come
To eternal rest.

3.—Let the Father and Son, and the Holy Ghost,
Mysterious Three, whose grace faileth never,
Unite our souls to the heavenly host
Now and forever.

We need not dwell long upon the characteristics of Gregory. He is one of those personages whose greatness and eminence we admit, yet in whom we feel there is something wanting; one of those whose characters run in a narrow stream, though in that channel they are deep

and rapid. We have for such a character a mingled feeling of pity and admiration. We respect its moral excellence while we compassionate its intellectual defect. In heart, purpose, and life, Gregory was one of the purest men who ever sat upon the Papal throne. He was humane, charitable, and disinterested. And yet he gave his sanction to practices, and introduced customs into the Church which corrupted it beyond all measure. He was a heavenly-minded prelate, yet he borrowed all the arts of the world for his devotion. Those who did not know the man, but judged him only by his schemes and operations would set him down as a cunning, ambitious, and unscrupulous ruler. Those who were his friends forgot wholly his methods and his works, in the beauty of his life and the sincerity of his piety. The Roman priesthood saw in him only an humble monk. The patriarch of Constantinople feared in him a haughty rival and master.

Gregory had been an invalid his life long. And his Pontificate, which he assumed at the mature age of fifty, was not destined to be of great duration. On the twelfth of March, 604, the day on which Catholics keep his festival, he expired, after having filled the Papal Chair thirteen years, six months and ten days. No miracles attended his death and he passed away as quietly as if he were a common man. But he left a blessed memory. And the title of the Great, which he earned during his life, was added to his name when no new mortal honor could adorn it. We can form a fair idea of his personal appearance from the rare relic of a family portrait, in which he is represented with his father and mother, and which was preserved for several centuries in the monastery of St. Andrew. It is valuable as a specimen of the painting of that epoch. It represents Gregory as a tall, lank figure, with long features, a bald crown, high forehead, and hooked nose; altogether, as one biographer remarks, an imposing personage. The remains of Gregory rest in the Vatican, and his relics, such as his cloak, his girdle and other things, which belonged to him, were kept many years after his death by the faithful, and did some marvelous works. His bed and cloak are still kept in the Lateran. So says his Catholic biographer. For Gregory, like Augustine and Cyprian,

was fortunate enough to have a Boswell in an admiring deacon, who has preserved all the traditions about him.

The writings of Gregory, though less numerous, and far less valuable than those of the other great Fathers of the Church, are the most numerous that any Pope has given to the world. He left a great many sermons and some commentaries. His exposition of Job is in sixty-five books. He treats it as an allegory. There are forty homilies upon the Gospels and twenty-two upon the Epistles. Of his great work on the Pastoral Care, we have spoken already. It was translated into Latin and Greek, and it was made afterward a duty of the bishops to read it as part of their necessary training. In his four books of Dialogues, which show his weak side, Gregory gives an account of all the miracles and absurd stories about the fathers which had come to his knowledge. Then there are fourteen books of letters, 810 in the whole, arranged by Gregory himself in chronological order, to persons of all ranks and classes, — emperors, kings, bishops, abbots, priests, deacons, nobles, generals, senators, judges, pious damsels, and respectable matrons, and even to slaves. And lastly there is the Sacramentaria and Antiphonaria, in which the whole revised order of the Church Liturgy and music is contained. This is a gigantic work; and it gave rise to Gibbon's sneer that the abridged service of the Catholic Church by Gregory, contains 880 folio pages, while the Lord's Prayer contains only half a dozen lines.

The style of Gregory is barbarous, and stands on the limit of the brazen age of Latin literature. He knew nothing about Greek, and hated the classics. As for Hebrew, no one knew anything about that in his time. He prized his own writings at a low rate, and always objected to their being used as text-books in the Church. But they were, nevertheless, and they still exert favorable influence. It was a sad falling off from the smooth periods of Augustine to the homely and crude sentences of Gregory. And henceforth until the time of the schoolmen, the monkish Latin became an unintelligible jargon.

The influence of Gregory upon the Church is thus summed up by a German writer: "Gregory, the moral

Reformer of his time, stands at the end of the ancient Church which culminated at the time of Leo in its outward form. Gregory brought together and arranged all that the Latin Church had given him in dogma, order and life, and completed this and prepared it for the future by establishing its cultus and form of worship. This is his positive influence. But he thus opened the way for the new Church by bringing the German nations into this form, and thus the key-stone of the ancient structure became the corner-stone of a new and world-wide spiritual empire."

It is a singular fact that he was the last Pope who has been made a Saint.

V.

MOHAMMED AND HIS RELIGION.

ARABIA has been called the cradle of the human race. And this is true, not merely as a historical fact, but morally and spiritually. Somewhere within its ancient borders the tradition of all the Western world has placed the primitive Eden. All the finest legends of infancy cluster there. The most touching narratives, sacred or profane, to the curious imagination of childhood belong to the Arabian land. The earliest associations of beauty and mystery, of luxury, wildness or terror, of wickedness and piety, of skill and inspiration, all centre there. The recollections of our early days are strangely grouped around this singular land. We think of it as Arabia the Happy, where the air is fragrant with aloes, and myrrh, and frankincense, and every grove is a Paradise full of sweet waters, and of singing birds and laden boughs; or as Arabia the Rocky, where God appears in his majesty, and there are gloomy caverns and rushing torrents, and awful thunderings; where Seir, and Hor, and Sinai, and Horeb, and Pisgah lift their frowning summits; or as Arabia the Desert, where the laden camel and the long caravan plod on their silent march over the hot sand, and the blast of death is whirling, and there is no water, nor food, nor path, nor hope. The genii, too, and fairies, the mystic lamps, the precious diamonds and pearls, the enchanted cities of our early days, — the things which we were wont to dream over, belong to this land. The spiritual proverbs, the images of splendor, of loveliness, of faith, and of patience all belong there. There the Queen of Sheba reigned. There the patriarchs gathered their clans, there Job suffered and disputed, there Moses wandered with his people, there God communicated with men, and gave upon the mountain his eternal commandments.

Arabia is the cradle of the race, because it has joined to it those associations which are supernatural and spiritual in their character, — because it is a poetical land and supplies visions and fancies to that faculty of the soul which never grows old. We feel all the vivacity and buoyancy of childhood when we go back to its literature and legends. Even the long waste of the Koran, the Bible of Arabia, dry and dreary as its desert, does not prevent the childish fancies which crowd in our minds as we wander on through its pages. There is a freshness in the very thought of the land. It is in exact contrast with that sepulchral region on the other shore of the Red Sea, where even Nature seems decrepit, and all is old and solemn and death-like, where we think of life and religion as among the tombs, and not in the gardens. No enthusiastic description of the beauty of the Nile around Thebes can make the idea of that place anything but desert, and melancholy, and still; it is the ruins that we see. No account of the desert around Mecca, no description of its annoyances, its brackish pools and its filthy streets, can make it seem any thing else but bright, and new, and beautiful. You feel at Thebes, if there are spirits they are watching and weeping in marble silence, like Niobe in her woe. You feel at Mecca that the spirits are exulting and joyous, like Nourmahal and the Peri.

In the permanent character of their institutions, in their preservation of the most ancient type of the pastoral life, in their love for literature and the arts, and in the eclectic character of their idolatry, the Arabs bear a strong resemblance to the Chinese. It is singular that on each corner of the great Asiatic Continent, should be found a people wholly uninfluenced by the civilizing influences of other nations. Arabian customs and laws are anterior to all authentic history. The habits of the Bedouin of the Desert are the same now as in the days of Abraham and the Patriarchs. The characteristic virtues are the same. The stranger who may be plundered and slain to-morrow will be served to-day and loaded with gifts from the same hand. Their wealth, their pleasures, their ambition, are all just what they were when Job was an Arab emir. Even their faith, though its name was changed with the

rise of God's new prophet, of whom we shall presently speak, retained many of its most ancient features. Its sacred places, seasons, services, and tenets are still preserved; and the Mussulman of to-day worships in the same way and on the same spot to which Arab pilgrims journeyed before Christ was born. Mecca, as a Holy City, is at least as old as Jerusalem. And the sacred well, Zemzem, was sung by poets before the voice of music had celebrated the gentle flow of Siloa's brook. The unconquered tribes there continued to go up yearly to their temple, when the children of Israel were prostrated and scattered; and they could boast that none of their holy vessels became the spoil of a foreign foe. The people were invincible, and nature had made their fortresses secure. The victorious army of Augustus melted away when it invaded the land of the Arab.

We need not go here into an analysis of the Arabian character. The Koran is the best guide to this, since Mohammed was wise enough to frame his directions according to the fixed tendencies of his nation. The religion of Islamism, unlike that of Judaism, was an uttering of customs and laws, already long established. Moses proclaimed a new law. But Mohammed only uttered and condensed laws that for thousands of years had silently bound the people, adding what of good he could find in Judaism and Christianity. His work was no inspired original creation.

At the time of Mohammed's appearing, the Arabs were still substantially idolaters, and their religion must be classed with other Pagan superstitions. Yet their idolatry was of an elevated and poetic cast. It made gods of the stars and the sun, and rejected things carved by man's device. Guided by these steady and mysterious deities, the Arab had learned to traverse his vast plains of barren sand, and he was cheered by their beams on the lonely mountain-top. They were fitting and natural objects of his worship. And though as Mecca became celebrated, grosser kinds of idolatry found place within the sacred precincts of the temple, still this first worship of the celestial bodies remained the substantial type of the Arabian Paganism, and the black stone survived all the

other ornaments of the Caaba, from the belief that this had miraculously fallen from heaven. Mohammed might break the other idols of his people, but could not abolish this. The Moslem of to-day kisses it with the same reverence as the Hashemites when Mohammed was unborn. This refined idolatry, however, did not prevent the grossest practices. The lives of men were sacrificed to propitiate the stars. But the breaking up of the Eastern nations by Grecian and Roman conquests drove the fugitives of many lands into the free and hospitable territory of Arabia. The Magi of Persia brought the Sabian worship, which agreed quite nearly with the idolatry of the native tribes. The Jews, driven in numbers from Palestine by the fall of their country and their temple, found an asylum in the land which had sheltered their fathers, and in process of time engrafted many of their religious practices upon the Arabian ritual. The Christians, too, had their missionaries there, and had made large numbers of converts. The Christian sacred books were read in the beautiful Arab tongue, and the Christian proselytes were the most zealous if they were not the most numerous of all the Arab sectaries. In the western region, no man of culture, whatever his faith, could fail to be without some knowledge of Christianity. It has been a question much discussed whether Mohammed were a Christian before he declared his new religion. But it is certain that he was acquainted with Christianity and its principles.

The Christianity of Arabia, however, was never in very good repute with the Catholic Church. The romantic spirit of that region made it the fruitful mother of heresies. There were plenty of sects, and some of them held to extraordinary tenets. One denied the immortality of the soul. Another worshipped the Virgin Mary as God, and made her the third person in the Trinity. And we cannot wonder that where such absurdities were rife, a zealot like Mohammed should try to improve upon the religion that authorized them. Where there were so many sects and so many religions, and where all seemed to be a mixture of truth and falsehood it was natural that some man of genius should try to construct a new order out of the confusion.

The tribe of Koreish had long been the chief of the Arabian clans. They were the hereditary possessors of Mecca, and were equally remarkable for their valor in battle, their skill in judgment, and their fidelity in religion. One of this tribe, Hashem, obtained the charge of the Caaba, or temple, and became thereby the spiritual Lord of all Arabia. The renown of Hashem was eclipsed by that of his son, Abdel Motalleb, whose prowess and uprightness were bountifully rewarded in a life of one hundred and ten years, and a family of thirteen sons and six daughters. The eldest of these sons, Abdallah, is sung by Arabian poets as fairest of all their young men; and on the night of his marriage two hundred damsels are said to have died in despair. The wife that Abdallah chose was of the same noble origin as himself. And in the birth of their only son the lordship and romance of the nation seemed all to be centered. Without recounting the prodigies that piety has attached to this birth, we need not wonder that it was classed as a special Providence. For the death of Justinian had just freed the tribes from the fear of any new Roman invasion, and the Abyssinians had been repulsed effectually from their impious invasion of the sacred city. If the Christian seems to find that the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem of Judea, of the royal line of David, was in the fullness of time, so the Moslem finds in the birth of Mohammed in Mecca of Arabia, of the princely tribe of Koreish, a special divine appointment. This birth was about the year A. D. 570.

Of the many prodigies related of Mohammed's infancy, one deserves to be recorded, — that two angels took the child from his nurse's arms, and tearing out his heart squeezed from it the black drop, which is the cause of all sinful desires and the seat of sin, and thus made him like Jesus and the Virgin Mary, who alone of all mortals were born without the black drop. The heart was restored again, pure. But we may find cause to think that the whole of the drop was not pressed out.

The parents and grandfather of Mohammed died while he was in infancy, and left him to the especial charge of his eldest uncle, Abu Taleb. By this man he was brought up with great care, and allowed many privileges. His

uncle was a merchant and made journeys to Egypt, and Persia, and Syria, for the sale of his wares. On these journeys Mohammed learned more than the tricks of trade and the customs of the people. He was constantly gaining an insight into the faith of these various nations. At the age of fourteen he took part in the war of the Koreishites, which was reckoned infamous, because waged in an unlawful month. This shows that he was not taught to be over-strict in his religious observances. Not much is authentic in his history until his marriage with Kadijah, a rich widow of two husbands, who first took him under her patronage, and then made him her master. The twenty years difference in their ages did not stand much in his way. He became by the connection too rich and important to be troubled by scandals; and he found in Kadijah all that his heart could desire. For thirteen years he led a quiet, domestic life, broken occasionally by some days of rioting, but in the main decent, industrious and comfortable. He sacrificed to the gods, while he became familiar with the views of the Jews and Christians. And, as his uncle seemed obstinately determined to live, his own course seemed likely to pass without special distinction. But he was ambitious, and if he could not be a ruler, he determined to be a prophet.

At the age of thirty-eight the first indication of this new dignity appeared. In Mount Hara, near Mecca, was a cave, to which Mohammed was accustomed constantly to resort. Here, piece by piece, the Koran was composed. The prophet himself could not read or write. But the tradition is that a Persian Jew and a Nestorian Monk were the amanuenses who recorded the revelations as they fell. It was a common scandal that these men were the authors of many of his precepts. But Mohammed was a man of too much power, knowledge and eloquence, to need any more than mechanical assistance. He should have the honor of being the author of his work.

At the age of forty-three Mohammed came forward with his new claim. He declared that there was but one God, and that he was the prophet of that God. It was a novel proposition and one not likely to be taken up enthusiastically by that stationary race. His first convert

was his wife. He had easy work with her, for her love aided his argument. The Arabian annalist adds a miracle to the process. But it is quite as likely that Kadijah may have been moved by the mention of the honorable place she was about to have in the sacred record as one of the four perfect women. The next convert was his cousin Ali, an enthusiastic, hair-brained young man, who received the hand of Fatima when she was but nine years old,—another of the four perfect women. The third was Taid, a slave, to whom the prophet gave his freedom. By conversation and persuasion, in the course of three years he had gained over some eight or ten of the noble youths of Mecca. But it was very slow work. There was no enthusiasm kindled by the new doctrine, and the pilgrims to Mecca had no thought that a prophet was there.

During this period the revelations were secretly multiplying and the Koran was increasing. But at last the prophet got tired of this slow progress and began openly to proclaim his mission. At a banquet which he gave to his relatives he treated them to very simple food, but to a sermon on the new plan. He made fair promises if they would become his disciples. When no one answered, his cousin Ali began to threaten, which first made them laugh and afterwards made them angry. From that time forward the new gospel, which had before been ridiculous, now became obnoxious. Each new convert increased the rage and hatred of the tribe; and when Omar, the most eminent of their young men, and a former rival of Mohammed, gave in his adhesion the war broke out, the party of Mohammed were banished, and he himself was obliged to be very circumspect. So the thing continued for ten years. The new prophet had in that time converted a few of the leading men, most of his own family, had extorted a confession from his dying uncle, and had lost his most valuable auxiliary in the death of his wife Kadijah. He now began to take a more popular course. He mingled with the pilgrims in the sacred festivals. He inflamed their imagination by his promises of sensual delights. He flattered their prejudices by praising their scrupulous piety, and showing that the new system retained the ancient customs. He practised, too, the conspicuous virtues,

and made them see that he was a saint, if they suspected that he was a fanatic. He made his prime doctrines simple, while he allowed mystical rites, appealing thus at once to the sense and to the credulity of his hearers. And his persuasions were not without effect. Some who heard him carried away the report of his wisdom and sanctity, and he began to have apostles.

To supply the loss of his first companion, who left to him her fortune, Mohammed took to himself two young wives from noble families. This circumstance was not likely to increase his general popularity or his domestic comfort, though the two wives got along very well together. The favorite was extremely young, being only seven years old. But the downfall of Mohammed in Mecca was mainly prepared by his fantastic relation of a journey into and through heaven, which he took one night about the twelfth year of his mission, with the angel Gabriel. This extraordinary journey is variously related by the different chronicles, some contenting themselves with a modest abstract of his interview with Adam and the Patriarchs, with Jesus and John, — others giving minute descriptions of the seven heavens as Mohammed saw them. The chief wonder of the first heaven seems to have been an enormous cock, that crowed so loud every morning as to be heard by all creatures on earth except men and fairies. The second heaven was of gold, the third of diamonds, the fourth of emeralds, the fifth of adamant, the sixth of carbuncle, and the seventh of celestial light. In all these heavens were holy men and angels of enormous height. The seventh heaven was all full of angels grouped around Jesus. One of them was remarkably gifted, with a vocal power defying all calculation ;— for he had seventy thousand heads, and in each head seventy thousand mouths, and in each mouth seventy thousand tongues, and to each tongue seventy thousand distinct voices, and each voice was eternally praising God. One would think that other angels in such a company as this would be superfluous. The crowning grace of the journey, however, was in the private interview that Mohammed had with God, — who showed him his destined seat in heaven, and gave him for the formula of his religion, God is one, and Mohammed is his prophet,

The various absurdities of this narrative were so glaring that some of the prophet's judicious friends advised him to keep it to himself. But he felt moved to declare it in open company, and some rather puzzling questions were asked him about it. One in particular, as to the temple of Jerusalem, troubled him, since in the first place, the questioner had been there, and in the second, Mohammed had represented the night of his visit as extremely dark. But he got out of the dilemma by the assistance of the angel Gabriel, who favored him with an extempore plan of the temple.

This kind of blasphemy, and a league which he formed with some converts from another tribe, finally determined the people to assassinate him. A number were banded together in pursuit of him, agreeing to divide the crime. He discovered the plot and made his escape by night, exchanging garments with Ali, his son-in-law, so that when his pursuers saw his green vest through the crevice of the door they felt sure of him and relaxed their scrutiny. He had close work however in escaping. Three days he was hidden in a cave which escaped his enemies search, because a spider had spun across its mouth and a pigeon had laid two eggs there, showing that it could not have been entered. He reached at last Yathreb, or Medina, was hospitably entertained there and became a resident until his death. His flight is the era from which dates the history of the Mussulman faith. As Christians reckon it was on Friday, the 16th of July, A. D. 622. But the Moslem of to-day dates not in the nineteenth century of our Lord, but in the year 1248 of the Hegira. Medina henceforth has shared the holiness of Mecca, and is coupled with it when the first is mentioned. There Mohammed found the people more docile, and converts far more abundant.

Thus far the mission of Mohammed had been a peaceful one. He had used only the means of argument and persuasion, in a different way certainly from Jesus of Nazareth, but still without any application of force. But he found that this apostolic method did not make converts fast enough, and his influence at Medina determined him to propagate his faith as well as gratify his revenge, by the

argument of the sword. He organized his disciples into an army, and sent out bands sometimes to plunder caravans and sometimes to battle with the idolaters. The first performance seemed to be justified by the promise that the faithful should possess all the good things of this life; the other by the fearful woes which the Koran denounced upon infidelity. The valor of the Moslems, or the favors of God and the aid of angels, as Mohammed preferred to call it, gained them the first battle, and the men of Mecca were slaughtered and captured in numbers. One of their poets composed an elegy on the occasion. During the whole engagement Mohammed was praying in his house.

In the ten years of Mohammed's life after the hegira, he was in a constant turmoil of wars, intrigues, and outrages, none of which were very remarkable for their religious earnestness. Now he fought with the Jews, whom he so bitterly hated that he ordered the faithful to turn to Mecca in prayer instead of Jerusalem, which had before been the place to which they looked, and was so laid down in the Koran. Now he made forays into the distant tribes of happy Arabia, bringing back from each spoil enough and a wife or two, while he left his religion behind as a blessed exchange. The alternative was Islamism or death. It was the most convenient way and saved a great many words. Time would fail us to review even all these skirmishes, and plots, and pitched battles, which appear ridiculously petty to those who are accustomed to the details of warfare in other nations.

For the first few years the success was not all on one side. The Koreishites were brave and shrewd, and the Mussulmen met with some severe repulses. But they were obstinate and had God on their side, and were in the main successful. In the sixth year of the hegira, Mohammed felt strong enough to proclaim himself at once king and chief priest, and to add a temporal rule to his divine sovereignty. He was inaugurated under a tree, and he built a pulpit in his mosque to preach from, from which he promulgated both his law and his gospel. After this, he set himself resolutely to conquer Mecca, and though several times repulsed and turned aside, in the eighth year of the hegira obtained his wish and dictated

his terms as king to the city from which he had been forced to flee for his life. They had an easy release. Only a few suffered from their hostility and the change of worship which the conqueror required was very slight. He set them the example by performing the circuit of the Caaba, and reverently kissing the black stone. The conquest of Mecca was the triumph of his religion in Arabia. The various tribes vied with each other in embracing Islamism. And the army with which the prophet went out to convert or to exterminate those who continued obstinate exceeded thirty thousand men. Envoys began to come in from the east and the west to offer congratulations. Poets sang their panegyrics. The Roman emperor deigned to answer with some valuable presents, the polite invitation of the Arabian prophet to embrace his faith. The Egyptian viceroy sent him two young maidens while he considered the proposal. Even from Persia and Abyssinia favorable messages came. And a master-stroke of policy was in commanding that the gates of the Caaba should be closed on pain of death to all but genuine Mussulmen.

In the last year of Mohammed's life he made a grand pilgrimage from Medina to Mecca. In his train were one hundred thousand of his enthusiastic disciples. All along the way the people flocked to meet him. It was a triumphal progress. The ceremonies in the temple are minutely described, — how he went seven times round the Caaba, — how he prayed all the night, — how he sacrificed sixty-three camels and freed sixty-three slaves, to correspond with his age at the time, — how he drank seven times of the well Temsem, and prayed on Mount Araba on the ninth day, the mountain where Adam and Eve met after a parting of one hundred and twenty years. All these and more you may find in the chronicle of Abalfeda.

It was the common belief of the converts that their prophet could not die; and there was great consternation when in the eleventh year of the hegira on the 8th of June, 632, A. D., the sickness of thirteen days brought the Holy One of God to the tomb, as if he were a common man. Some who had read the New Testament's

account expected a resurrection. But the wise were turned aside from their doubts about the reality of his death by disputes about his place of burial. This was finally decided in favor of Medina, and was accomplished with great pomp and ceremony in a grave under his private chamber. Mohammed died without fear or regret. He saw his mission accomplished, his religion triumphant, he had enjoyed enough of life, and had already a large foretaste of the Paradise which he believed awaited him. The angel of death requested permission through Gabriel to enter; which was granted, and the prophet died.

It has long been a mooted question whether Mohammed was a fanatic or an imposter. And the discussion is about as doubtful in its issue as that concerning the sincerity of Oliver Cromwell. It is easy for the zealous Christian to argue that the contriver of so many absurdities and falsehoods must have been a hypocrite, but Moslem authorities will not look at the matter in such a light. Those who demand a good moral character according to the Christian standard, as presumptive evidence of religious sincerity, will not be gratified in the case of Mohammed. He was unquestionably a sensualist in his private life, and though not cruel or tyrannical, was fond of power and determined to have his own way. He was ambitious and rapacious, a true Arab in his perseverance and his vindictiveness. We must take with great allowance the glowing account of his virtues which his friends have left, and we need not receive as the perfect proof of his humility, the fact that he mended his own clothes and shoes. Many a proud man has done that, without any abatement of his pride. His physical structure, his thick neck, his hooked nose, his monstrous head, and the whole form of his features indicate more vigor than gentleness, more obstinacy than spirituality. He was no doubt very much such a man as Oliver Cromwell, in whom enthusiasm and ambition were mingled in about equal proportions. He was one of those whose passions argue to them, whose inclinations become to them as truths. That he might have been from the beginning sincere in believing his own religion divine, is reasonable enough, since it was a decided advance, both morally and spiritually, upon the religions at that time

existing around him. Impostors of that stamp usually become sincere, if they are not so at the beginning. And each new convert that they make confirms their delusion. It is very doubtful at first if Mohammed thought of the temporal power which he afterwards gained or of becoming at all a soldier. He was probably sincere in his intention of religious reform, though he thought it expedient and comfortable in accomplishing this to secure an honorable place at the head of this reform. It was the disappointment and persecution which he met with which developed the bad traits of his character and made him an assassin and plunderer, as well as a prophet. The hereditary guardian of the temple might well devise a purer system of worship. But the Arabian fugitive could not forgive or forget that he had been insulted and hated for his disinterested zeal.

But it is of small importance to us Christians to settle precisely what was the motive or character of Mohammed. Certain it is that his imposture has not shared the common fate of impostures. Whatever the man, there must have been some reality in that religion that could make in ten years the conquest of so vast a country, and could bring such tribes of men as the free and obstinate Arabs into its almost unanimous support. Large bodies of men cannot be compelled so rapidly into the support of a gigantic falsehood. And if we look at the Moslem faith in its relation to the character and institutions of the Oriental nations we may see that it is a natural faith to arise and grow there.

The religion of Mohammed is properly called Islamism, meaning the devotion of oneself to God. It is contained in the Koran, or book, a word derived from the Arabic verb karaa, to read, meaning the thing which ought to be read. This term Koran, is indifferently applied to the whole or to a part of the revelations of Mohammed. The syllable Al, sometimes prefixed to the word, is merely the article, the. The whole book is divided into one hundred and fourteen portions or chapters, of very unequal length, some of them in a single paragraph, some of them as long as the books of the Bible. The chapters are not distinguished by the number, but by their title, which is taken either

from the subject which they treat of, or from some remarkable person or thing mentioned in them. They mention the place also in which they are revealed, whether Mecca or Medina, or both. The larger portion were revealed at Mecca. All the copies of the Koran are not alike. There are various readings in great numbers as of the Bible. There are seven principal editions. In these the numbering of the verses is different. But they all contain the same number of words and of letters. The Arabians had the same fondness with the Jews for cabalistic interpretations. They count 323,015 letters in all, and some of them have gone so far as to frame a concordance of the letters and to chronicle the exact number of times that each is used.

Besides this unequal division into chapters and verses, there is an equal division and sub-division into portions for the purposes of prayer and the temple service, as was the case with the Jewish Law. These were in some cases so arranged that the whole Koran should be read over in each chapel every day. Some of the chapters begin with peculiar marks, which are the signs of special sanctity. Thus the second begins with A. S. M.

The style of the Koran is pure and beautiful to the last degree, and it is one of the proofs of his inspiration to which Mohammed confidently appealed. He maintained that only God's prophet could have composed a work which the first poets of the most poetical nation of earth gave up as beyond their rivalry. In fact, the Koran is a sort of prose poem. The close of the chapters is rhythmical, and the whole flow is highly musical. It is full of metaphor and imagery and bold and extravagant flights. It has no resemblance to the modesty of the Christian Scriptures. Mohammed writes like one who is conscious of doing some great thing. God is his helper, more than he is the instrument of God.

It would be impossible at the close of this lecture, or even in a whole lecture, to give you a full idea of the contents of the Koran, or to make any close or just analysis. I can only indicate the leading views and characteristics without quoting any passages. As we read the book in English, all the extraordinary beauties of its style in the

original are lost in its dreary and stupid monotony. Very few Christian readers would have patience to toil through those one hundred and fourteen revelations. And if the Christian practice of rewarding children for reading in order the sacred pages prevails in Moslem lands, the largest piece of gold will be fully earned by the child who shall have achieved the Koran through all its chapters.

Islam, or the religion of the Koran, is divided into two distinct portions. Iman, or faith, and Din, or practice. There is one fundamental point of faith and four of practice. So we see that the five points of religion were not an original idea with our Calvinistic ancestors.

The fundamental doctrine of the Koran is the *unity of God.* This is taught throughout the book in its strictness and simplicity. It is this which Mohammed declared that he, in common with all true prophets, was sent especially to teach. Abraham and Moses, and Jesus, all were sent to remind men of it, but since their revelations were but partially received and had been greatly corrupted, Mohammed was sent as the final messenger to declare it explicitly to all people. The Sabians had the doctrine, but it was only the confused worship of a vast planetary system. The Jews had the doctrine, but their excessive reverence for Jehovah's name, and their reliance on their priestly mediators, tended to destroy for them its effect and its integrity. The Christians had the doctrine, but they had transformed it into the incomprehensible idea of a Trinity in Unity. Mohammed restored the primitive view, and laid down his fundamental article that there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.

Under this general head six specific views are included. First, Belief in God. Second, In his angels, of which there are three classes, — the good, the bad, and the genii, who are intermediate between the two. The four principal angels were Gabriel, Michael, Azrael, and Israfil. This doctrine concerning angels was partly borrowed from the Persians and partly from the Jews. Third, Belief in the Scriptures. By this term they reckon one hundred and four books, all of which must be believed, but one hundred of which are wholly lost, ten given to Adam, fifty to Seth, thirty to Enoch, and ten to Abraham. The

other four given successively to Moses, David, Jesus and Mohammed are the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel and the Koran. Three of these are so much corrupted and altered that no credit should be given to any copy in the hands of Jews or Christians. It is probable that the Mohammedans possessed some imperfect copies of the Pentateuch and the Gospels. But the perfection of the Koran, which, according to Mohammed, was to be miraculously guarded from corruption, made it unnecessary to search any other Scriptures. They were content like the majority of Christians now to take their Biblical faith on trust. Mohammed had a very convenient way of getting over the contradictory passages of the Koran by his law of abrogation. A later passage abrogated an earlier, as in our laws. This law of abrogation is of three kinds. First, of both the letter and the sense; second, of the letter without the sense, and third, of the sense without the letter.

The fourth specification of doctrine is belief in the prophets. Of these Mohammed numbers upwards of one and some say two hundred thousand. Three hundred and thirteen of these were special Apostles, and six of these Apostles, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed were the founders of the new dispensations. There were these three degrees of honor, but all the prophets were held to be sound in doctrine and pure in life, and all to teach substantially one religion. Mohammed maintained that his mission had been abundantly prophesied. Upon the fifth article, the belief in a general resurrection and a future judgment, the Koran is very full. Mohammed held that immediately after death a special commission of angels examines the departed in his tomb, in a sitting posture; and that, according to their decision, Azrael, the angel of death, proceeds to separate the soul from the body with greater or less violence, according to the excellence of the person. The souls of the prophets enter at once into Paradise. The souls of the martyrs undergo a sort of delightful purgatory in the crops of the birds that eat of the fruits and drink of the waters of paradise. As to the souls of common believers, nobody knows exactly where they are.

They may be lingering round their tombs or they may be flying about in the shape of birds, or they may be hidden in the waters of the holy well Zemzem. At any rate, they shall hereafter be joined with their risen bodies, and summoned to Paradise. The chief descriptions of the Koran are of the signs of this resurrection and the nature of this great reward. There are eight lesser and seventeen greater signs, some of them borrowed from the Christian Scriptures, and some of them very fantastic; one, for instance, being the decay of faith, another the darkening of the moon, another the coming of Jesus, and so on.

The day of judgment finally comes with three blasts of the trumpet by the angel Israfil, the blast of terror, of annihilation, and of resurrection. The Angel Gabriel holds the gigantic balance trembling over hell and heaven. And the good and the wicked are sent each to their own place. There are seven heavens and seven hells, and a limbo for those whose sins and virtues are equally balanced. All infidels are in hell, the Christians in the third, the hypocrites in the seventh. All believers are in heaven, the perfect in Paradise, the seventh heaven, just under the throne of God. Good Christian writers hold that the crowning blasphemy of the Moslem faith is in the account which it gives of the heavenly state and the enjoyments of Paradise, — of its eating and drinking, and its black-eyed houris. But many of these descriptions are borrowed verbatim from the Jewish Scriptures, and all may be found in the celestial ideas of other religions. Sensual, as was Mohammed's idea of Paradise, it was not wholly sensual. It had in it the element of progress, and one of its promised joys was the sight of the face of God. Yet there is no doubt that the chief impression that it gave to his disciples was one of absolute voluptuousness. It is singular that wine, which Mohammed strictly prohibited on earth, should have formed one of the chief pleasures of heaven. It is sometimes said that the Mohammedan religion denies to women any souls. But portions of hell are largely supplied with them, and some are admitted into heaven. I might go largely into the details of Mohammed's view concerning the world beyond the grave. But the various ways in which it has been interpreted prove that though

full it was not perfectly clear. And it is not a view which would take much hold of or have much charm for a spiritually-minded man.

The sixth belief is in the predestination of God. This Mohammed held to be thorough, minute, and absolute, — that all a man's acts, and words, and thoughts, and fortune were fixed from all eternity. And he impressed this idea indelibly upon his system. The most striking characteristics of all Moslem nations to this day is their blind fatalism, their submission to destiny, their indifference to death, or calamity, believing all to be foreordained. Mohammed found this doctrine of great service in propagating his religion by the sword.

There are four points of practice or ceremonial religion in the Koran. The first is *prayer*. This is the chief of duties. It comes five times in a day. And even now every good Moslem is as punctual as ever to perform his devotions and will leave any work when he hears the voice of the muezzin calling from the tower. Prayer includes several elements, — washing, of which great account was made, — the Koran may almost be called the Gospel of cleanliness, — circumcision, a rite borrowed from the Jews, yet religiously observed, — modest apparel, and turning toward Mecca. Their mosques are so constructed that this can be done without mistake. The times are just before sunrise, just after noon, just before sunset, just before dark, and shortly after dark. The forms of prayer are given, and the practice of telling beads prevails, as in the Catholic Church. The second point of practice is alms-giving. This is of two kinds, legal and voluntary, — one a matter of compulsion, the other of choice. The compulsory alms were distributed to the poor or used in the service of the temple and in warfare. The Mohammedans, however, were fortunate in having no hierarchy to support, no order of lazy priests to pay. The duty of alms-giving was acknowledged by the hereditary customs of the people.

The third point of practice is *fasting*. This is of three kinds, — abstinence from eating, restraint of the senses, and restraint of the heart. The fasts were voluntary and regular. He was the holiest who had most of the former,

but all were expected to fast during the whole month Ramadan, which was the sacred season when the Koran was revealed. As this month was variable, sometimes the fast became very severe. It consisted of abstinence from all food and drink, and pleasure of every kind from sunrise to sunset of every one of the twenty-nine days.

The fourth article of practice is the pilgrimage to Mecca. This great act must be performed at least once in his life by every believer, or heaven will be shut against him. It was performed by some every year. It was an ancient custom of the people and was only continued by Mohammed. It was attended by many complicated and absurd ceremonies, by sacrifices and prayers without number, and sometimes by battle.

The prohibitions of the Koran are numerous and excellent. Wine, gambling, usury, divination, the exposure and murder of children and other abuses were strictly forbidden. Swine's flesh was made as unclean as to the Jew. And indeed many of Mohammed's restrictions are borrowed from the Jewish Law. Mussulmen do not always observe these restrictions. But still they form part of the religion. And it has been observed of Moslem countries that they are nearly free from gambling and intemperance, the double curse of the Christian civilization. Mohammed objects to chess,—not so much on account of the game as of the idolatrous influence of the little figures with which it is played.

The Koran was not only a body of religious precepts but also of civil statutes. It contains laws with regard to education, marriage, war and government, but want of time compels me to pass these by. They are not of much interest. We might speak also at length of the ritual of Islam,—of the various customs arising from the necessities of the new faith. And of the sects, too, almost as numerous as the Christian, who arose to divide the unity of the prophet's household. Islamism, though it may seem to us a gigantic imposture, had also its minor impostures, and its false prophets.

It would be interesting, too, to trace the conquests of the new religion out of Arabia, how it spread in the East and West, exterminating Christianity in one direction and

rivalling it in the other, — how it subdued the land of the Magi and established the romantic and powerful kingdom of the Caliphs, — how it settled in the Holy Land and built its mosque upon Mount Moriah, — how it seized the city of Constantine, and spurned the Christian dog from the harbor of the Golden Horn, — how it followed up the ancient Nile, and substituted another teaching for the tradition of Pharoah's, — how it overran the deserts of Libya, planted the crescent on the ruins of Carthage, — and built temples to Allah and his prophet by the pillars of Hercules and on the hills of Iberia. But this would lead us into too broad a field. It is not a historical sketch of the religion of Mohammed that we propose. We shall see enough of it when we consider the religious history of Spain and the wars of the Crusades. Our episode has already been long enough, perhaps you will think dry enough. But if you find this short sketch of the origin and character of the Koran fatiguing, you will find the book itself far more wearisome. One great drawback upon the happiness of Mohammed's Paradise must be the burden of reading the Koran there. He should have numbered it as penance and torment.

VI.

HILDEBRAND AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WE have already traced the internal organization of the Catholic Church from its small democratic beginnings to its complete and magnificent hierarchy. We have seen its singular order eliminated and developed, its form of doctrine written out in creeds and confirmed by councils, its rules of life settled by the authority of saints and the practice of centuries. We have seen it in conflict with heathenism and in conflict with heresy; how it exterminated the ancient Pagan, how it silenced the new blasphemer. We have watched it slowly recovering from the victorious Moslem its proper losses, and silently converting the barbarian that sought to destroy it. We have followed its missionaries in their martyr labors for church extension, and its scholars in their skillful plans for Church concentration. We have seen the Church contending with ignorance in the school, and with worldliness in the cloister, vanquishing the superstitious by its cathedral images and ritual, and employing the fanatic in its monastic discipline. We have gone on with the Catholic faith in its theological, its social, and its ecclesiastical march to power, have discovered its victory in doctrine, and discipline, and system. Its political contest now remains to be noticed. One victory more is needed to place it at the head of the nations, as well as of the faithful. The Church has fought with infidels, and heretics, and schismatics, and profligates; it has had its Justins, its Jeromes, its Leos, and its Benedicts; it has made the Latin creed, and the Latin liturgy, and the Latin canons, the laws of all the Roman or Teutonic nations; has brought churchmen and laymen near and far, to look up to Rome with reverence, the bishop to bow before its supremacy and the knight to own allegiance to its sanctity; it only remains to

contend with the State, and to raise its seat above that of Empires.

Special conflicts between the ecclesiastical and the civil powers had not been wanting in any age of Church history. From the time when Peter resisted at Jerusalem the rulers of Israel, to the time when Hildebrand announced his great formula of papal sway, the ministers of Christ had always been found to defy kings and principalities, and powers. Ambrose had humbled the Roman Emperor to the lowest stool of penitence. Leo had met Attila with successful menace, when the scourge of God came fresh from his plunder. Monarchs had been raised up and put down already by the word of priests. The threats of the cloister had brought trembling into the palace, and the anathemas of the Church had checked more than once the severe decrees of the king. In these special conflicts the religious power was generally sure to carry the day. But as the Church grew broader and more unwieldy, and the nations broke asunder from the old Roman Empire, the conflicts between it and the State became less frequent, policy took the place of principle, and it aimed to use the vices of kings instead of denouncing them. It found the alliance of the greater sovereigns of weight in confirming its power within itself. It was glad to keep the State upon its side in its warfare against heresy and schism. It needed the strong arm of soldier kings to sustain its Papal decrees. And when Charlemagne received, in the year 800, the crown of the Western Empire from the hands of the Pope, it is probable that he felt himself to be less the vassal than the patron of that spiritual despot. He dictated to rather than listened to the successor of Peter, and the reluctant Head of the Church was obliged to accept as substantial orthodoxy the politic decisions of a Frankish conqueror. The successors of Charlemagne paid apparent homage to the Papal seat. But its decrees and its authority were set at naught by their continual practice.

It was in the latter half of the eleventh century that this royal indifference to the papal edicts had reached its height. In the bold enterprises and sanguinary struggles of that epoch, the mediation of Rome was not asked, and

its remonstrance was not heeded. William the Norman asked for no papal blessing, and feared no papal curse in his savage warfare upon the Saxons. The mountain knights of Spain were guided by other motives than Catholic zeal in driving back the Saracens from the homes of their fathers. The indolent sovereign of France murmured quite audibly at the exactions of religion and justified the refusal of his nobles to contribute to the needless expenses of the Church. It had become a question with the Emperor of Germany, most powerful of all the princes, whether his protection of the Church was worth its trouble and its cost. For his consent had been tacitly required in the confirmation of papal elections, and had been needful to make valid the choice of bishops. And this indifference to the dictation of Rome, so evident upon the throne, was propagated downward to the secular lords of less degree. The knight felt that he could interfere in the choice of his bishop, and if he had a friend to whom he wished to give so lucrative a place, he gave it without fear, and without inquiring into the religious fitness of his candidate. The practice, called *investiture*, was general all over the Church. Its high officers were chosen by the influence of the secular power and from men of the world, without regard to their sanctity, and without their being compelled to pass the toilsome steps of the religious order. A bishop of the eleventh century was not of necessity a religious man. His capacity to fight was more esteemed than his gift in prayer, and he was expected to be more a boon companion than a spiritual guide. He who could drink longest at the evening wassail and could bring into the field the most armed retainers, was deemed by king and noble most fit as shepherd of souls.

And this dependence of the bishop and priest upon the feudal lord had given rise throughout France and Germany to the sin of *simony*. This singular sin, which has played for centuries such a part in Roman Catholic discipline and development, and which to this day has a secret but extensive working, derived its name from Simon the Sorcerer, who offered the Apostles money to impart to him the gift of the Holy Ghost. It consisted in the purchase of spiritual privileges and ecclesiastical holdings. But when

it became a custom for the king or knight to appoint his religious rulers, then came in a competition for the favor of the king or knight. If these needed money they had only to put up to sale their spiritual offices; and the highest bidder was installed accordingly vicar of God. The secular lord gained the means for his schemes of conquest or pleasure in the contributions of his spiritual vassals. A judicious bribe became the prelate's talisman to favor and entrance fee to power. And when the higher offices became venal, the inferior offices became venal with them. The corrupt bishop who bought his own honor had no scruple in receiving back from his priesthood what he had given to his lord. And ultimately this issued in the system of profitable absolutions, and he who paid most roundly for it, secured the easiest salvation for his soul. This venality of Church offices was greatly aggravated by the fears of the tenth century, when the near end of the earth drove such multitudes of the warlike and the profligate to the friendly shelter of the Church. It demoralized the clergy, lowered the standard of fitness, and made the ability to pay of more consideration than a heart renewed to God. It changed the Church from a censor of vice and crime to a partisan and tributary in all kinds of worldliness. The Church was expected to furnish, not rebukes, but subsidies to wickedness. The rulers of the State looked not for its condemnation, but for its contributions.

And this dependence of the Church upon the State was still further increased by the violations of the law of celibacy, which were not only justified but encouraged by the civil power. It is difficult to discover in the history of the Church when the custom of celibacy was reckoned essential to priestly holiness. From the very earliest time Paul had had, among the more devout, imitators in his practical abstinence from marriage, and his theory was praised by many who had not the self-denial to practice it. The influence of the monastic spirit confirmed the Pauline prejudice. When Jerome in the fourth century uttered his sarcasm upon the married ministers at the altar, he spoke the general sentiment of the Church. In the councils of the fifth century it was made a canon that he who could say

the mass must be free from all indulgence of fleshly lusts, and have no family cares to distract him from a single devotion to the Church and God. The Church was to be to him without a metaphor, his bride and spouse. The Canticles and the Apocalpyse interpreted his religious duty. But a canon of this kind could not hinder the natural instincts of men. The domestic was an earlier state than the monastic, and based more truly on human nature. And when the priest preferred the experience of comfort to the reputation of sanctity, and felt himself to be shielded by the favor of some secular protector, he entered readily into the bonds which the Church denounced as impure. In many parts of the empire the faithful were compelled to witness the daily scandal of the incarnate bread and wine in the impure hands of a man vowed to fleshly connections. If the marriage of the bishop would bring influence in its train, would bring the friends and funds of the bride, the noble was glad to encourage it. And the influence of the double connection became a motive in the choice of bishops. The married candidates had usually the largest facilities for bribery. Men of families applied for places in the Church to get rid of military duty. And it was churlish and cruel in them to leave their wives behind. Those who went into the Church from motives of policy would be troubled by no conscientious scruples, and they had no idea of suddenly becoming monks. But the reliance of the married priesthood was upon the State. The Church never looked upon the offence with approval or indifference. It saw in these domestic ties not only a violation of the Christian rule of purity, but what was worse, a weakening of the single attachment to the central power of the Church, a division of duties not wholesome to higher ecclesiastic interests. Remonstrances, loud and bitter, against the growing abuse were not wanting. Devotees from the cloister, and popes from the hall of spiritual dominion, protested and threatened. But in numberless instances priests were found willing to preserve their marriage bonds in this world at the risk of damnation in the next. If they put away their wives it was from motives of policy and not for conscience sake.

These abuses were already of long standing at the middle of the eleventh century. But they had not been viewed with indifference in those places where the traditions of early Christian purity were still kept alive. In many a Benedictine convent were prayers offered in the secret cell that God would restore again the lost estate of the Spirit to his worldly and subjugated Church. In many a pious heart did the wickedness of the priesthood revive the fear of a new destruction like that which fell upon Israel. But in one famous abbey there was a soul to contrive the restoration as well as a heart to lament the sin. In the cloisters of Clugny was conceived the plan of a new Roman Empire, to which kings should bow, and nations bring tribute, whose authority should be from God, and in which spiritual and not natural succession should be the order, which should jointly hold the sceptre of all earthly dominion, and the keys of all heavenly possessions.

The name of Hildebrand the Tuscan had already become famous as the sign of a sanctity at once austere and unwearied, before it was associated with genius, ambition, and consummate and skillful daring. The Abbot of Clugny was looked up to with wonder as the model monk of a degenerate age. But his destiny was higher than that of a simple convent ruler. And Providence soon brought in his way the means of fulfilling the tendencies of his nature and the plans of his soul. The ardent Catholic had long been disgusted by the arrogance of worldly powers, and shamed at the voluntary baseness of those who should be servants of God alone. He had seen with indignation creatures of the Emperor set in the Papal chair, and the office of holy Peter given over to bargain and vassalage. But he made no rash complaint, and waited the time which he foresaw was speedily approaching. He knew his strength, but he would not waste it. From youth till the middle age was reached he watched in his convent and prepared himself by the experience there for the burden of a harder rule.

In the year 1048, Bruno, Bishop of Toul, in Germany, was chosen by the Emperor Henry III, to the vacant chair of the Papacy. As he journeyed towards Rome in splendid attire, and with a gorgeous retinue, he found the gates

of the Abbey of Clugny opened wide for his hospitable reception and he entered there in lordly state, with the bearing of a prince. But when he left on his succeeding way it was in humble gray vesture, as a penitent without attendants, with bare feet, and in the garb of a pilgrim. For Hildebrand had shown him that the chief of the Church must be called by God and not chosen by the king, and that humility was a better preparation than pride for the office he was about to take. The adviser went up with the pilgrim bishop to the Holy City, and there the shouts that welcomed Pope Leo IX, as the sent of God to an afflicted people, were more a tribute to the skill of Hildebrand than to the humility of his companion. The Abbot did not return to his convent, but stayed in Rome as a Cardinal and a priest, and became the adviser of the Papal government, as he had been the counsellor in the Papal election.

The first period of Hildebrand's power and activity lasted precisely twenty-five years. In that time he had seen five popes raised to Peter's seat, and all of them by his omnipotent hand. He had drawn off bishops from their allegiance to the Empire; as legate of the Church he had visited and judged the quarrels of the temporal and spiritual power; and everywhere had gained the fame of a supernatural endowment. Men said that he could read the characters of all on whom his eyes might chance to fall; that he could exorcise Satan from the heart of the offender, and could detect in the look of the culprit all sin against the Church. His warlike plans were supposed to be aided by legions of angels, and men fell down before his frowning look and confessed their guilt. No subordinate priest had ever exercised such power. At his instance a council solemnly decreed that henceforward the College of Cardinals alone should choose the head of Christiandom, that on one side the Roman people were to resign forever their ancient right to choose their own bishop, and on the other the Emperor was to have no voice in the affair. The decree of that council still remains in force, and at the next election of Pope it was put in force when the nominee of the Empire was set aside, and Alexander II was chosen by Hildebrand and the Cardinals. Blood

was shed on both sides before it could be settled which should be fixed as vicar of God. But the favor of heaven went with Alexander and his advisers. The twenty-five years which Hildebrand spent as the virtual minister of the Papal dominion was only a preparation for his more exalted office.

In these years Hildebrand had successively ascended the several steps of Cardinal, Deacon, Archdeacon, Legate and Chancellor of the Church of Rome. Already more than once the Apostolic crown had been proffered to him, and he had put it aside. But now his time had come, and it was in the great Church of the Lateran, as the requiem died away over Alexander's body, that the shout of the multitude proclaimed as by a Divine voice that the former monk of Clugny was the Vicar of Christ upon earth. Scarcely had the shouts died away when the choice of the Cardinals was announced to have fallen upon the same illustrious person. There was the usual amount of apparent humility. The gestures of Hildebrand from the pulpit seemed to shun so momentuous a trust, but his voice was drowned in the acclamations. The mitre was put upon his reluctant head, and when the sad pageant that had entered for a burial-service came out again it was to show Gregory VII, clad in his gorgeous Pontifical robes to an exultant people. Never had Pontiff been announced whom the suffrages of all admitted to be more natively fit for his station. His genius, his purity, his courage, his far-sighted wisdom, his single devotion to the cause of the Church even his enemies confessed. Not suddenly or by any usurpation could they reproach him with having secured the magnificent prize. But his life, already well prolonged, seemed a providential preparation for the place and for the place at that hour. No choice more obnoxious to the Emperor could have been made. He knew that the modest priest who solicited his approval of the trust which misfortune rather than desire, had compelled him to take, was in reality his most dangerous foe. But he dared not protest against such a choice. And the world heard with wonder and the Church with joy that Henry IV, of Germany, had approved the choice of a Pope whose whole soul was devoted to humble the Imperial power.

Before proceeding to relate the decisive struggle between the Pope and the Empire, let us glance at the political condition of the German world, and the character of its principal ruler. The Emperor Henry III, at his dying, had left his infant son, the heir to the crown, to the guardianship of a mother too pious to be wise, and too pure to escape calumny. Her confidence was abused by priests and her credulity was despised by nobles. The flatteries of her ghostly advisers were not less pernicious than the outrages of her insolent courtiers who felt it an insult that a woman should sway the sceptre of the Cæsars. It did not suit the plans of either party that the young prince should be brought up under such gentle and pure influences. Two powerful archbishops joined with two powerful dukes to separate the child from his mother, and to secure for themselves the spoils of his minority and the corruption of his growing years. It was at a boating party on the Rhine that the boy of twelve years was kidnapped by the strategem of this holy alliance, and severed from his natural protector. Their lessons to him of debauchery, treachery, and cruelty, during his luxurious captivity he faithfully learned, but he learned to hate the teachers and remember their crime toward him. They were glad to escape the dark return which they saw approaching by transferring the charge of their royal pupil to Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, the Wolsey of the eleventh century.

The life and spirit of this famous prelate has all the romantic interest of the life of him who made the vices of the English Henry the ministers of his own ambition. A great English writer has drawn his singular portrait, a composite of piety and profligacy, of learning and buffoonery, of wit, and vanity, and intrigue, of military renown, and political skill, which had hardly a rival in his age, yet fond to absurdity of the emptiest titles and the vainest flatteries. The education of a king in the hands of such a man would prepare him for any career but that of a wise and prudent sovereign. He would learn the art of tyrannizing more than the principles of ruling. And Henry speedily showed by his wanton insults to the patriotic and religious sentiments of his people and his

utter indifference to private rights, in what school he had been trained. The grossest vices became not merely his practice but his boast. The wife that policy rather than affection had joined to him he treated brutally. And not all the influence of his handsome person and his liberal indulgence to every kind of vice could prevent the oppressed citizens and the insulted Christians from following him with curses loud and deep. The curses were heard at Rome, and the successor of the Cæsars was startled by a summons from the dying Alexander to appear in person at the Papal judgment to answer to the grave offences charged against him. Only faint traditions of a distant time recorded a demand so daring and so preposterous. Henry was keen enough to detect the master-spirit in so bold an act. And when he heard that the ambitious Hildebrand sat in Peter's seat, he knew that the time had come for decisive contest. He knew that in the impending strife between himself and his rebellious vassals he must either submit to Rome or be crushed, that he could dictate no longer to the Holy See, but must find from this either protection or enmity. The first as repulsive to his pride, as the last disastrous to his fortune. He affected to treat with contempt the Papal summons, but he trembled when he knew that the jealous eyes of the new Pontiff were watching his intrigues, and the listening ear was open to every tale of corruption. The first acts of Gregory told the Emperor that the time of compromise and bribery was over.

Scarcely a month had passed from his accession as Pope when, at the suggestion of Gregory, a council was called at the Lateran to consider the serious and wide-spread profanation of a married priesthood. The deliberations were short, the action was prompt, positive, and rigorous. The decree went out that no sacred office should be celebrated by any one bound in wedlock, and that wives must be sternly and forever repudiated by those who would stand at the altar. The decree was executed. The anathemas of Rome became the terrible weapon of fanatic monks in their denunciations. The lament of the sufferers proved unavailing. Gregory had no ear for any petitions. He wanted no words of remonstrance, but only deeds of

submission. It seemed merely a measure of priestly reform, but it was in reality a blow aimed at the Imperial power. For it was the first step towards purging the Church of men who were merely retainers of the State. It was the married priesthood that fed the vice of simony, and purchased of the ruler his good-will and protection. And Henry saw that when this most glaring abuse was overthrown, warfare upon the rest could not be far behind. The decree of the Lateran became a law to the Church. Henceforth no choice lay open to the aspirant for holy orders. The servant of the Church ceased to know the meaning of home, and became a voluntary stranger to the strongest of all earthly ties. For eight hundred years now he who has been the depository of family secrets and the counsellor of the wife and husband, of young men and maidens in their most tender relations, has been sternly debarred from the experience of the joys and trials he has had confided to his ear. In his household no children have been angels to sport there, while living, and hover there when dead, and woman has been a menial only, and not a companion. Severed from family ties the priest had only his single duty to the Church and its orders.

This first work of daring innovation accomplished, Gregory turned his attention next to the venality and corruption of his priesthood. His legates went out into the various Catholic States to investigate the titles by which sacred offices were held, and to dictate to knights and sovereigns what should be their just relation to the Church of God. The rulers of barbaric States were amazed to learn that they were merely viceroys of the Rome that their ancestors had ravaged, and that they were expected to give homage to the power from which once the tribute had been gathered. The people of France were informed that every house in the realm, from king to peasant, owed its penny to Peter, and that the priest should not buy from the prince, but should receive from the flock for the service of the Lord. It became the pleasing duty of the Papal messengers to administer oaths of allegiance to those who had exacted priestly tributes, and the king's son of Russia found it expedient in his visit to Rome to declare that he should hold his vast paternal realm under

the protection of the Holy Church. The bishops learned that their contributions must no longer take a secular direction, that they were stewards merely of sacred revenues, and were to render the account only to him who was authorized to sanction their calling. Those whose elections were clearly corrupt were removed to make way for humbler men from the cloister, whose poverty and zeal were alike devoted to the service of the Catholic power. But the transfer of unconditional allegiance to the See of Rome was usually sufficient to allow the warlike ecclesiastic to keep his unsuitable place. Gregory foresaw that there was work to be done yet in the field as well as the cabinet. And the military habit of his priests was not entirely without value in his eyes. His aim was not so much to make the Church spiritual as to make it Catholic, and he was willing to employ the arms of the world if the issue should be in the glory of God.

It was a critical time for the Emperor. He saw himself placed between two fires, each rapidly advancing and gaining strength in their rush. On one side were his rebellious vassals, desperate under his multiplied outrages and oppressions, and ready to throw off a yoke as shameful and hateful as it was tyrannical and heavy. On the other, the stern, inexorable ambition of Rome, that looked steadily upon its end, and no human power could turn aside. On one side, revolt, on the other, the Gorgon eye of spiritual despotism. One or the other of these forces must be made his friend, else his destruction was inevitable. He chose that which would save his power, though it might humble his pride. But the choice was not made until he had been reduced to the last extremity, until his army had been defeated in repeated battles, and himself forced to flee by night from the castle in which he was beleagured. The fugitive then coveted the favor of the spiritual despots. He made fair promises to the Pope, which were repaid by gracious words and assurances of pardon and love. He gave some substantial offerings to the Pope which were not so well repaid. Milan, the Cathedral city of Northern Italy, where the sacred memory of Ambrose still lingered after the convulsions of seven centuries, was surrendered over to the Papal Charge, and distinct acknowledgments

of submission to the Holy See were volunteered. The vague and doubtful language of the Pope might be variously interpreted to the advantage of the Emperor or his foes. It was no more than a declaration of non-intervention, and though the loyal citizens of the Rhine provinces understood it to justify their defence of the hereditary Sovereign, the Saxon insurgents with their newly chosen Emperor, found in it no command to lay down their arms or to submit to continued tyranny. The Pope had gained a city and a State and had humbled his rival, but he sent no force into the field against Otho and his rebel hordes.

The mortified Emperor found himself soon a second time at the mercy of his rebellious subjects, with the additional element of his vassalage to a man that he hated. While he was forced to promise to the Saxon chiefs that their rights should be restored and the exactions of his soldiers no longer molest them, he was compelled to renounce all right to the election of priests or bishops, and to dismiss from his Court all who had obtained through simony ecclesiastical office. The eccentric bishop of Bremen was suspended from his See, and neither the shafts of his wit, nor the ebullitions of his rage, could move the stern determination of the Most Catholic Head of the Church. While the Emperor waited his time and meditated plans of sure revenge, the Pope improved his time to prepare for the fortune of the Emperor's defeat or victory.

On two great occasions in the year 1075, was the *Te Deum laudamus* solemnly sung; at Worms, on the Rhine, the most loyal and most religious of cities, when to the arms of Henry and his allies, the insurgents had finally yielded and the bloody field of their recent conflict had been signally avenged; and at Rome, when the second great Council of Gregory, the Pope had solemnly decreed that all spiritual authority resided with him who sat in the chair of Peter, that his was the sole power to establish dignities, and that no secular lord of whatever state or honor had any right to create or invest the servant of God. In the one instance, the solemn chant was only a service that the fortune of the next year might annul. In

the other, it announced an act of sovereignty that no wrath or rebellion could put back again. For the first time the edict of the magnates of the Church was recorded that it should have sway upon all principalities and powers, and that it was divinely commissioned to bind and loose in the policies of nations as well as the private salvation of men. The mass was sung, the record was made and committed to the Father of Christendom to use as he saw fit. In the hands of Hildebrand such an authority could not lie idle. The occasion for its use was near, and hardly had the winter of the year begun before the self-indulgent Emperor of the West was startled from his dream of revenge and new spoiliation by a summons to appear at Rome and show cause why he should not be excommunicated and deposed for so many crimes committed against the laws of God and the rights of the Church. Never since the sacrifice of Calvary, had so daring a command been uttered by a Christian priest. The world shuddered with fear and horror. The Church looked on with admiring awe. The great forces of the centuries. fully charged, had now reached their critical point. The thunderbolt, crashing fell, and its rolling echo filled with amazement the East and the West, arrested the Norman in his ravages, and startled the indolent Frank. No ruler was safe when such a summons might stop him in his course.

But the amazement of this act of unprecedented daring was changed into horror at a still more sacrilegious attempt, when it was announced to the Church that an impious hand had sought to kill the High Priest of God, on the very birth-night of the Saviour of Men, and at the very moment of the sacred celebration, that the Pontiff of Christendom had been assaulted at the altar, his sacred blood shed upon the vestments of his office, his person outraged, bound with cords, and dragged to captivity in his own castle. The heroic women who bound up his wounds, and the brave men who rescued him became suddenly Providential angels in the eyes of the faithful, and the Church far and wide, rang with praises to God for his timely deliverance, and muttered its curses upon the impious king whose weak vengeance, it was not doubted, had instigated so great a crime. The sympathy of the world was turned

to the side which God seemed to protect, and the calm assurance with which the outraged Pontiff proceeded to solemn Christmas rites gave evidence that he was guided by an Almighty Power.

The summons of Gregory to the Emperor to appear at Rome was answered by the vote of a Diet which the Emperor convened at Worms. After enumerating a multitude of scandalous charges against the Pope, the truest of which was baseness of birth, for Hildebrand was a carpenter's son, like his Divine Master, and the most infamous of which was that he worshipped the Devil, it was voted unanimously that no more allegiance was due to such a monster, that the oaths of obedience should be abjured, and that he should be deposed from the sacred seat which he had profaned. A long list of names were subscribed to this manifesto of Imperial defiance. Bishops who had been divorced from their wives, or deprived of their revenues, or subjected to mortifying penance, gladly signed this parchment of downfall to their oppressor. The names of knights and abbots, of prelates and profligates, were bound in a common league to overthrow this enemy of human rights and usurper of the Divine prerogative. An envoy was sent to Rome to bear this dark commission as the reply to Gregory's presumptuous demand. He reached the city in the midst of one of those majestic masses which had already become part of the solemn Lenten Fasts of the Church. Gregory was on his Pontifical throne, surrounded in the vast and splendid hall of the Vatican by the throng of priests and princes whom he had summoned to judge in the name of God the greatest of earthly kings. The sonorous mingling of choral voices was invoking the presence of the Most High in their deliberations. Since the memorable trial at Jerusalem some thousand years before, no such momentous judgment had been witnessed among men. It seemed to realize that predicted day when the great of the Earth should be arraigned before the bar of the final tribunal. In trembling wonder the assembled throng gazed upon that august being who seemed to wield before them the swift sentence of God.

The throne of St. Peter became now in its awful ma-

jesty as the very judgment-seat of the Eternal. All the authority of heaven and earth seemed embodied in that emaciated form and that flashing eye. The envoy entered. His manner was insolent, his words were few. He spoke to the Pope, that it was the will of the Emperor and the Italian and German bishops that he should descend from his usurped dignity. He spoke to the vast assembly that the Emperor commanded them at the approaching Whitsunday to receive a lawful spiritual father from his hands. "Your pretended Pope," said he, "is only a ravenous wolf." Amid the shouts of rage that greeted the audacious harangue, and the gleaming swords that were raised to smite down the intruder, Gregory descended from his throne, took the missives from the envoy's hand and then calmly read before them the sentence which the Imperial synods had pronounced. In words of eloquent persuasion he urged them to refrain from violence in the fulfilment of that duty which the fortune of the time and the Providence of God had imposed upon them. He implored, by significant gestures, the piety of the Catholic to endure the humiliation of the mother, for Agnes, the Empress, sat by his side. And then, when he had raised their feelings to the needful point of awe and filled their minds with majestic thoughts of duty to God, he proceeded to invoke with a voice clear and strong, and terrible as that of Michael the Archangel, "the holy Peter, prince of the Apostles, and Mary the Mother of God, and the blessed Paul and all the saints to bear witness, while for the honor and defence of Christ's Church, in the name of the Holy Trinity, by the power and authority of Peter," he interdicted to King Henry, son of Henry the Emperor, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy, absolving all Christians from their allegiance, and declaring him anathema, accursed, "that the nations may know and acknowledge that thou art Peter, and that upon this rock the Son of the living God hath built his Church and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

We might here rest our sketch of Gregory and his influence, since here the culminating point of Papal claims and Papal daring was reached. No step could be taken now but that which should seek to make war upon heaven

and to subjugate God. Now first in a way to alarm the nations and to exhibit the reality of Roman dominion was the promise of Christ to Peter claimed by his successor. In a thousand years from the time when the Galilean fisherman suffered death for setting forth strange gods to disturb the faith of the world, had the God that he declared announced his temporal kingdom and indicated his viceroy. Now the thrones of the world had become as the footstool of Christ. The millennial sovereignty was perfected, and the dream of monks for ages, the far-off prophecies of Jewish seers, the desire of all the holy, the songs of angels at Bethlehem, the ancient covenants with Moses, and Abraham, and Noah, seemed all fulfilled. Now the mountain of Jehovah was lifted in the top of the mountains, the city of Universal Empire was restored again, and the High Priest was the grand mediator between God and man. Now the Christian virtues seemed to have their sufficient work, the Beatitudes were interpreted, to the meek the earth was given, and the persecuted for righteousness' sake enjoyed the foretaste of their inheritance. Now the symbol of the lion and the lamb led together by the little child, was explained, and the highest meaning of the gift to cast out demons and possess the world was opened. Now the infallible truth and sanctity of the Holy Seat seemed to be vindicated, and no earthly power should presume to guide or to govern the decisions of Christ's Church upon earth. The declarations of all previous Councils sink into insignificance beside the grandeur of this one.

But we will follow yet a little farther the triumph of Gregory, and behold the sovereign of the world in deeper humiliation before his haughty rival. It was on his return from a marauding expedition into Saxony, flushed with the spoils and glory of vindictive pillage, that Henry learned the awful sentence which had gone out against him. He saw the loyal reverence of his people changed into suspicion and aversion. One by one the nobles that had sustained him fell away. His army dwindled to a body-guard. Friendship, and kindred, and gratitude, all seemed to wither before the curse of God. The impious bishops whom he suborned to utter their feeble excommu-

nication against the successor of Peter, were snatched away one by one by the speedy Divine judgments, as the people deemed them, and in an incredibly short period from the great Roman assembly, the Emperor of the West found himself shunned, despised, and forsaken, an alien in his father's house, and an apostate to all the faithful. A Diet was summoned to choose in his place an Emperor who should be worthy of human love and the divine blessing. It met at Tribur at the close of the year. From all parts of the land the call of Gregory summoned the princes to the solemn election. In vain did the desperate monarch sue for favor. His proposal to resign the actual and retain only the nominal dignity was treated as a cheat and a snare. And the decree went forth that if the twenty-third of February in the next year found Henry still without the pale of Catholic communion, another should be chosen to take his office. It was a decree to please the proud heart of the Pontiff, for now he might see not alone his own authority established, but also the humiliation of his enemy. He might not only launch the anathemas of the Church against the offending State, but might literally set his foot upon the neck of his rival.

Henry was but twenty-five years old when the sentence of this Diet consigned him to a brief exile at Spires, to enjoy for a few weeks the empty honor of an Imperial name, without soldiers, courtiers, or priests. The time was short. He knew that there was no hope for him if he stayed there, and he resolved, with a heroism worthy of his ancestry, to make a personal appeal to the stony heart of the merciless Pontiff. In the dead of winter, with no attendant but his faithful wife, faithful in spite of his insults and wickedness, and their infant child, scantily clad, he crossed the high ranges of the Alps, encountering the most fearful dangers, and suffering unheard-of hardships from cold, fatigue, and hunger, and the cruelty of those whose reverence for the Church had extinguished all compassion for the outcast. The short interval of hope and joy that the loyal greetings of his Italian States, where the Pope was equally hated and feared, was soon changed to darker despair as he heard that the Supreme Vicar of Christ refused to see him in any garb but that of the most lowly

penitence. His royal offers all were spurned. It was not for an accused man to make proposals, but to submit himself meekly to the Holy See. The Pope could not treat with so great an offender; he could only give him pardon and absolution if he should prove himself worthy of it.

It was at the fortress of Canossa, in the Apennines, belonging to the most Catholic, as well as the most learned and accomplished Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, that the Head of the Church waited for the complete enjoyment of his triumph. In the cold month of January when the streams were frozen and trees were bare, could be seen from the walls of the fortress, for three days a kneeling form with robe of thin white linen and naked feet, waiting at the gate, hungry and emaciated, waiting at the gate which did not open. Multitudes looked on and many hearts were moved, but none dared to protest, for they felt that this was not the cruelty of man, but the retribution of God. On the fourth day the penitent was admitted into the sacred presence. And now for the first time since the struggle began, did the majesty of earth and heaven meet face to face in their representatives. The tall and noble form of the youthful Henry was prostrate before the shrunken frame of the aged monk. Tears of agony and shame poured from the eyes of the one, the flash of triumph and vengeance gleamed from the eye of the other. Who may conceive the tumultuous emotions in that haughty soul as he beheld before the unarmed servant of Christ the head of all earthly potentates kneeling and praying? What exultation, as one by one, the penitent declared his consent to every act of aggression or insult that had come from the Church of God upon his crown, acknowledged his own baseness, consented to the complete supremacy of his Holy Father, to hold all goods and lands, and titles, at the bidding and pleasure of his spiritual master, to defend every papal claim, to obey every papal command, and to enforce by word, and by sword every papal decree! What grateful and malignant joy, when by a solemn and terrible oath, Henry and his friends as sponsors for him, bound themselves under penalty of forfeiture of right in this world and of salva-

tion in the next, to maintain forever obedience absolute and unconditional to the Catholic faith. What daring confidence as he offered to the reluctant and awe-stricken Emperor the sacred bread of sacrifice. Hear the narration of this act by an impartial biographer. "When the oaths of the assembled bishops and princes had been taken, the Pontiff gave to the Emperor his Apostolic blessing, and celebrated the mass. Then, beckoning him to the altar with his assistants, and holding in his hand the consecrated wafer, Gregory thus addressed him:

"For a long time have I received letters from you and your partisans, in which you accuse me of having usurped the Holy Seat by corruption and of having committed both before and since my installation, crimes which would have excluded me, according to the canons, from entrance to the sacred office. I might justify myself by the witness of those who have known me from childhood, and who chose me to this place. But to take away all scandal I turn to the judgment of God alone. Let this body of Jesus Christ the Lord, that now I eat, be proof of my innocence. Let the Almighty strike me dead now, if I am guilty of these crimes." He ate, and paused till the joyful cries of the throng had ceased. Then turning to Henry again, he thus went on, in a tone of sarcastic compassion: "My son, the German princes have never ceased to accuse you to me of crimes which they declare to render you unworthy not only of royal functions, but of religious communion and of social life. They demand your instant judgment. You know how uncertain are human judgments. Try now, after me, this divine decision. Take now this other portion of the sacred body of Christ, and prove here your innocence by eating it in this presence. Then will you remove all scandal from your name, will show that you have been calumniated, and will make of me and of God your ally." The king dared not meet such a trial. His audacity forsook him. He had just been by penance and fasting confessing his guilt and how should he invoke the witness of God to a lie. This was fit closing to such an extraordinary scene. The annals of the world furnish nothing more complete in the romance of its sublimity. Gregory might well as the sun went down that day, as his

long strife was thus so gloriously crowned, have used the words of aged Simeon, though in a different spirit, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

We may close at this point our sketch of Hildebrand and his influence in the Catholic Church, for here is accomplished that great work of spiritual subjugation of the temporal power, which the ages had been slowly preparing. The subsequent fortunes of Gregory and Henry, gradual reaction in favor of the royal penitent against the priestly despot, the shifts to which the Vicar of Christ was reduced to sustain his daring claim, the mingled heroism and misfortune of his later years, his flight from Rome, and his anguish at the pillage and ruin of that city by the Norman hordes, the dignity of his bearing in exile, and the firmness of his death, might all be incorporated into a narrative equally touching and instructive. Nor have we space here to draw the character of this greatest of all the Popes since Leo established the supremacy of Peter's seat above all patriarchs and bishops, or to show how far the elements of intrigue, fanaticism and ambition were mingled with his zeal for the service and authority of the Church of God. The talent, the sincerity, the energy, the piety of Hildebrand his bitterest enemies have never doubted. His was no vulgar or selfish ambition, and no nobler vision than that he longed to realize and establish, ever passed before priest or prophet. Many had dreams of the future glory of the Church. Hildebrand made it present. Many had prayed in cloisters and cathedrals that corruptions might cease to pollute the Christian altar. He took the fan in his hand and purged them away. His gigantic plan was wide as the circuit of his dominion. He brought the nations into harmony with the spiritual systems, and made the greater orbs of empires fulfill their orderly circuits with the lesser lights of the Church. He found the Church a satellite to the State; he left it in the centre. From him the second age of the Catholic power may be reckoned. Henceforth the strong Apostle becomes the Rock of the State as well as the Church, the minister of right among men as well as pardon from God.

VII.

ABELARD AND HIS AGE.

THE sympathies of the human heart go always with reform and progress. Conservatism may enthrall the reason of men, but it cannot captivate their deeper sentiments. We may admire the wisdom, we may respect the prudence, we may reverence the sanctity of him who would keep all things in their place, and preserve the old landmarks, but the soul within us goes with him who dares to prove all things. We may obey the priest in the temple, but we are quickened by the prophet in the market-place. For judgment and counsel we go to the men of statutes and precedents, who interpret the past, and defend the recognized faith. For inspiration and joy we go to the men who declare the future and open the long-neglected truth. We sit at the feet of Gamaliel, but we shout and weep, and burn with Paul. The conservative spirit cannot kindle enthusiasm. It is always calm and cool. Its excitements are forced and insincere. It uses the dialect sometimes of the heart, but it is secretly ashamed of borrowing what is not congenial to it. It belongs to logic, but not to intuition. It grows as an exotic in the soul, by diligent training; it will not spring up there. There are very few conservatives by nature. Men become so by contact with the world, by observation of its changes, by experience of its needs, by what reason proves to them. The radical changes to the conservative as the fire of youth dies out, and prudence comes in, in her homely and sober garb. And the sympathy which men of middle or declining life pretend to feel with conservative views comes from community of opinion more than community of soul. It is agreement more than it is union.

But with progress we have a secret sympathy, even where the judgment cannot approve. The heart of the world

justifies the reformer, even while its voice cries "crucify him." There is a thrill which the bold announcement of new truth gives that all the pictures of the past cannot awaken. He is our hero who leads us, not he who rules us. The general is always more popular than the statesman, as the experience of our land has abundantly proved. He who opens a new field of adventure, conquers new kingdoms, enlarges our borders, has a stronger hold on the popular heart than he who merely goes round and fences in and describes what we have. And this is just as true in the realm of thought as of action. The men whom the heart of the world canonizes are the men who have added by their genius, their valor, their conjecture, something to the world, who have told something new; such men as Faust, Galileo, Newton and Fulton; in a high sphere such men as Luther, George Fox, Swedenborg and Channing. These belong to the Pantheon of the race, and will live long after the relics of Catholic saints have ceased in their efficacy. The heart of the world goes so strongly with the reformer that it will pardon in him many defects, passion, prejudice, malice, even profligacy. It requires of the conservative that he shall have weight of character to atone for his want of zeal, that he shall show a life good enough to keep men where he stands, that he shall show in his own case the thing already attained to be sufficient for righteousness and honor. A wicked conservative goes down quickest of all men to oblivion. He has nothing to save him, to hold his life either to the reason or the love of the world. One age will darken and annul all his reputation. But the private sins of the reformer, which cloud his glory to-day are forgotten often as time goes on, and his bold prophecy comes true.

This general view is illustrated in the case of two eminent men of the twelfth century. There was everything in the life of Bernard to kindle a love for him personally. He was pure, zealous, and self-denying, a far holier man than his great rival, and yet we are conscious of a different feeling in reading the life of Abelard. There is more to lament, more to despise, yet more to inspire us. We feel that with all his misfortunes, this was the more successful;

with all his sins, this was the man more divinely taught. The life of Bernard was pure, but its direction was wrong. It tended to cruelty, darkness and stagnant faith. The life of Abelard had weakness and frailties, but its direction was onward. It tended to freedom, light, and living truth. The one was like the setting sun in a clear sky, making the wide earth beautiful with long crimson rays, but dropping into night; the other like the morning sun rising through clouds and mists, faintly seen at first, but breaking to create the day. We may tell all the story of one, with no apologetic tone. Yet we shall fail to arouse emotion in the hearts of the hearers. They will listen with interest; but will feel that there is something wanting. For the other we must apologize all along, yet his life cannot be rehearsed without giving him a place in our love. If I should not succeed now in awakening your sympathy for the name and work of Abelard it will be the fault of the description and not of the theme. If this short sketch of the prophet of reason prove dry to you, you can go to the romances that have been written around his name, and find the true fire in what the genius of modern France has done to vindicate his glory.

In the village of Pallet, in one of the Loire provinces of France, one notices an old stone cross in the centre of a deserted cemetery. On this spot stood in the time of Philip I, a conspicuous castle, inhabited by Berenger, one of the nobles of the Court. The man is known to us now by the fame of his eldest son. The place is memorable as the birth-place of Abelard in 1079. Quite different from the domestic training of Bernard was the education of the young Peter. To prepare him well for a warlike career, his father brought to him all the advantages of scholastic training that the age could furnish. The manuscripts and the masters of science and letters were alike opened to his desire. The boy speedily surprised his parents and his teachers. An insatiable thirst for knowledge revealed itself, a boundless capacity appeared. In a little while he found that he could learn no more by staying at home. He could vanquish the elders there in argument, and he had exhausted all their learning. He resolved to devote himself wholly to letters, to resign his baronial heritage, and

to travel as a knight errant of philosophy. Such an adventure was not new, but in his case it was attended with many strange experiences. In place of combats with the lance, would he hold with antagonists by the way-side combats with the tongue, and leave them fairly at their wits' end. All over the country he went, seeking out the most famous disputers, learning from them where they would teach him, wrangling with them where they would argue with him, and never yielding till he had vanquished them. Controversy was his delight, and no question was so intricate, so mystical, or so high, that he did not plunge into it. The problem of free grace or the Trinity did not frighten him more than some jesting proposal.

In this wandering life, the young Peter fell in with many of the most renowned doctors, among others with the famous Roscelin, the champion of Nominalism, who was silenced by a Council in the year 1092. The young student pronounced the arguments of the great doctor ridiculous, though he was influenced by his general views. At the age of twenty he came for the first time in his life to Paris. This city had already become the Athens of the Middle Ages, alike for the magnificence of its art and the literary fame of its schools and cloisters. The school of Our Lady was the central spot of science to the Western World. The youth from Britain, from Spain, and from Italy came there to learn the laws of mind and the rules of speech. The head of the school, who was also Archdeacon of Paris, had the double repute of being the best hand at the trencher and the most cunning master of logic that the Church, in which both these classes abounded, could furnish. Epicurus and Aristotle shared in his life the empire of Christ. His social qualities gracefully set off his intellectual gifts. To him and his school Peter turned as by natural instinct. Almost at once he became the favorite scholar. William saw in him a pupil who could understand, remember, and use the lessons which he received. His fellow-pupils too could not help admiring him while they envied. They were captivated by his beauty, they were dazzled by his flow of brilliant words, they were silenced by his rapid and subtle pleadings, and in a little time none remained to dispute with

him but the master. The contest did not frighten him, but the veteran was amazed to hear this stripling boldly questioning his doctrines and exposing before the crowd of students their weakness or falsehood. The friendship which he felt, was soon changed to jealousy and fear.

The division of studies in the Middle Ages was into the Trivium and the Quadrivium. The first which was authorized by the Church comprehended the three branches of Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic; the second, which was less popular, and to some quite forbidden, comprehended the four branches of Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Music. It was Peter's ambition to be master of all together, and while he attended the sessions of the canonical school and wrangled with William there, he took private lessons in the mathematics of a certain obscure but skillful teacher. He was not satisfied with his progress in this, and declared that nature had deprived him of the gift of computing numbers. It was a coarse joke which his teacher made about his superficial study, that gave him the surname of Abelard, which he ever afterwards bore. When his fame was established, this surname was derived from a French word meaning bee, and was taken as symbolical of his industry, sweetness, and power to sting.

Abelard could not rest long in the humble position of a learner. He longed to teach and to rule, and he proclaimed his purpose of establishing at Melun, a royal city, a rival school to that in Paris. In spite of jealousies and intrigues, in which his master was not ashamed to share, he carried his point, and at the age of twenty-two, the son of Berenger announced himself to the world as a teacher of all the sciences and ready to maintain his ground with the wisest. But this first experiment was soon put to an end by the breaking health of the young doctor, and he was obliged to leave the renown he had gained and the company that he had gathered, to seek strength and renewal on the shores of his native province.

Some years now passed of travel and various study. But the tidings which he heard in the year 1108, that his old master had retired from the school in Paris to become the abbot of a neighboring convent, brought Abelard to Paris again. The passage of time had matured his powers,

and now he seemed to be a fitter match for the man whom his questions had before insulted. William was a zealous Realist. He believed in the fullest manner that ideas were realities, that names were things, that man existed as much as men, that universals were as positive beings as particulars. To him there were no common or abstract names. The essence of the whole entered into every part. The abstract sheep or horse was to be found in each separate individual of the species, yet had an independent life of its own. Abelard had early leaned to the Nominalist view, and his reason seemed to justify his early teaching. He brought up arguments against the views of William, which showed how sophistical and ridiculous this was. "If the race," said he, "is the essence of the individual, if man is an essence entire in every man, and the special person is only an accident, it follows that this essence is at the same time entire in every man at once, that when Socrates is at Athens and Cicero at Rome, it is all with Socrates in one place and all with Cicero in the other. In like manner, the universal man, being the essence of the particular, is the particular man, and carries the particular with him. So that when he is at Rome with Cicero, Socrates must be there too, and when he is at Athens with Socrates, Cicero must be there. In other words, that Socrates and Cicero must be in the same place, in one another, identical, in fact, with one another.

The contest between Nominalism and Realism was attended by all the passion and hatred which mark controversy everywhere. There is no humiliation more galling to a teacher than to have the weakness of his doctrine exposed, and though the tables were so thoroughly turned that William found it necessary to nominate Abelard to his vacant chair in the school of Paris, and to become even one of his auditors, he did not learn to love the man who had supplanted him. It was not pleasant to listen meekly to the words of his former pupil. He made up by slanders what he could not accomplish by pleading. He suborned false witnesses against the character of Abelard, and at one time drove the great teacher from his place. But a new school, founded on Mt. St. Genevieve, spread more widely his renown. His enemies were awed

by his daring and confounded by his eloquence. A young monk, who was set on to encounter the giant, as David went out to Goliah, found victory here not so easy. Abelard's course was steadily upward. One by one his enemies were silenced. William of Champeaux went off to die in a distant convent. No new doctor arose to dispute with Abelard the palm. He taught everything, and except in theology, was admitted to be perfect in everything. He was a dictator in the republic of letters. He had read all the known works of ancient lore, he could repeat from any of the fathers of philosophy, he could endure the schoolmen, and he gloried in the arguments of the Greek wise men. Philosophy was his chief delight. Aristotle was his master, and his highest skill was used in interpreting the Stagirite to the crowd of students from all lands who surrounded him. Plato he eulogised, but Aristotle he quoted and leaned upon. The dry categories of this master he could enliven by fine illustrations from the Latin poets, Horace, Ovid, and Virgil, and open the mysteries of the Greek to the clear vision of the Middle Age students. At the age of thirty-four Abelard was confessed the finest scholar and the greatest teacher of the civilized world. That same year a young Cistercian monk was planting in Clairvaux his famous convent.

The pride and arrogance of Abelard grew with his success. There was no rival for him in dialectics, but there was one science which he did not pretend to teach. He had not profanely ventured upon the forbidden ground of theology. This was the province of monks and priests, and Abelard had yet no attraction to the religious life. The master in this science in France was Anselm of Laon, a namesake and a pupil of the great Archbishop of Canterbury. He taught in Paris for a while, but afterwards retired to Laon, where for many years he had expounded theology to great throngs of students. Abelard heard of his fame and determined to try for himself if it were invincible. He went to Laon. But the famous teachings of Anselm seemed to him thin and merely showy, a fine tree, with nothing but leaves on it. "When he lighted his fire," says Abelard, "he made smoke enough, but no light." He could not bear very long to sit under this man's shadow.

He became negligent at the lectures, and showed visibly his contempt both for the teacher and the doctrine. The pupils of Anselm were mortified and annoyed that so young a man should treat in such a way a great divine. One of them asked him one day jestingly what he who had only studied natural science thought about the divine science. He answered that he knew no science better than that which taught how to save the soul; but that he wondered much that intelligent men could not understand the Father from their own writings without any master. They laughed at him and defied him to show what he commended. He agreed to the trial. "Show me," said he, "the hardest passage of your Scriptures." The book of Ezekiel was handed to him, which passed for the darkest of Holy Writ. Abelard accepted it, and appointed the next morning for his lesson of interpreting the book. They remonstrated with him for taking so short a time, plead his inexperience, the greatness of the task and the amount of research required, to induce him to delay. "I am not used," said he, "to follow custom, but to obey my own genius." He added that he would break the agreement if they did not come at the time appointed. They came, expecting failure from the foolish rashness. How could such a tyro interpret in a day what took long years of study for gray-haired wisdom to accomplish! But they were first amazed, then captivated, and then inspired. They crowded around him to make him write down his words. They wrote them again from his copy. They made him their teacher in place of Anselm. And the wrathful Archdeacon could only be dumb at such strange effrontery. He returned to Paris the recognized master in the greatest of human sciences, and the schools of the Church now welcomed and craved his lessons. He rose too high for envy. The picture of his influence at this period when he taught in the Cité in a house still standing, which tradition points out, is very graphic. "In the broad shadow of five churches and the cathedral, among sombre cloisters, in vast halls, on the turf of the court-yards, moved around the sacred tribe, who seemed to live for science and faith, and were pressed alike by the lust of power and the love of controversy. By the side and be

neath the watch sometimes jealous, often feeble, of the priests, was stirring continually this population of students of all ranks, of all callings, of all races, of all countries, which the European fame of the Parisian school had drawn together. In this school, in the midst of this attentive and obedient nation, was seen often passing a man of broad forehead, bold and lively glance, noble gait, whose beauty had not lost its youthful bloom, while it bore the marked features and the browner tint of complete manhood. His sober but careful dress, the severe elegance of his person, the simple grace of his manners, now affable, and now lofty, that imposing, but easy attitude, and that indolent negligence which shows the confidence of success and the habit of command, the respectful bearing of his attendants, proud towards all but him, the curious eagerness of the crowd who fell back to make room while they pressed around, when he went or returned to his dwelling, with his disciples still excited by the words of his teaching, all announced a master, most powerful in the hall, most dear in the city, most illustrious in the world. Everywhere men talked of him. From the most distant countries men thronged to hear him. Rome even sent her auditors. The rabble of the streets stopped to look at him as he passed, householders came down to the thresholds of their doors, and women drew back the curtain from the pane of their little window. Paris had adopted him as her son, had taken him for her jewel and her torch."

It was a proud and splendid position. We cannot wonder that one who stood in the centre of such triumphs and such applause, should deem himself almost a divine man. There was nothing on earth for him to envy. He looked around and could discover no one wiser, or more popular, or more powerful over the minds of men than he. Free to inquire, he was also free to proclaim truth. He could venture to differ from doctors, could claim even when priests were by, to speak with the authority of an Apostle. Wealth rolled in upon him from the five thousand students who would pay any price for the privilege of hearing such a master. He seemed to have reached a secure and impregnable eminence, whence nothing but his own will

could draw him down. But his reign was short. For the passion which Bernard was careful so early to extinguish, drew down the great teacher in the maturity of his years. When Abelard stooped to love, then he ceased to rule.

Had I time to relate here the story of the loves of Heloise and Abelard, this would not be the place to do so. It is a story romantic as any of the knight-errant adventures. There is a beauty about it that fascinates, a pathos that moves, and a tragedy that repels the reader. More than one tragic story has told us what danger there is to the heart of the master when the pupil is young, accomplished, pure, and beautiful. But we must pass over the whole detail of passion, infatuation, disgrace, and remorse, those hours of high communion, mistaken for inspiration, but felt to be bliss, that clandestine marriage, of which the clear eye of Heloise saw the sure misfortune and the bitter fruit, the terrible revenge that was taken, the shame and despair that made of the man a monk and the woman a nun forever. All this seems like an episode in the life of Abelard, like a long and troubled dream, now sweet, now sad, now startling. And yet this episode is the seal of Abelard's immortal fame. For the world knows him now as his name is joined to the softer name. Their letters are read together as models of what a tender and beautiful correspondence should be, and their names are inscribed together on the chief stone of pilgrimage in the chief burial-place of Europe.

To the great Abbey of St. Denis went the wretched Abelard, in the fortieth year of his age, to bewail in silence his broken heart and his sad destiny. But misfortune had not yet crushed out of the man his native spirit. He was fated to live nowhere in peace. The scandalous life of the monks aroused his wrath and he felt moved to rebuke the powers above him. The issue was, that he became a nuisance in the convent, and his brethren to get rid of him there, urged him to take up again the work of teacher, which he believed himself to have forsaken forever. Sadly he was forced to consent, and the poor monk could see with pride that though the world had heard widely of his shame, it had not forgotten his power. Three thousand students came at the opening of his school. The establishments

around began to wane. Now envy and hatred began to have their way; for it was no longer the great scholar whom the Church and State protected, but a mean private man who was setting himself up as a master in theology. The storm rose around him. He was accused of heresy, of arrogance, and of blasphemy, of profaning by worldly science the truth of God, of setting philosophy above faith. They told how he placed the Grecian sages on a level with the Christian saints, and held that the philosophers of heathenism might be saved as well as the disciples of Christ, how he dared even to discuss the ineffable Trinity, and to reason into abstract attributes the persons of Father, Son and Spirit. The cry was loud, the warfare was vigorous. The old spirit of Abelard was roused at first and for a little while he braved the storm. He met their charges of sophistry by a challenge to argument, he flung back sarcasm against their abuse, referring to the old fable of the fox and grapes, when they spoke of the worthlessness of his science. But his argument had no weight upon minds so prejudiced, and his sarcasm only stung them to madness. His profession of orthodoxy could not quiet the excitement. He was summoned before a council at Soissons to defend his views, to hear his sentence. It was an imposing spectacle. The great men of the French Church were all assembled, and the legate of the Pope was there. It was a new position for Abelard to be placed in. He saw enemies all around him, himself shunned as a denier of God, and doomed as a foe to the truth. He was accused of denying the Trinity. He showed by extracts from his writings that he had asserted it with vigor, had sustained the opinions of the wisest Church fathers, of Origen, of Augustine, even of Athanasius, and that he had kept close too to the terms of Scripture. But the crowning sin was not that he had reasoned about it unjustly, but that he had reasoned at all. His persuasive eloquence, which had captivated and well nigh converted some prominent members of the council, was overruled by the majority of voices; he was condemned to throw his own book into the flames.

This closing scene of the council, as it is described, seems almost ludicrous. "While Abelard sadly looked

on upon his burning roll, the silence of the judges was suddenly broken, and one of the most hostile said in an undertone that he had read somewhere that God the Father was alone omnipotent." Amazed, the legate exclaimed, "I cannot believe it. Even a little child could not find such an error, when the faith of all the Church holds to and professes three Omnipotents." At these words, a scholastic teacher, Tenie by name, laughed and whispered loudly the words of Athanasius in the creed, "and yet there are not three, but only one omnipotent being." Reproached for this untimely remark, he boldly quoted the words of Daniel, "Thus, senseless sons of Israel, without judging or knowing the truth, you have condemned one of your brethren. Return to judgment, and judge the judge himself, for he is condemned from his own mouth." Then the Archbishop rising justified as well as he could, by changing the terms, the idea of the legate, and tried to show that the Father was omnipotent, the Son omnipotent, the Spirit omnipotent, and that whoever denied this ought not to be listened to, but that any brother who could declare his faith in this might be heard about the rest with calmness. Abelard began to breathe more freely, delighted to have the chance of professing and expounding his faith. He took hope and courage. The memory of St. Paul before the Areopagus and the Jewish council came into his mind. If he could only tell them his faith he would be saved. His adversaries saw his scheme and cried out that all they wanted was that he should repeat the creed of Athanasius. And as he might have said that he did not know it by heart, they put a copy at once before his eyes. It was an ingenious trick. Abelard read what he could of it, but the trial was fatal. He was condemned and sent into imprisonment in the convent of St. Medard.

But the sentence of the council, though a triumph for the priesthood, was not approved by the popular voice. The crowd of students clamored for the release of their master. They complained of the iniquity of the sentence. They denied the right of the trial. Their pressing demands did not render Abelard contented with his compulsory monastic life. He was willing to be a monk, but not

upon compulsion. He could endure convent life, but not in a subordinate place. His escape was soon made, was connived at by the civil authorities, and the monks his oppressors were glad to compromise by allowing him to live a hermit life while he owned his allegiance to their convent.

It was a wild place to which Abelard retired, the counterpart of the valley of Clairvaux. The fields there would bear the harvests, but the spot was little visited by human feet. It was on the borders of a tributary of the Seine. Here he built a little oratory of straw and reeds, and dedicated it to the Trinity, hoping, as he professed, to pass the rest of his troubled life far from the haunts of men. But he could not so escape from his fame. Though his desert cell was ninety miles from Paris, it was soon found out, and the youth of the city flocked out to encamp around it. Little huts of innumerable scholars soon environed this oratory of the recluse. Some pitched their tents to be ready to follow if he should flee again. All were contented to lie on the bare ground and to live on the rudest fare if they might thus enjoy the lessons of this divine teacher. It was a wild joy that Abelard felt in finding this turn in his fortune. He might feel that even poverty and disgrace could not destroy him. He seemed to be living the life of St. Jerome over again. His least want was anticipated by his ardent disciples and even priests brought out to him their offerings. His hut of reeds was soon replaced by a more solid structure of wood and stone. The group of emblematic figures by which it was adorned served at once to express the soundness of faith and the shrewdness of science of the skillful master. From a single block were carved the three Divine persons, each with human form. The Father was placed in the middle, clothed in a long robe, a band hung from his neck and was crossed upon his heart, a cloak covered his shoulders, and extended also to the other two. From the clasp of the mantle on the right, hung a gilt band, with the words, Thou art my Son. The Son sat on the right of the Father with a similar robe, but without a girdle, with his hands crossed upon his breast, and to the left a band with this inscription, Thou art my Father. On the other side the

Holy Spirit, in a similar attitude, bearing this inscription, I am the breath of both. The Son bore the crown of thorns, the Holy Spirit a crown of olive branch, the Father a close crown, and his left hand held a globe. These were the attributes of Empire. The Son and the Holy Spirit looked towards the Father, who alone had covering on his feet. This strange image of the Trinity was in existence still about fifty years ago.

The name, however, which Abelard gave to his home in the desert when it thus became a monastery in the desert, another Thebaid, was the Paraclete or Comforter. It was a sign of true consolation that the oppression of the great and the frown of the holy could not prevent the spread of the truth, that reason was constant in her attractions, and wisdom was justified in her children. The monastery of Abelard was another thing from that of Clairvaux. There discipline was all important. Here truth was the principal end. There men went to learn obedience and practise self-denial. Here men went to learn philosophy in the practice of self-denial. There the study was a mere relief to the severe exercises of penance and the cell. Here prayer and fasting were an occasional change from the pressure and zeal of the school. Bernard taught his disciples how to conform. Abelard taught his how to inquire. The one guided them backwards through practice into faith, the other forwards through faith into practice.

And now, first, when fate had brought these two great men each to the head of his wilderness convent, did they come together in the trial of their power. The young monk of Clairvaux had now become the model saint of the world, had reconciled the disputes of kings and popes, and had achieved a wider renown than that even of the famous teacher. A struggle now impended between authority and reason, between the champion of things established and the prophet of things to come. Already the watch-dog of the Church had scented the heresy of those Parisian teachings, where the honor of God was always in danger. He had approved the measures of silencing this daring innovation, and Abelard by instinct counted him among his enemies. He was not slow to declare his hatred and contempt of one who was afraid of free thought.

But when it was rumored in the seclusion of Paraclete that the mighty man who had compassed Europe with his power, and whose persuasive speech could win souls away from the most ingenious argument, had decreed to crush the heretic, when the clouds that had been long gathering, of murmurs, and complaint, and accusation, were centered into the thunderbolt which Bernard held, Abelard began to fear. He saw that one or the other must fall, and he trembled lest Hector should become the victim of Achilles. His excitement became at one time so great that he conceived the design of escaping into the East, and going to live as a Christian among the enemies of Christ. He hoped here at least to find oblivion if he could not find charity. He despaired now of the truth when the great and the holy were in league to subdue the truth. It had been better for him to carry there his misery than to take the part which he took.

It was just at this time of fear and perplexity that Abelard was invited by the monks of St. Gildas de Rhuys to become their abbot. The call was accepted more because it gave an asylum and a haven than for the honor that it implied. This lovely convent was situated on the Atlantic coast in a corner of the ancient province of Brittany. The melancholy plash of the waves, and the vexed surface of a boundless sea made it a fit place for retirement and brooding thought. There the recluse might converse with God and learn to hate the world. But the monks there were a wild, gross, and unlettered race. They spoke in a barbarous tongue, their habits were brutal, their manners were fierce and uncouth. They were ground down by the exactions of a feudal lord, and consoled themselves for the payment of one-half their revenue in tributes by spending the other half in debauchery. Abelard soon found that his learning there could have as little weight as his authority. The discipline which he would establish found no favor. He was surrounded by snares, he was wearied with vain endeavors, and his days here were mainly passed in reveries of profound sadness, in the mournful retrospect of his past life, and in the composition of elegiac verses, which are not the least monuments of his fame. These touching effusions became at last his consolation. His

own song reconciled him to grief, and to bewail his lot became at last his luxury. He had one melancholy pleasure in making over his whole property of Paraclete. the oratory, the woods, the neighboring hamlet and the fruit-bearing orchards to Heloise, who had now become an eminent Abbess, alike distinguished for wisdom, purity, and sanctity. The correspondence which had long ceased between them now began again, but it was no longer about affairs of love, but about spiritual realities.

We cannot go here into a criticism of these remarkable letters, which constitute a monument in literary history. They remain models of chaste, ardent, and dignified epistolary style even to our own day. There is at once a warmth and a reserve about them which shows the latent attachment and the present remorse. They are letters which a spiritual adviser might write to his friend or pupil, and yet they are not wholly free from the fire of passion. They are the letters of regenerated love, of love made wise by bitter experience. They discuss a large variety of topics, yet the interest centres always upon the persons of the writers. If Heloise asks the advice of the monk upon some point of convent management, you still can see that she cared more for the words of the man than the answer which he gave to her question. If Abelard goes over some story of his former sufferings you see that his chief joy is in the passage where Heloise was his pupil and his spouse. He became soon the visitor of his former home, the director of its religious exercises, the shepherd of that flock. No happier period of his troubled career was there than this, when he could see the dearest friend of his soul leading her virgins to the altar, and living before them a life of exemplary holiness. He could bear the rudeness of his own convent when he saw the beauty and piety of these holy sisters. It was his prayer that he might be buried there, and he trusted that the virtue of this, his pupil, might atone for the sins of the master. The nuns reverenced him as their Father in God, and they would listen with attention to the ingenious speech with which he beguiled the hours on the form of the human soul, and repeat with fervor the prayers which he gave them.

But this renewal of friendship with his former partner

gave rise to scandals which added to the dislike of the monks in that convent by the sea. The life of the Abbot was more than once attempted, and the dagger was threatened where poison would not work. Abelard was compelled to flee by night, and for a time lived in entire seclusion at the house of a nobleman in Brittany. He obtained at last an open release from his monastic duties, and for a time was able to keep peace with the world, and enjoy the society of friends. This period of his life Abelard passed in reviewing the works which he had written, in developing his system of philosophy and theology, and writing his own personal history. If he could have been content with this, he might have died with honor and in the hope even of sainthood. For great men were his friends, all confessed his wisdom, and no stain was upon his substantial orthodoxy. But the habit and the glory of his youth lingered with him still. In the fifty-seventh year of his age he took the fatal step of opening again his school on Mount St. Genevieve, the place of his earliest triumphs. His fame at once revived. Students flocked in crowds to listen to the gray-haired sage that had taught their fathers, and survived a whole generation of those who listened to his youthful daring arguments. With the fame of the teacher the odium of the heretic revived. Now his compiled works could be brought in evidence against him. The enemies which his strictness, his zeal, and his commanding temper, had made on every side would justify the charge. Men could recall that sentence of twenty years before, which he might believe forgotten. And above all, now there was a towering champion of the ancient faith, who had devoted his head and his heart to the extermination of all novelty as to the preservation of all holiness.

Bernard and Abelard had met some five years before on the occasion of the Pope's proselyting progress through France. Their natures were too dissimilar for any intimacy to arise, and the reception of the Pope on the part of Abelard was not cordial enough to quiet the suspicions of the watchful ally of the Head of the Church. He saw that there was danger in this man. Some changes which he noticed in a subsequent visit to Heloise at her convent

in the words of the Lord's prayer which Abelard had enjoined, increased his doubt. This came soon to the ears of Abelard, and a quarrel, fomented by sarcasm on one side and zeal on the other, arose. We need not detail its progress. The attempts at conciliation on the part of Bernard were futile by reason of his extravagant demands. Like similar attempts in our own day, all the concessions were required upon one side. The points which the reformer was ready to yield were precisely those which the conservative did not care to gain. The warfare soon grew warm and obstinate. Bernard used his eloquence against the perfidious dogmatiser as he called him, and invoked upon him the curse of God and the execration of all Christians. Abelard, on his side, treated with contempt these charges and raised the cry of freedom. The partisans of both entered into the strife. The piety was on the side of one, the genius on the side of the other. Bernard could see that a majority of voices were ready to join with him in condemning one who had dared to improve upon the Fathers. Abelard could feel strong in the thought that his minority was made up of brilliant minds and stout hearts, and was inspired by the love of freedom. But it was an unequal contest in that day of darkness. It is hard even in this age of light.

At last, weary of being defamed, and denounced, Abelard demanded a public trial of his views, at which his great adversary should be present, and refute him, if he could. On the eighth day of Pentecost, in the year 1140, the king had promised to visit the sacred relics exposed that day to the reverence of the nobles and people. It was a great and long expected occasion. And this time Abelard chose for his triumph — or his fall. Bernard was at first unwilling to go. But his partisans showed him that absence would be construed into fear and would be fatal. He went up with a sad heart, repeating to himself this word of the Gospel, "Take no thought of what ye shall say, for it shall be given you at the appointed hour;" and the Psalmist's words, "God is my stay, I will not fear what man can do."

It would require a whole lecture to describe this remarkable council, the vast array of knights and bishops, of

deans and abbots, of holy men and profane men, that came up to this clerical tournament, the appearance of the combatants, one sad and downcast in look, giving benedictions to the crowds which knelt as they passed him, the other bold, upright and confident, frightening by his majestic glance, those who were curious enough to look upon his face; the splendid ceremonies of the first day, when all the pomp and magnificence of the nation seemed gathered around the altar of the Cathedral of Sens, when music and art, and the light of torches and the glitter of golden robes combined to seduce the people from the truth to the ritual, how ingeniously Bernard contrived beforehand all things to prejudice the judges against his rival, how he arranged the Court and packed it with tools of the Church, we must pass all this, and tell only in a few words the story of the trial and its issue.

On the second day the court was opened. The king sat on his throne and the fathers of the Church around him. In front was Bernard, holding in his hand the heretical books. When Abelard entered and passed through the breathless and imposing throng, his rival ordered the seventeen charges of heresy to be read in a loud voice. Abelard saw then that he had come not to be argued with; but to be sentenced. He declared angrily, that he would not hear a word, that they had no right to judge him, that he appealed to the Pope, and left the hall at once. The judges at first were filled with consternation. They dared not condemn him after such an appeal. But Bernard saw that it would never do to let the matter rest so. The persuasion that he meant for Abelard he used now upon the judges. And, after much debate, the monk Peter Abelard was convicted of heresy on fourteen counts. The principal of these were that he denied the doctrine of a Trinity of persons, that he asserted that the man Christ was not the second person in the Trinity, that he denied the doctrine of special grace to the converted, that he asserted that Christ saves men by his life and his example and not by his vicarious death, that he made God the author of evil, that he taught of sin that it is in the will, rather than the act. These charges were made out by insulated extracts from the works of Abelard, by garbling his words, and putting forced meanings upon them.

But the sentence of the council did not yet decide the matter. Defenders sprang up all around, who showed the falsity of the charges, and affirmed the substantial orthodoxy of the convicted heretic. Heloise, whose earnest piety was undoubted, exhibited a confession of faith which Abelard had prepared for her. The appeal to the Pope remained. But little trust could be placed in that, for Bernard, whose influence at Rome was unbounded, took care to surround Innocent with influences hostile to the condemned. The hesitation of the Pope was chided as a crime, and rebuked as a scandal. The consequences were dwelt upon of allowing the voice of Rome to set aside the sentence of so grave a council; it would endanger the unity of the Church. The example of Arnold of Brescia was cited as an instance of the dangerous tendency of this heresy. And the confused Head of Christiandom was at last persuaded to issue his fatal bull, which ran thus: "By these presents, we order the bishops of Sens and Rheins to shut up separately in the convents most suitably Peter Abelard and Arnold of Brescia, inventors of blind dogmas, and foes of the Catholic faith, and to burn their heretical books wherever they may be found. Given at Lateran on the eighteenth day of August." This order was secret. A public letter was written, declaring him guilty of heresy, and forbidding him wholly to teach in public.

Before this decision was known, Abelard had began his journey to Rome. On his way was the renowned monastery of Clugny, which had furnished so many great men of the Church in former ages. The abbot here now was a man of large soul, and no friend to the ascetic Bernard. With him Abelard stopped to rest, and take counsel. Here he first learned the decision of Rome from a messenger sent by Bernard to the abbot. The skill of this messenger was employed in so reconciling Abelard to his life there that the secret sentence should not need to be proclaimed. A new declaration of faith was drawn out from him which was pronounced sufficient. Abelard saw that it was useless longer to struggle with destiny.

He enrolled himself as a monk of Clugny, waiving his rank, and trying to hide himself only among the lowest. He put on the coarsest garments, neglected all care of his

body, and kept out of sight as much as he could. His exemplary piety became conspicuous. In spite of his reluctance the brethren would have him preach and lead them in the Holy Communion. But most of his time he passed in silence, reading and prayer. His studies were still threefold, in theology, philosophy and letters. He became only a pure intellect. His passions were all smothered or crushed out of him. All that he seemed to care for was to do his monastic duties, and yet, buried under this cold exterior, the soul of the prophet was burning still. The finishing touch which he gave here to his great work of philosophy shows the unconquerable spirit. He predicts in this his future fame, that time will prove his opinions just, will vindicate his science, and will show that he has been the victim of envy and a martyr to the truth.

His last days were passed in a beautiful spot on the border of the Saone. The disease which wasted his body was lightened by the cares of friendship and every moment was spent in reading or dictating, or prayer. It was an edifying close to a troubled life. Weary and worn, the sufferer became, what he had never been in any fortune before, humble and submissive. He was content to leave his monument now in the mark which he had made upon his age. On the twenty-first of April, 1142, he tranquilly expired, being sixty-three years old.

After a brief sojourn at Clugny, his body was borne, according to his last request, to the convent of the Comforter, where his best beloved might watch it. There for twenty years longer Heloise guarded it as a precious treasure, till her own remains were laid beside it. The ages have still kept sacred this tomb. The fury of the last French Revolution, which destroyed the landmarks of the convent, and the chair in which Bernard sat when Abelard was judged, spared the bones of these lovers, and the world now know where they rest. The hands of beauty hang garlands on the stone, and the tears of piety drop upon the mound, where the memory of this pair is kept. Abelard has found an immortal fame where he did not expect it.

This is but a meagre sketch of the life of the great teacher of the twelfth century. And yet it has left little

space for any analysis of his character or criticisms of his opinions and his influence. He was a man to win admiration and kindle enthusiasm rather than a friend to be loved. The place of leader of right belonged to him. Ambitous, proud and haughty, he had still the power and the consciousness that could make his arrogance tolerable. Men saw in him a lover of truth, and honored his aspiration. They were subdued by the speech and the life of Bernard, but they were quickened by the words of Abelard. But the investigation did not bring to him, as to Newton, personal humility. He was wont to look down rather than upward, to the men beneath more than to the God above him. Reverence was neither a natural nor an acquired trait with him. His monastic life was a penance more than a pleasure, a retreat from misery more than a resort of faith. He was the priest of intellect more than of devotion, earnest to show more how God might be known than how he might be worshipped. His mission in the twelfth century was to awaken its manliness, to sound the note of freedom and to bid the kneeling penitents that crowded at the altars to walk erect under the heaven of God.

He opened to the human mind a broad domain that superstition had shut off from it, and taught that the soul might reason about the unseen world as well as the things which were common to the outward eye. He was a man of true moral courage, not trammeled by precedents, not afraid to search and try. Bernard was brave before men, but was afraid of dogmas. He dared not come boldly to the throne of God. Abelard was often infirm in his dealing with men, and ready to flee from oppression, but he would dare all difficulties of doctrine, and knock at the very door of heaven. He had no idols. He worshipped no symbols. He asked the meaning and the right of all things prescribed. He was a dictator of truth, not an interpreter of doctrine. He is immortal in history as the pioneer of that Rationalism which produced Galileo in science, Luther in faith, and Milton in song. It was reserved for nobler men to carry out the principles which he declared. In the ancient Church he reminds us of Jerome of Bethlehem, in the modern of Erasmus of Rot-

terdam. He had the same vanity, the same pedantry, the same sense of power, the same dread of persecution with these remarkable men.

Bernard with all his honors died a disappointed man. Abelard in all his reverses saw at last his triumph sure. The reform which he brought about could not be hindered by the anathemas of any priesthood. He knew that the truth would prevail. The Church was against him, but God was on his side. He trusted in the quickening force of time to show the fruit of the seed which he scattered. The labors of this generation are proving that the scholar of the twelfth century was wiser than the monk. The one belongs to the Church, but the other belongs to the world, which is wider than the Church. The memory of the one is enshrined at the altar. The influence of the other is felt in the workshop and the college. The glory of the one is a waning tradition, the glory of the other is an expanding energy. The first leads men backward to the fear, the second forward to the knowledge of God.

VIII.

ST. DOMINIC AND ST. FRANCIS.

THERE are two principal influences by which, in the Providence of God, reform and conversion and holiness are brought about,—preaching and example. We are moved on one side by the eloquent word, on the other by the consistent life of those who would persuade us to any truth. The silent lesson of the house and the street goes parallel with the spoken appeal of the pulpit. For a complete efficiency, these must be united in the same person, he who calls to righteousness and faith must show in his own life the way. The best influence of the preacher is vitiated or nullified if a virtuous life be wanting, and exemplary piety too often goes unseen and unheeded, because it has no gift of the tongue. The true Apostles of the world, such men as Paul and Ambrose and Bernard, and Wesley, have all prevailed by this twofold power. They have shown the instances of what they called men to believe and be.

In the Saviour of the world, these gifts were combined in the highest proportion. His perfect holiness harmonized with, fitted into his inspired word, as a soul into the body, so that both were equally wondrous and equally captivating. But this combination of gifts is comparatively rare. The great preachers of the world have not been oftenest its saints, though many such have been canonized in spite of their evil lives. And probably the largest number of those who have walked closely with God below, have been soon forgotten upon the earth and find their reward mainly in heaven. It seems ordained that to most men only one of these influences shall be useful, that some shall persuade with the tongue, and others with the life.

The preponderating power of these two forms of influ-

ence depends somewhat upon the object to which they are directed. Preaching has the most influence upon the reason of men, example upon their practice. The one helps men to know the *truth*, the other guides them into righteousness. The first takes charge of doctrine, the second of life. For correct opinions, for conviction and persuasion to faith we follow the orator of the Gospel, him who can expound it wisely and illustrate it skilfully. For upright conduct, for instruction in the divine life, we observe the meek servant of God, whose holiness points us the way to heaven. This fact is illustrated in numerous and familiar instances. If you inquire who are the great orators and expounders that guide the public opinion, whose word is so far law that it can sway thousands of men together and reverse suddenly the solemn and repeated resolves of parties and states, you will not find that such men persuade to holiness by their lives; men do not go to them to learn practical virtue; the wise, who adopt their views, would smile if you mentioned such old-fashioned graces as temperance, honesty, chastity, or even consistency in connection with them.

It has come to that pass that we almost expect that a master of speech shall be a demagogue or an intriguer, anxious to be President, Senator, Bishop, or something of the sort. Goodness, too, is often associated with feebleness, and you will hear it dolefully insisted that our good men are not great. It is no more true to-day, however, than it was in former days. The intellect of man will pay its homage now as ever to commanding eloquence, but the life of the world will now as ever be built upon the foundation of life. Error will be put down by preaching still, but sin be best rebuked by practical holiness.

It is hard to tell whether at the beginning of the thirteenth century there were a wider demand and a wider sphere for preaching or for example as a means of Christian persuasion. The Church found itself in a perplexity between heresy and corruption, between doctrines that falsified the Catholic faith, and practice that degraded the Christian life. Abelard had left his memory and the fruits of his word in a wide and growing hostility to the creed of Rome, and the sanctity and strictness of Bernard's rule

had its reaction now in the dissolute life of priests and monks and the clerical state everywhere. The charges which heretics brought against the established Church were justified by the scandalous habits of the authorized defenders of the Church. That which should have furnished the bulwark against false doctrine, furnished the reason and the excuse for schism. A reformer who looked about for the most pressing work of change might doubt whether the men out of the Church needed most to be brought into it, or the men in the Church, by name and office, needed most to be converted to its spirit. The convents demanded their missionary not less than the unlawful crowds that stormed against the Pope and the priesthood in the fields or in rebellious cities.

There was a work of grace to be done at Clugny and Citeaux as well as in heretical Lyons. It was the singular fortune of the Church that both these needs were simultaneously perceived and met by the heart and the zeal of two remarkable Apostolic men. One saw with fear the departure of the age from the sound creed of the Fathers, and gave himself to the task of exterminating heresy, the other saw with pain the loss of ancient godliness and the forgetfulness of Christian vows, and gave himself to the work of restoring the Apostolic poverty and humility.

The influence of St. Dominic and St. Francis in the world has been great enough, and the province of each distinct enough, to make a separate account of them and their followers interesting. But the detail of the lives of both is so monotonously filled with marvellous legends and puerile miracles, that they can be treated in one lecture without injustice and with some advantage. Both of them seem to have substantially represented their idea; independently of that, they have no especial attraction for us. The first, the founder of the Preaching Friars, embodies to us the conception and the work of that fraternity. The second, the founder of the Minorites, or *practising* Friars, is the finest illustration which history has furnished of what that order was intended to be.

St. Dominic is the monk of the pulpit, who warns the skeptical and pleads with the wavering, and is great there. St. Francis is the monk of the street, who rebukes world-

liness and shames luxury, when he kneels by the leper's side and gives his scanty garment to the beggar along the way. Both are mendicants, but to the one riches are an encumbrance, to the other a curse. The preaching friar rejects worldly possessions that he may not be hampered in his zeal for God's truth; the practising friar will be poor because the Apostles were so, because only by poverty can one hope to inherit God's kingdom. As theory goes before fact, as preaching must go before practice, and as the life of St. Dominic was a little earlier in point of time, we will call that first under a rapid survey. We cannot, of course, give anything like a complete sketch of the life of the Spanish monk. If you are curious in that way, you may find it written as with a pen of fire by the brilliant Lacordaire, the most eminent of modern Catholic preachers in France.

St. Dominic was born at Calavoga, in the province of old Castile, in the year 1170. His parents were both of noble extraction. His father, Felix Gusman, bore a name, which valor against the Moors, not less than a long line of haughty ancestors, had rendered honorable among the grandees of Spain. His mother added to her family renown the better fame of personal sanctity. Before her third son was born, a dream came to her as to the mother of Bernard, which the issue proved to be prophetic. It was of a whelp, who carried in his mouth a burning torch, with which it set the whole world on fire. Precocious austerities are recorded of the infant. They tell how he would pray before he could read or even speak, and how he would get out of his cradle and lie on the hard floor that he might early know the privation of the monastic state, how he showed no taste for any childish amusements, but asked only to be instructed in the duties of a child of God.

At the university, whither he went at the age of fourteen, an extraordinary charity and an extensive culture made him conspicuous among his fellows. While he learned the lore of the Fathers and the wisdom of the Scriptures, he was unbounded in his gifts to the poor and his labors of self-denial. In his twenty-first year, he had sold all his patrimony, all his books, all even of his own

writings, to succor the needy. In this condition, one day he was appealed to by a poor woman for alms to redeem her brother who had been enslaved by the Moors. "I have no gold or silver," said Dominic, "but I can work. You may take me and sell me to the Moor in exchange for your brother. I will be his slave." Had the offer been accepted, the Catholic Church would have lost one of its pillars. For the reverence with which Dominic was already regarded by scholars and people showed that a great man had arisen.

St. Dominic was about twenty-five years old when he passed through the process of conversion, when he was made to see his own sinfulness and need of a Saviour, and had all those mystical experiences that enter into the work of spiritual redemption. He became a canon in his native diocese and set himself to preach to the people. The description of his life for the next eight years reminds us strongly of the style and method of revival preachers in our own day. He was greatly concerned for the salvation of souls, and shocked by the growth of heresy. His daily persuasion and his nightly prayer were that the unbelieving might be reconciled to God. But in his own neighborhood infidelity had comparatively a small hold. He saw more of it in the journey which he took through the south of France with his bishop in the year 1205. There the whole land was overrun with heresy from the feudal lord to the humblest peasant. The first and the last spectacle to Dominic was of a land delivered over to the enemy of souls. All the zeal in his heart was fired. His bishop was of the same mind, and together they petitioned the Pope that they might stay in France and convert these heretics.

The term of two years was allowed them, and they proceeded to occupy it in a tour of preaching. What could not be done by fire and sword Dominic undertook to do with his feeble voice. And wonderful instances are related of his power with this, which were believed by the pious of his time to be miracles wrought by God's spirit. Men compared his power to strike the hard-hearted and open their souls to the truth to the influence of Orpheus, drawing after him the rocks and the trees. But it was a

desperate hope by the preaching of a single man to destroy the hydra of heresy.

Dominic had been already a preacher to the heretics three years when the war with the Albigenses broke out. This bloody crusade which was the terrible revenge which the Roman Church took for the murder of its legate, Peter de Castelman, has been falsely charged to the advice and influence of Dominic. But there is no proof that he encouraged any of its outrageous cruelties. He did not seek to exterminate, but to convert heretics, and though he went with the army of Count Simon de Montfort, who has come down to us as the most blood-thirsty of monsters, he tried to moderate the violence of this Christian Nero. In another lecture we shall speak of that hideous crusade. Dominic's name is properly connected with it by the record of his exposures, his zeal, and his daring. One day he was waylaid by assassins, but by good fortune escaped. When asked what he would have done if he had met them, "I would have thanked God," said he, "and would have begged as a favor that my blood might have been let out drop by drop, and my limbs lopped off one by one, that my torment might have been prolonged." He offered too again to sell himself as a slave for the benefit of a poor heretic who complained that he could not give up his false doctrine for fear of losing his livelihood. This period of his life, however, is so crowded with stories of miraculous cures, and wonders of all kinds, that it is very difficult to separate the true from the false. It is certain, however, that before the war was over, Dominic had gained a reputation for sanctity, for eloquence, and for devotedness unequalled by any teacher in the Church since the great Bernard. He was counted the champion of the Church, and his only arms were teaching, patience, penance, fasting, watching, tears and prayer.

The first executive act of Dominic was the foundation of the famous nunnery of St. Prouille. This was designed to furnish a Christian education to such children of heretics as could be decoyed therein and so to prepare a supply of Blessed Virgins for the support of Catholic order. In all ages of the Church nunneries have been the guage and thermometer of the Catholic faith. The persistence of

women who take the vow may be relied on with far more confidence than that of men. But a much more important gift to the Church was his invention of the *Rosary*. This in its essence is a form of prayer. But it has its sign in a string of one hundred and sixty-five beads, with a cross attached to them. These are arranged by tens, with one large bead at the end of every ten. The small beads mark the number of Ave Marias that are to be said, the fifteen large beads the Lord's Prayer to be so many times repeated. The number fifteen was chosen because the Catholics reckon fifteen principal mysteries in the life of Christ. The whole form is so arranged as to contain an abstract of the life of our Saviour and of his Mother. The rosary speedily became popular, and before a century was used throughout the Church. No pious woman would be without it. It was worn on the necks of friars with beads of black wood, and on the necks of kings with beads of gold. Beneath many a purple robe it was placed next the heart, and tyrants who meditated crime could worship God at the same moment as they told over its successive prayers. It guides to-day the devotions of the poor and the unlettered, and in many households it is counted every day as the excuse for falsehood, as the means of penance and the hope of salvation.

But his greatest work was begun when, in the year 1215, he established the order of the Preaching Friars. Heretofore the monastic and the clerical life had been mainly kept distinct. The convents had furnished, indeed, eminent preachers, but in most instances when they became preachers they ceased to be monks. A few distinguished men like Bernard, were privileged to speak to the people without priestly orders, but in the main those who chose the ascetic life were preachers more by example than by word. Dominic conceived the plan of joining these apparently separate functions. He could not see why one who had disciplined his soul by severe exercises of penance, and confirmed his faith by earnest self-denial, should not be the very fittest person to declare the truth. The studies of the convent seemed to him a better preparation for the ministry of the word than much familiarity with the world and its corruptions. He saw the clergy secularized,

that it had become merely an echo of the convenience or the whim of the civil rulers, that its verdict and teaching were based on the morality of the time more than the standards of the Church and the sacred Scriptures. He saw, too, that the holiness, the austerity, the wisdom of the monks were neglected and forgotten, and deprived of their just influence, by being hidden always in the cloister. And he believed that in uniting these offices he should make both more vital, pure, and efficient. It was a novel and not an attractive scheme. For those who believed that the true service of God is found in solitude and perpetual prayer, would dread the commerce with worldly vices and intrigues which preaching demanded, and the regular clergy would strenuously oppose any such practical rebuke to their order.

The number of brethren that Dominic was able to gather at first was very small. There were only sixteen who united to form the first convent, and they could have no legal existence until they had secured the approbation of the Cardinals and the Pope. At the fourth council of the Lateran, one of the most gorgeous and imposing that the Church had seen, a canon had been passed that no new religious order should be chartered. The Pope at that time, Innocent III, though very much in favor of multiplying preachers, thought that there were already enough of monastic systems. The multiplication of Orders seemed only fatally to weaken the unity of the Church. The claim of the Vatican to undivided lordship could not be so well sustained when there were so many hostile bodies claiming to be the possessors of pure Catholic truth. But the piety and the importunity of Dominic together worked upon the heart of the Pope, and a convenient dream, in which he saw the Lateran Church falling and Dominic stepping in to prop it up, induced him to grant his consent, and sanction the enterprise. The next Pope confirmed it by his hand and seal, and two bulls, dated the twenty-sixth of December, 1216, the morning after the Christmas festival, mark the formal birth of a new order of Christian Apostles, second in influence only to that which was gathered in an upper room in Judea. Since that day the successor of Peter has found his most ready

and faithful ally in the successor of Dominic. The master of the sacred palace is appointed to be the watchman, the teacher, the critic, the friend of the triple-crowned sovereign. What the prime minister is to England's Queen, what Richelieu was to Louis, that is the chief of the Dominicans to the Vicegerent of Christ upon the earth.

The rule which Dominic chose for the guidance of his order was that of St. Augustine. It was simple, but strict and absolute. It enjoined poverty but did not encourage beggary. It provided for a godly and sober life, that so the word might have more effect. Convents were to be founded, as many as possible, but no monk was to deem the convent his home. All were to be ready to take staff and go where a field was opened for the conversion of souls. No private property was allowed, and all common property was held in trust for the poor. The dress was a simple white cloak and hood, with a girdle to hold it together. Entire disinterestedness was enjoined, and very frequent penance. The monks were to be living illustrations of the truth which they preached. St. Dominic did not enjoin squalidness or misery of exterior or forbid even the signs of elegance, if these were made subsidiary to the great end of preaching the Gospel. The graphic picture of the first convent at Toulouse, the very centre of heresy, may serve as a description of the style of Dominican life. "The cloister was a court-yard, surrounded by a gallery. In the middle of the court-yard, according to ancient tradition, there was a well, the symbol of the living water, which springs up to life eternal. Under the flag-stones of the gallery tombs were excavated. Along the walls funeral inscriptions were carved. In the arch of the vault, the acts of the saints of the order were painted. This place was sacred. The monks paced silently through it, thinking only upon death and the memory of the Father. Around this solemn gallery were ranged the halls for food, for study, and for dress, and two doors opened into the Church, one to the nave, another to the choir. A staircase led to the second story built over the gallery. Four windows at the corners let in the needful light. Four lamps threw out their rays during the night. Along these high and broad corridors, whose decency was their only

ornament, was ranged a symmetrical line of doors exactly alike. In the space between hung old pictures, maps, plans of cities and castles, the archives of the convent. At the sound of the bell, all these doors softly opened. Old men, white-haired and tranquil, men of early maturity, youths, whose penitence added to the fresh bloom of their years, all ages came out together in the same garment. The cell of each was large enough only to hold a bed of straw or hair, a table and two chairs. A crucifix and some holy images were all its ornament. From this living tomb the monk passed out when his work was done to his narrow house below. The same garment that he had slept and prayed in became his shroud. Over his dust the feet of his brethren kept their solemn march; and the songs that he joined in before were sung daily as his requiem. 'O, sublime burial! O, lovely and sacred home!' says the enthusiastic Lacordaire. 'For man august palaces have been reared. But the dwelling of God's saints is almost divine. The skill of man has risen no higher than in raising the walls of the peaceful cloister.'"

The cloister thus described was relinquished when riches and pride corrupted the early simplicity of the order. The low cells, six feet long and five broad, were changed then for more spacious apartments. And this almost divine dwelling lasted only sixteen years as the habitation of the preaching brothers. The convent which was built in 1232 in its place is still standing at Toulouse, and since the first French revolution has been used for shops and as an inn.

The first convent was a type in substance of all that Dominic founded. His first company of sixteen, like true Apostles, had each their separate province of labor and in a little time made full proof of their ministry. Before the death of the Saint, his rule and name had become an important variety of monastic life. On the slopes of the Roman hills, the company of his monks, and convents of his nuns, were gathered. The Polish ambassador carried back to his wild land a trophy of Dominic's power in two nephews, who planted the order in that region as a light to shine in a dark place. The King of Scotland, who heard him in Paris, obtained as a favor that the Preaching Friars should be sent to wake up his rude Caledonian

race. In the chief streets of Madrid, of Paris, of Florence, and Avignon, the man of God left flourishing convents as a testimony to his evangelical power. And the city of Bologna, which had long been renowned as the chief school of the civil law, became famous as the metropolitan city of the new religious order. Here the great, and wise, and learned men rejoiced to join the ranks of the friars. The doctor's cap was exchanged for the monk's hood, and the interpretation of Roman statutes gave way to the exposition of the word of God.

The moment of highest triumph in Dominic's life was in the year 1220, on the day of Pentecost, when the first General Assembly of his order was gathered in the convent Church at Bologna. He had just reached fifty years of life, but constant travel, preaching, and austerity had made him prematurely old. But he saw now the fruits of his toil in brethren who came numerously up from the North and the South, from all the Catholic lands (but Hungary and England) to tell of heretics converted, and men who had forsaken all at the call of the Gospel. Three years now had passed since his friends were sent out on their mission, but they came back with a record of service and success that might rival the ancient story of the first disciples. Then the learned and the rulers treated the new Gospel as folly. Now the best men of the schools gladly embraced the hard office of evangelists. Dominic looked round with pride upon the goodly throng of honorable men that waited around him, and it rejoiced his heart to hear how their unanimous suffrage confessed their affection and regard for him. But he was troubled to find that already they had departed somewhat from his original plan of poverty, and were accepting donations from the great. He would not have them beggars, but he would not have any worldly possession to abstract their thoughts or affections from the spiritual inheritance, and he persuaded them to give up some territories that had been willed to them and refuse in future to be aided in that way.

One more general chapter of the Order was held at Bologna which the Saint attended. It was not given him to fulfill his longing wish of going off to the Pagan East and becoming a martyr, but his last year of life was spent

in a zealous tour of preaching through the north of Italy where heresy was exceedingly rife. His devotion to this work was rivalled only by the feats of the great Methodist preacher in a more modern age. Every day, and many times in a day, was he heard along the way or in the churches, proclaiming the riches of divine grace and urging the faithless to accept the terms of God's love. The gushing flood of his entreaties, in which tears were profusely mingled, subdued the hearts which were still tender, and the deep undertone of his threatenings awed the reckless into submission. And when they knew that this man who preached all day, prayed all night, that this divine power of binding and loosing came to him only through the most signal humility, then they were drawn to a state in which power and freedom were so strangely blended, in which one might be busy and useful upon earth and yet not be encumbered by the cares of earth.

At the second general chapter of his order, Dominic had the joy of finding that the remaining Christian lands had received his apostles and to count martyrs, too, among those whom he had sent out. He was now ready to resign and depart, though his preaching fervor did not abate. For some time his sick chamber became as a church, and the last testament which he left to his brethren was a touching sermon upon the Christian virtues and fidelity to the faith. I will not describe the death scene. It is enough to say that in beauty and in serenity it was like those of other eminent saints of whom I have spoken. He died in Bologna on the sixth of August, 1221, at the age of fifty-one. His remains rest in a splendid mausoleum in the Dominican cathedral church of that city. This monument, one of the finest specimens of modern art, is now to myriads a stone of pilgrimage. For three centuries offerings have been laid there, and the prayers in the holy name of Dominic sent up at its side. And the envious Protestant now, who wanders in that place, may see at any hour some kneeling form before that tomb, when the lamps of the altar are out, and the sound of music is still.

At the great Council of the Lateran, in the year 1215, it was Dominic's fortune to meet a remarkable man, whose fame for piety, for endurance, and for miraculous influence

had already become wide in Christendom. Francis was some twelve years younger than the Spanish monk, but his hard discipline had reconciled this difference, and he met the great preacher on an equal footing. He was born of worthy parents, in the papal town of Assisi. So early did he learn to be charitable that it might almost be said that he was a mendicant from the cradle. One of his earliest vows was never to refuse alms to any poor man that should ask it for the love of God. He kept the vow.

His early experiences were severe and bitter. For one year he was prisoner of war. For another he was racked and wasted by a painful disease. But in each of these trials his patience was edifying and his faith unyielding. After his recovery, as he was one day riding out in a new suit of clothes, he met a gentleman who seemed by his raiment to be poor and decayed, Francis instantly stopped and exchanged clothes with him.

His most frequent dreams were of spiritual victories through poverty, charity and self-denial. They tell how he coveted the most repulsive tasks, how he would kiss the sores of lepers, and put his own garments on the vilest beggars of the street. Though his parents were rich, and he was brought up to habits of thrift, he took strange comfort in the society of the penniless and the outcast. All his visions seemed to him to say, "Give and spare not." One day, as he was praying before a crucifix outside the walls of Assisi. he heard three times a voice, which said, "Francis, go and repair my house, which thou seest falling." This he construed into a literal command to repair the decaying Church. And forgetting the law of honesty in his zeal to obey the command, he went and got a horseload of cloth out of his father's shop, sold both horse and cloth in a neighboring town, and brought the price to the parish priest. This cautious functionary did not like to take it. So Francis left it lying in the window, and there his father found it when he discovered the affair. The result of this was first a flogging, then an imprisonment in chains, and finally, when his mother had let him out, a separation from his home.

His father gave him the alternative of coming home again like a decent son or formally giving up all claim

to the inheritance. The last condition Francis joyfully accepted, and went in it beyond his father's desire. For he stripped himself of his clothing, and gave it to his father, saying, cheerfully and meekly, "Hitherto I have called you father on earth; but now I say with more confidence, Our Father who art in Heaven, in whom I place all my hope and treasure." The bishop, who stood by admiring his zeal, ordered some garments to be brought for him. The first at hand was a peasant's coarse cloak. The young man marked it with chalk with the sign of the cross and put it on. It became his permanent dress.

Francis was twenty-five years old when he was thus cast upon the world, without money, without friends, with no handicraft, and no resource. He set off on his wanderings however full of faith, and thinking only how he might help the poor and execute Christ's commission. Where there was squalidness, suffering or disease, there he was sure to be found. In the prison and the hospital, he knelt before the profane and the unclean. He cared for no abuse and no humiliation. When a party of robbers, who had asked him his business in their haunts and had heard his answer that he was the herald of the great King, had flung him into a ditch full of snow, he only praised God for the good chance. When he came across a new church in the process of building he not only begged the means of its completion, but he carried up himself the heavy stones as the servant of the masons. Feeling however that he was not yet prepared to be an apostle, he went apart to a little church called the Portinneala, about a mile from Assisi, where two years were spent in the most rigid exercises of fleshly denial. In prayers and tears, in meditation upon the sufferings of Christ, in exposure to the hardest weather, he found his luxury and joy. Reading those words of Christ, "Carry not gold or silver, or scrip for your journey, or two coats or a staff," he instantly gave away his money, shoes, staff and girdle, and kept only a single cloak, which he bound round him with a cord. Soon his fame was noised abroad and many came out to see the miracle of self-denial. The narrative of his earlier conversions is quaint and touching. Bernard of Quintaval, a rich merchant of Assisi, and a

man of wisdom, and authority, hearing of the devotion of the young hermit, invited him to come and sleep at his house one night. At midnight, when Bernard seemed to be fast in slumber, Francis arose, fell on his knees, and making with his arms the sign of the Cross, repeated all night with every sign of love, praise, gratitude, penitence and devotion, with streaming eyes and choking utterance, "My God and my all," "Deus meus et omnia." But Bernard was secretly watching him, and when morning came he begged Francis to take him as a companion. Soon other prominent men joined them, and when in the latter part of the year 1209, the Saint brought back from Innocent at Rome his consent to the new Order, one hundred and twenty-seven disciples assembled at the little church to call him their leader. This was five years before Dominic gained from the Pope a sanction to his scheme.

Of this number, in imitation of Jesus, Francis chose twelve to be his special companions and friends. The first and most positive rule which he laid down for them was *absolute poverty*. They were to own no house, no furniture, not even the clothes which they wore. They were to receive the alms of the charitable only as a trust, to provide no prospective store of food or raiment, but depend only on the Providence of God. This order should recall to men, as no other had, the sufferings of Him who had no place to lay his head, who was born in a stable and died naked upon a cross. It should exemplify to the world all the heroic graces of poverty, those sacred beatitudes which can appear only in lives freed from the goods of the world, humility, meekness, patience and fortitude. It should be separate from the worldly passion which wealth engenders, which had so fatally corrupted the other monastic foundations. The monk professed to be a disciple of Christ. Francis would have his whole life a visible proof of that vow, and the monks indeed saw it in the life of their founder. The old chronicles weary in describing Francis' ingenuity of penance; how he sewed his coat with packthread to make it rougher; how he slept upon the ground, with a stone for a pillow; how he put ashes upon the hard crust which was his sole

food, to take away the taste; how he lay in the snow that his unholy passions might be chilled out of him; how he named his body after the meanest beast of burden, and commanded his friars to call him by the vilest names. In our modern day men sometimes accuse themselves of sins, but do not like to have others agree to it. Francis on the contrary directed his men to repeat to him very often, "Brother Francis, for thy sins thou has deserved to be buried in the very bottom of hell."

Another rule which Francis gave and exemplified was the rule of *obedience*. He carried this farther than the convent system. There the monks were to obey their superior. But his friars were all according to Christ's direction to be servants of each other. He delighted to obey the merest novice, and would never allow any but the lowest honor to be given to himself. He forbade anything by which one brother should be singled out, or observed more than another, did not want any eccentric friars about him; at the same time he encouraged the utmost openness and freedom. Every one of his followers should appear just as he was; he would have no concealment. He rebuked a brother who undertook by signs alone to confess his sins.

But it did not suit Francis to remain quietly in a convent, even though he might indulge at will in the practice of pious austerities. His order was to be a missionary order, and he felt that the new manifestation of the life of Christ ought not to be shut up in any place. Like his divine Master therefore he went about in the villages and the cities, preaching the truths of poverty and humility, but showing them more eloquently in his mean garb and his unwearied help of the poor. His disciples went out too. In less than three years more than sixty monasteries had been founded under the new rule. In the large cities of Italy, the Minor Friars, as they were humbly called, might be seen everywhere where there was suffering or misery, praying at the pauper's death-bed, carrying bread by midnight to the plague-stricken, or passing, bent and downcast, along the streets where students and nobles thronged, asking an alms for the love of Jesus.

In the year 1215, as we before mentioned, Dominic and

Francis met at Rome. Each brought to the Pope a delightful testimony, the one an eloquence that recalled the Pentecost season of the early Church, the other a life that repeated the love of the first disciples. The hearts of the two reformers instantly came together, and they established a perpetual bond of friendship between their orders. Each supplied what the other wanted.

In 1219, ten years after its foundation, the first general chapter of the Order of St. Francis was held near the little church which had been his hermitage. Five thousand friars came there together to tell of what they had done, and to receive new commissions. Some were sent out now to distant heathen regions, to the Moors of Africa and the Scythians. Francis joined himself to the sixth crusade, which was then warring with the infidels upon the Nile. Burning with zeal for the conversion of the Saracens, he went boldly into their lines, was seized by the sentinels, and brought before the Sultan. "I am sent," said he, "by the Most High God, to show you and your people the way of salvation." The courage which he showed and the fiery trials which he offered to pass made such an impression upon the Sultan, that, like Agrippa, he was almost persuaded to become a Christian.

But I should fear to fatigue you in rehearsing the various and unwearied labors of this singular monk. His journeys, his charities, his works of wonder and of love, the visions which he had, the consolations which came to him; how his Order grew and toiled and flourished, till the nobles of the state were almost ready to worship these beggars of the street, and the Pope found his dream coming true, that Francis was a pillar of the church. All this is recorded by the pious followers who have eulogized the saint.

The most extraordinary event however in the life of Francis, which was attested and believed in by a large number of excellent witnesses, was his seraphic vision on Mount Alverno. I relate it as an instance of credulity and imagination characteristic of the Middle Ages. On the fifteenth of September, Francis being in prayer on the side of the mountain, and in a high state of spiritual exaltation, saw a seraph with six shining wings, blazing with

fire, bearing down from the highest part of the heavens towards him, with a most rapid flight. Between his wings was a figure of a man crucified, with his hands and feet stretched out and fastened to the cross. After Francis had meditated some time upon the vision and settled upon its spiritual meaning, it disappeared. He discovered then that the impression had been left not merely upon his soul but upon his body also; that the crucifix was stamped upon his body, and on his hands and feet were the marks of the nails, he could see their black heads on one surface and their clinched points on the other. In his side, too, he found a red and bleeding wound. Francis tried to conceal this wonderful vision from his friends, and assumed against the custom of his order gloves for his hands and stockings for his feet. But he was unable to prevent the discovery, and after his death, when the body was exposed, the legend runs that thousands of monks and nuns, and of common people kissed these miraculous signs of the holy imitation of Christ. The Pope in a solemn bull confirmed the fact. And it is on record with the sign manual of the infallible head of the Church that St. Francis was appointed visibly to restore the crucifixion of the Saviour. The story may not be believed by us now, but it is not in itself more irrational than many marvels of chairs and tables which men of good sense admit to be beyond their power to explain.

The two years which remained after this vision to Francis upon the earth were years of prolonged martyrdom and heroic endurance. There was no pain that did not torment him, there was no privation that he did not meet. His eyes were diseased so that sight was nearly gone. His limbs refused to bear him. Yet he would still weep and kneel, and his answer to God was, "O Lord, I return thanks to thee for the pain I suffer. I pray that thou wilt add to them one hundred times more, if such be thy holy will." He gave as a testament to his friars that they should work diligently with their hands, not for personal gain, but for the example of industry. He gave directions about his burial, that his body should be laid by the side of the bodies of criminals on the hangman's hill. When his last hour had come, he would have them lay him upon

the ground, and cover him only with an old coat, that he might die in the same poverty that he had lived. They tell how he gave in this posture his blessing to all his weeping followers, and exhorted them with his final breath to constant poverty, how he repeated the words of John where the passion of Christ is described, how he broke out in the words of the one hundred and forty-second Psalm, "Domino voce mea clamavi," and as the last sentence, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name," fell from his trembling lips, how softly the spirit ceased with him and went away to its heaven. It was a solemn sight too, when his body was laid in the convent, and the mark of the cross upon it exposed to view, to see the reverence and wonder with which crowds approached and kissed that poor wasted frame, not merely of the poor whom he and his had succored, but of the noble who acknowledged here a surpassing sanctity, and of the rich, who thus confessed that it was better to lay up treasures in heaven than on earth.

The order of Minor Friars which St. Francis founded has come down in history with various names, according as the special objects predominated. There are the Conventual Friars, who dwell in the monasteries together and do not wander about, and the Observantins, or Friars who keep up the strict rule of their founders. In Paris, the Franciscans are called Cordeliers, from the cord which they wear. They gave the name to a famous club of the revolution. In Spain they are the Bare-footed Friars, and the Grey Friars, each of which have had their eminent saints. In Italy, the traveler sees everywhere the Capuchin Friars who have swarmed in that land for three centuries, distinguished from others by their long beards, their grey dress, and the patch on the back, and their catacombs of human bones and mummies. Various orders of Nuns adopted the rule of Francis; there were Grey nuns, Black nuns, and Capuchin nuns. St. Francis, too, as well as St. Dominic, established a third order which should do the chief work of the Friar's life, without being obliged to take all his vows. And from this third order have come the Brothers of Mercy, "Fratres Misericordiæ," that are celebrated in the accounts of the plague, and

may be met in any Italian city, and the Sisters of Charity, whom you may see on any Sunday in our cities walking in solemn procession to the Catholic churches.

The increase of the Mendicant Orders in the Middle Ages was marvellous beyond conception. Long before the Reformation they were counted by thousands of convents and myriads of monks. The older foundations of the Benedictines, the Cistercians, and the Carthusians, were wholly eclipsed by the swarm of Friars that now darkened all the streets and highways. Five from each of the orders were raised to the highest dignity and sat in Peter's seat.

St. Dominic's foundation gave forty-eight cardinals, St. Francis' forty-five to the Church, and of the lowest orders of the clergy an incredible number were taken from the ranks of the Mendicants. The Preaching Friars alone are known to have given more than fifteen hundred bishops. Echard, in his history of the Order, takes pains to give their names and the lives of the most eminent.

To draw a parallel between these two great religious orders in their history and their influence upon the Catholic faith, would not be easy. For the separate idea with which they set out was not faithfully preserved, more than the harmony of their founders was kept. In some places the Franciscan became a preacher, and the Dominican a beggar, and when each became numerous and powerful, their brotherly love was changed to rivalry. By turns they shared the Papal power. In the days when heresy was most rife, and new theology was casting contempt upon the dogmas of the Church, then the Dominican was in power. It was his stern voice that declared the sentence of the tribunal of faith, and he stood by to direct when the faggot was lighted. In the region where want, and misery, and crime most abounded, where license degraded the profession of holiness, and priests were not ashamed to partake in all the vices of the world, there the Franciscan was omnipresent, the living rebuke to those who profaned the memory of the Apostles and the command of Christ. In the turbulent provinces of Spain and France, when fanatics dared to question the creed of the Fathers, there the Preaching Friar was at hand to defend the

Catholic faith or to minister its terror. In the luxurious and lustful cities of Italy, where priests lived in palaces and beggars swarmed along the highway, there the Franciscan could show how poverty might be the way of salvation.

The warfare of the first order was with errors of the reason. They set themselves resolutely against all schemes and ways for philosophizing about the truth of God. The scholars, the doctors, the colleges were their foes, and since these could be overthrown only with their own weapons, the order of St. Dominic gradually became the masters of science and assumed the ancient glory of the Benedictines. In less than thirty years after the death of the saint the chairs of the University of Paris were in possession of his disciples. They became the champions in controversy, and the Pope recognized in them the organs of the mind of the Church.

The warfare of the second order was with errors of the life. They were the sworn and persevering foes of all simony, all luxury, all mammon-worship. They set themselves against lazy priests, who made of the Church a pasture to feed in or a spoil to prey upon. To lower the standard of clerical gain, to take away the temptation of the sacred office, to make the Church of God an enemy, and not an ally, of the world, and to bring back the old Judean time, this was their substantial aim. They became the militia of the Apostolic kingdom. They were the rank and file of the Pope's array, who followed its champions. He recognized in them the practical force of the Church.

And these two orders, about confirming which the Pope hesitated long, became the bulwark of the Papacy in its long struggle to keep its acquired supremacy. They were allies of Rome against the Church. They stood between the Councils and the chair of Peter, between the murmurs of bishops and kings and the will of the spiritual sovereign. When dark times came his Holiness could count upon them. For the execution of any scheme they were his untiring ministers. It was a Dominican who could control the elections of Poland, so that none but a Catholic ruler should hold sway there. A Franciscan, the great Cardinal Ximenes, was the ruler behind the throne in the

Court of Ferdinand and Isabella. These Mendicants were everywhere, in the palace, in the tavern, in the village church, and in the secret assembly. Their hands guided the pens of statesmen, their eyes watched the plots of conspirators, their cunning threatened the schemes of the ambitious. Under the white cowl of the Dominican there was a stern soul that knew no yielding or compromise, and counted no means too hard to compass its end. Under the grey robe of the Minor Friar there was a patience, an energy and a faith that made him the most dangerous of foes. If the first became a victor and a judge for the Holy See, to sit in its courts and to sentence its criminals, the second became a spy of the Holy See, to discover the false dealings of the world and the Church, and make due report thereof. The terror of the one followed hard upon the presence of the other.

The mendicant orders became the pillars of the Papacy. But they have been the bane of freedom, of light, and of progress, since their beginning, and they will ever be. They have blocked the pathway of science, they have degraded the soul and the life. By them great men like Galileo have been put to silence, by them beggary, and idleness, and falsehood have been reconciled to the Christian life. A few inventions indeed lay claim to a parentage among them. They boast the names of Swartz and Roger Bacon.

But these are rare exceptions to the general spirit. The chief agency of the Friars has been to debase the mind of the world. Their word in the ear of princes has been antagonistic to the counsels of wise and enlightened men, and where their advice has prevailed there we have seen superstition, cruelty, and misery to grow and flourish. In Spain, the land of bigotry, of darkness, and fear, we see the result of Dominican preaching and power. In Italy, the land of pauperism, indolence, and wretchedness, we see the issue of Franciscan example. And still the hooded friar, with silent step, is the conspicuous object in the streets of Madrid and Segovia, and to-day the bare-footed and servile beggar who asks your alms in Naples or Rome is reverenced by the multitude as a holy man.

It is this result of their systems that reacts upon the

lives of the founders, that makes Southey, who mourned over desolate Spain, describe St. Dominic as a monster, and falsely attribute to him the cruelties of the Inquisition which he never invented; that makes a grave American doctor present St. Francis as a hideous impostor and hypocrite, with no shadow of proof for the charge. These men were not certainly faultless. But candid historians admit that they have better claim to sainthood for their personal worth than many whose labor for man has been of more avail. A Protestant might wish that the zeal, the trust, and the single-mindedness of the one, with the fortitude, the charity, and the self-sacrifice of the other, were more common among those who abhor the ministry of these men on earth, that their evangelical spirit might appear more in those comfortable places, where a luxurious and worldly life casts dishonor upon the faith and the life of Christ. When the Church is turned to defend oppression and pamper the vices of the great it should cast no stone at such as Dominic and Francis.

IX.

COPERNICUS AND HIS WORK.*

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." PSALM xix, 1.

IN our day the grand utterance of the old Hebrew song has been cynically denied, and the professor before his class has insisted that the heavens do not declare the glory of the Lord, but only the glory of Copernicus and Kepler. A foolish cavil, not true, and scarcely quaint. For the thought of Copernicus and Kepler has brought grander evidence of Divine order in the Universe, and made God more conspicuous in the phenomena of sun and stars. The great astronomers have been true prophets of the Lord in their demonstrations. They have made the heavens tell more than a marvel, and have opened secrets which were hidden from the ancient Psalmist. And no one would be quicker to repel any robbing of the Divine Providence in the way of sun and planets for the praise of even the wisest men, than the modest doctor who gave the truth of the celestial world.

Who was this wonderful man, so audaciously suggested as a rival, if not a substitute for the Almighty? The occasion of his four hundredth birthday makes it a fit time to speak of him, of the work which he did, and of his influence upon the following ages. Few of the great men of the world are as little known as he in personal life; and the vague impressions which most persons have of his spirit and character are far from correct. Many suppose that he was a bold adversary of priests and the Church. That he was not; he was an officer of the Church himself,

* A Sermon preached on the four hundredth anniversary of Copernicus' birth, March 2, 1873, in the Unitarian Church, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

and never denied the faith. Some imagine that, like Galileo, he was persecuted for his opinions, and suffered reproach, and loss and pain. Not so; he was honored by the Church, and no anathema was upon his name. He is classed carelessly with Luther and the Reformers; but Luther and the Reformers ridiculed, despised and hated him. Copernicus was a grand man, a noble man, and a prophet too; but he was not a martyr, not a combatant, not a man called to fight or to die for his faith. His life was pleasant and prosperous, and his death was tranquil. He escaped the fate which came upon his followers and disciples.

No complete biography of Copernicus, so far as I know, has been written in English, and very few sketches of him are to be found in periodicals, old or new. A Latin life of him was published by the famous astronomer Gassendi more than two hundred years ago, and within the last half century several German lives of him have appeared, the most complete one by Dr. Hipler, three or four years since. The introduction to most astronomical treatises contains a short notice of the father of the modern science; yet withal Copernicus is hardly better known to students than the Pagan astronomers Ptolemy and Hipparchus. He was born in the city of Thorn, in that part of Poland which now belongs to Prussia, on the nineteenth of February, 1473.* His father was a wealthy and enterprising merchant of that city, and his mother belonged also to the prominent family of Watselrede. Her brother was the Bishop of Ermeland. The child had his father's name, "Niklas Kopernigk," Latinized afterwards, according to the fashion of educated men, into "Nicolaus Copernicus." His early education was in the best schools, and at eighteen he was a student in the University of Cracow, at that time one of the famous Universities of Europe, especially by its scientific teachings. Here Copernicus was biased towards mathematical and astronomical studies, mainly no doubt by the fascinating lessons of Bradjewski, a rare man of science. After four years spent in this University, he came back to his home, to receive from his

* Old Style, corresponding to March 2d, New Style.

uncle the appointment of Canon in the cathedral of Frauenburg. But the rule required that all Canons should have a degree either in law, theology or medicine. Copernicus preferred the law, and accordingly went for a three years' course to Bologna in Italy, where was the great Catholic Law School, which had been famous for some hundreds of years. The law was a very important profession in those days, in the Church, especially for one who had to advise and aid the Bishop in questions of jurisdiction, and in the disputes which rose between the Bishops and the Barons. But the scientific passion was strong in the soul of Copernicus, and his acquaintance at the University with a Dominican monk who was versed in Astronomy fostered this passion. His life at Bologna was not altogether happy. His means gave out. A brother, who followed him to Bologna, added to the burden of his expense. He had to give lessons, and at the age of twenty-seven was a lecturer on mathematics in Rome, to large audiences. He was forced to return for a time to Prussia; but his stay there was short. He was soon back in Bologna, as a student of Greek, as well as of Law; and then, from 1501 to 1505, was for four years a student of Medicine in the University of Padua, which was as famous in that branch of knowledge as the University of Bologna in the Law. For some years after that time, he was the adviser and private physician of his uncle, keeping up all the time his astronomical studies. When his uncle died, in 1512, he returned to Frauenburg, of which he was Canon, and there lived quietly for many years as student and physician, greatly trusted by the successive Bishops. When the Bishop Maurice died in 1537, Copernicus, at this time, sixty years of age, was one of the four candidates named to succeed him. Another was chosen, yet Copernicus remained his special friend and medical attendant, as he was also of other bishops. His quiet life continued until the year 1543, when, on the twenty-fourth of May, at the age of seventy, he died. On that day, the first printed copy of his great work was placed in the hands of the dying man.

This great work, De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium, was finished as early as 1530, thirteen years before the

death of the author, remaining in manuscript all that time, as some say, on account of the author's modesty, as others think, because he dared not risk the publication of what might be charged with heresy. Not till the year before he died, did Copernicus consent to give his work to the printer. It was a shrewd device of his to dedicate it to Pope Paul III, forestalling so its possible condemnation. The Pope accepted the Dedication, and was flattered by the compliment. Luther and Melancthon, on the contrary, vehemently denounced the book. Luther in his Table Talk, calls Copernicus an "upstart astrologer," a fool, who wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy, and deny the word of Joshua, who commanded the sun to stand still and not the earth. Melancthon laments that such a clever dreamer should try to show his genius in attempting to deny what is evident to every man who has his eyes open, and what is certainly the doctrine of revelation. Possibly the sentences of these reformers were embittered by the fact that Copernicus stayed in the Catholic Church, and even, as it was supposed, suggested a work composed by his friend the Bishop of Kulm, called the Antilogicon, which exposed the errors of Luther. He had also won over a scholar of the Reformers, Rheticus, who became his enthusiastic admirer, and afterwards editor of his great work. Doubtless personal feeling had a large share in the vituperations of the Reformers. This great work on the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies, is the work by which Copernicus is known in history, and on which his fame rests. He wrote other works, some of which have been published, and some of which still remain in manuscript. There is a work on Trigonometry, and another on Money, and another entitled the Moral, Rural and Amatory Letters of the Scholar Theophylact, a singular book for an ecclesiastic to write. It is probable that some of the treatises which he wrote are lost; for in those many years, one-third part of which, according to Gassendi, were given to study, he must have had much time for the use of his pen. His books were written in Latin, but the language of his correspondence was often in German.

The new doctrine, and the important doctrine, of the

great work of Copernicus, which gives it peculiar significance, was its doctrine of the movements of the heavenly bodies around the central sun. Heretofore, from time immemorial, and always in the Christian Church, the theory had been that the earth was in the centre and immovable, and that the heavens and heavenly bodies revolve around the earth. This was the accepted fact, the basis of calculation, and affirmed in the Scripture, as well as proved to the eyes of men. Sunrise and sunset seemed to show the movement of the heavens, and the appearance and disappearance of stars and planets were evidence beyond dispute that the firmament revolved above the heads of men. The thought and study of Copernicus led him to believe that this was an error, that the earth itself was only a planet, that all the apparent motions could be better accounted for by supposing the sun in the centre, and arranging the revolutions of the other wandering stars about the source of light. This is the one striking idea of the book of Copernicus. He did not discover the laws of planetary motion; that was reserved for Kepler. He did not discover Gravity; that is the glory of Isaac Newton. But he told the world that they had been mistaken in supposing that this small earth, on which man has his dwelling, is the centre of all worlds, which all the rest serve and obey.

It is by no means certain, nevertheless, that this theory of the central sun was an original idea of Copernicus. Before the birth of Jesus, in one form or another, it had been declared by Pagan philosophers. Pythagoras, one of the earliest Greek sages, had set the sun in the centre of the universe, and taught that the earth had an annual motion around it. Philolaus, at a later day, had assigned to the earth a double rotation, around the sun and around its own axis, though he had strangely sent back the light from the sun as *reflected* light, treating this sun as a great disk, a vast mirror. Appollonius of Perga, more than two hundred years before the Christian era, had told of the revolutions of the planets around the sun. It is very likely that Copernicus knew of these heathen astronomers and their theories, and had profited by them. He had certainly read in the work of Martianus Capella that the

Egyptians believed that Mercury and Venus went around the sun, while they went with the sun annually around the earth; and also that Nicetas of Syracuse, had taught a revolution of the earth around its axis, to account for day and night. By combining these ancient theories, the doctrine of a Central Sun was the natural result.

This system of the Universe was, as Copernicus proclaimed it, theoretical, the result of thought and mathematical study more than of practical observation of the sun and sky. There is no evidence that Copernicus had anything to do with the direct knowledge of the heavens, or any experience in the use of instruments. The telescope had not been invented. The theory was hypothesis more than demonstration, but hypothesis sustained by ingenious reasoning, changing wholly the presumption. The Copernican theory had this at once in its favor, that it brought order into the movements of the heavenly bodies, and explained many things which the common theory had left unexplained. The geocentric astronomy was full of vexing difficulties. The stars were in their wrong places, the planets were where they ought not to be, eclipses came at improper times, and there was general confusion in the universe. The new theory set that matter right. The universe at once "came to order," when the majestic sun took the chair of command. The eccentric movements became reasonable, and all the stars now sang together instead of singing a discordant song.

This was the direct work of Copernicus in his theory of the Universe. This was what *he intended to do.* But there were other results of his theory which perhaps he did not foresee, other things which he did without intending them, yet results of grave moment to the world in coming ages. Copernicus was not technically a religious reformer, and perhaps never dreamed that he should be called so by the men of a future time, more than by men in his own time. But he builded better than he knew, and he must be classed with the greatest of religious reformers. His service for the faith of man was large and inestimable. And we shall best remember him on the anniversary of his birth by noting some articles of his service to the world in this religious kind.

1. And, first, the new doctrine of Copernicus, was virtually a proclamation that *the letter of the Bible is not to rule the free spirit of men.* Literally, the Scripture seemed to teach another doctrine. From Genesis to Malachi, from the Gospel of Matthew to the Apocalypse of John, the whole Divine Word seemed to take for granted, if not to assert, that the heavens were migrant and wavering, while the earth was fixed in its place. "Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth,"—that was the sacred refrain. Did not God create the earth on the first day, reserving the lights of the heavens even to the fourth day? Did not the sun stand still at the command of the Hebrew leader—an idle order, if the sun were always still? Was not the new theory a denial of prophecy and song, which tells of the sun in his "goings," going forth, and going up and down, from one end of the heavens to the other? Had not the sun on Hezekiah's dial deliberately gone backward? Do we not read of the pillars on which the earth is fixed, so stable, so eternal? Does not Habakkuk show the Lord stopping the sun with the moon, and making them stay in their habitation? Shall we deny the word of John the Seer, which tells how the sun shall cease to appear and give light, while the earth shall still continue? Nay, did not the Divine Master tell of the Lord making "his sun to rise upon the evil and the good?" Surely these words of Scripture shall stand against any daring reversion of the place of the spheres.

Copernicus, himself, threw down no defiance to this letter of the Scripture, but his theory did. His theory said virtually, "No matter what the letter of the Bible teaches in this thing, we are not to be bound by that, or to be hindered from any new voice of the spheres by those ancient oracles. The scripture is not to control our reason, our sense of the fitness of things, what we see of the way of God's working or the order of Creation." Galileo's "*é pur si muove*" of the next century was in the theory of Copernicus, "I do not care what the Bible says, the earth really moves." The declaration and the reception of this theory was a revolt from the authority of the written word, not only as a dictator of science, but as arbitrary dictator

of anything. There are those who attempt to make distinction in what they call the "province" of Biblical teaching. They say now, since it has been proved that Biblical geography and astronomy and cosmogony are at fault, and lead astray, that the Bible was "never intended" to teach anything of that sort, and that it is only infallible in what it says of moral and religious things and of the kingdom of heaven. Such a distinction is wholly arbitrary, and is only a poor subterfuge for baffled assumption. The line cannot be drawn in Biblical teaching between its truth and falsehood, except by enlightened human reason. If the *letter* is to dictate in one thing, or bind reason in one thing, it may in all. And when any one asserts that he will not accept the account of Creation in Genesis because he does not believe that it is true, he may also assert that he will not receive the doctrine of the Epistle to the Romans, or of the Sermon on the Mount, if these too shall come to seem to him not true. Revolt from the dictation of one part, is revolt from the dictation of all. Fortunately Copernicus was saved from that poor and humiliating task to which so many of his followers have been drawn or driven, astronomers, geologists, chemists and the rest, of attempting to harmonize, as they call it, Scripture and Science, to give a meaning to Scripture different from its real meaning, sophisticate its clear statements, to make a day mean something else, and a year something else, and black mean white; to get around these difficulties by verbal jugglery. That need was not laid upon him.

2. And kindred to this revolt against bibliolatry, the theory of Copernicus was *a defiance to the authority of the Church.* In his time, the Church claimed the right to define truth in all branches of human knowledge, to say what should be taught and what should be believed. They had exercised that right, and in exemplary fashion, for long before Copernicus was born, there had been heretics of science,—men burned at the stake for errors far less momentous than that of setting the sun in the centre of the universe. Copernicus in his book does not apologize for this defiance of the Church, or pretend that he is saying anything to discredit the authority of the Canons and Councils. He asks the Pope to accept and bless his modest book.

And yet he must have known that his book was an innovation upon the teachings of the Church, an assumption of wisdom above any which had come from Popes and Councils. The old theory of the universe, the Ptolemaic system, had been long ago baptised and adopted as the system of the Christian Church. It was the orthodox system all over the world, as much as any articles of the creeds. The calendar was based upon it. It was preserved in the system of religious feasts and fasts and ritual. It had satisfied forty generations. No manual for a revision of the system had been issued, and the novelty was certain to derange the methods of the Church and annul its edicts. This Copernican theory virtually said to the Church, "Your spiritual wisdom is fallible, and in this great matter it has all along been folly. In spite of your divine illumination, you have all along been believing a lie, and leaving the world to be misled, if not leading the world into darkness. You have not told to men this great law of the Divine order, which to the eye of reason is so clear, and to inspired vision ought to have been still clearer and long ago visible." The theory of Copernicus not only was a sarcasm upon the ignorant Church, but it was a limitation of the sway and province of the Church. It said to the world, " Here is something which the Church has no business in. The Church tells you about Heaven and God, but it does not know and does not inquire, it is not fit to know and inquire, into the heavens over your heads or into the source of Heat and Light. Do not go to the Church to learn how the world is created and upheld. Do not go to the Church to get science of any kind. The instruments of human learning are not to be found in conclaves of cardinals or in chapter houses. Little do these priests know of what the world needs to know concerning the laws of matter and motion." Martin Luther's Reform, nearly contemporary with the Copernican announcement, (for the two great men were only ten years apart in their birth, and only three years apart in their dying) was not more truly a defiance to the authority of the Church, than the treatise on the Revolutions of the Celestial Worlds. Though that book was dedicated to a Pope, it really burned many Papal Bulls, of the time to come as well as of the former time.

3. And the theory of Copernicus was equally efficient in *subjecting sensual impressions to the laws of mind and thought.* What he told seemed to be directly contrary to the evidence of the eye. Do we not see the sun rise and the sun set? Do we not see the stars change their places? How absurd, too, to suppose that the earth can turn on an axis with all these movable men and things upon it! When it is bottom upwards, will not the things fall off? The theory of Copernicus was a direct denial of the daily observation and experience of men. It said to them, "Your experience is only the aggregation of your obstinate ignorance. Your observation is only illusion. What you seem to see and feel is not what you really see and feel; and if you only reflect you will know that it is so. Mathematical laws are more enduring and trustworthy than the conclusions of sense. The evidence of sense is secondary, and never can be the test of the absolute truth of things. What men think to be impossible because they do not see it or have not seen it, may be the grandest of realities." Of course, the common people, and some of the wise people, ridiculed the discovery of Copernicus. Those solid Nuremberg citizens, with their fat money bags, sensible men, who would believe nothing that their eyes could not see and their hands handle, said that the man who told of the earth turning round was evidently a fool; would he persuade them that this could be without spilling all their warehouses and palaces? They had a medal struck to show up the absurdity. In another city, Copernicus became the hero of a farce, like Socrates in ancient Athens. But ridicule could not silence the voice of reason, or hinder the theory from making its way. Even if they could not see it, men should come to believe it. They cannot see it now any more than they could then. The sun seems now to move as much as it seemed then to move, and the earth to be as much at rest. Yet every reasonable man knows that this optical impression is as truly illusion as the Maya of the Indian religion. And the inevitable inference from this is, that thought and study show the truth better than any passing impressions, that principles are more to be trusted than pretences and shows, and that what is true in the domain of Nature may be equally true in the domain of character and of the soul.

4. Another good issue of the Copernican theory is that it *put the earth into its proper place, and took it out of its false position.* Before his time, the Church had taught, and men had believed, that there was nothing in the Universe so important as the earth, and nothing of much importance except the earth and its people; that God had made everything else for the sake of this and men dwelling upon it; that the sun shone by day and the moon by night, and the stars from their distances, mainly to give light and comfort and blessing to earthly men; that without the earth and men there was really no need of any heavenly bodies. The Copernican theory overturned that complacent assertion, and showed the earth a satellite of the sun instead of the sun a satellite of the earth, showed the earth obedient, dependent, keeping course according to the guidance of its lord in the sky. By the sure and natural inferences which wise men would draw from this theory, the other planets would take on an equal dignity, and the sun a grander state than all. The earth once taken from the centre and made one in a company, the questions might come, are not the other worlds the same in substance and as high in value as this? May there not be souls to be saved there as well as here? Are not these orbs worthy of the Divine care as much as this orb, so much smaller than some of the others? Is not God in the sun as much as in the earth? And is it not pitiful to limit the love of the gracious World—Father to a small race dwelling in this narrow habitation? Indirectly, the theory of Copernicus is a satire upon the scheme of salvation iterated in the Churches, which shows the Creator of Worlds, who holds the Universe in his hands, planning and contriving, like a puzzled mechanic, how he may fix the fate of the denizens of one small planet, which is compelled to move on its way at the will of the central fire. The Copernican theory in no wise depreciates man and his dignity, or the worth of the earth on which he dwells. But it brings this out from its exceptional place, from its sad fate to be holden as a sick child in the arms of the great Father, and shows it ruled like the rest of the planets, by a general beautiful order. Copernicus changed the

purpose of the Lord in his universe from a poor specialty to an end grandly Catholic.

5. And in general, we may say of the Copernican theory that its highest service to religion is in *opening the way to a true natural theology, and so to a rational theology.* It was a proclamation that the Divine Order and will are to be learned in the laws of the Universe, and not exclusively in any particular revelation at any particular time, to any particular people, that the God in the world is greater and stronger than the God outside of the world or the God of any place or nation. The Copernican theory not only enlarges the science of the world, and sends the human mind off into an infinite field of conjecture and discovery, but it enlarges also the worship of the world, and teaches men how to pray and how to praise. It not only harmonizes the system of the planets and explains the beautiful vicissitude of the days and the nights, the months and the years, the seasons with seed time and harvest, the heat and cold, and moist and dry, rounding all in a majestic symmetry, which even includes the erratic and eccentric flights of comets and meteors, but it harmonizes as well the system of religions, shows that the ancient sun-worship was an almost divine foretoken of what science justifies, and that the adoration of the elements is only the instinctive way of finding God in his works. The Copernican theory rescues the faiths and the prayers of the heathen from blank darkness and destruction of soul, and suggests that God has made of one blood all the nations of men to feel after him and to find him, though he may not be far from any one of them. For the religions of men it does the same work that it does for the planets in their orbits, gathers them all as parts of the family around the central sun, as brethren and sisters together, not the greater to tyrannize over the less, or the stronger to rule the weaker, but all in balanced rhythm of movement to repeat the same hymn to the Lord of all,

> "Forever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine."

Not at once was the theory of Copernicus accepted. Not easily did it make its way against blindness and preju-

dice and ignorance and bigotry, of the world and of the Church. It had days of bitterness to pass before it became the recognized rule of the celestial order. Brave men suffered pains in confessing it, and timid men lost their honor in denying it while they believed it. But it made its way in spite of all hindrance, for it was *true*. From time to time in these last ages, fantastic, half-crazed dreamers have ventured to question it, and to affirm the old dogma of a stable earth in the centre of a wandering sky. No one now even listens to such folly. The Catholic now is earnest to claim the glory of Copernicus, and is almost ready to write his name as the name of a saint. The narrowest theology dares not deny what Copernicus, and Kepler, and Newton, and Leibnitz, and Laplace, and how many more, have demonstrated as the system of the Universe; though the shrewd preachers must fear and must see that it is the prophecy of doom to all narrow limit of salvation to a mechanical process, or to a chosen few in the infinite myriads of men and of worlds. The geocentric theology is fated to go where the geocentric astronomy has gone; and men in future ages will marvel that the multitude were held so long to believe a scheme which narrowed the love of the Almighty Lord, and the work of his Holy Spirit, to a handful of souls on the fragment of one of the innumerable worlds.

X.

MARTIN LUTHER.

THE picture of the sixteenth century reminds me of a description which I have read somewhere of the show in the amphitheatre in the time of the Cæsars. Those vast rings of benches, rising tier above tier, are all filled with a careless, restless, excited throng, thousands and tens of thousands, the wise, the rich, the gay, the haughty, with the lowest, fiercest, most worthless, of the rabble. The Emperor and his household, his vassal kings, the priests, and the soothsayers, have all come to see the strange games of that arena. The cheaper combats of beasts are soon over. The gladiator enters alone and unclothed to match singly his wild foes, to meet first the lion and the tiger, and then his more terrible antagonist, man. What strifes arise in that great throng of myriads concerning that weak, unaided man! Will he conquer! Shall we attend to him, or let him die! But as he looks proudly around and his quick blows fall with no show of fear, doubt is changed to wonder, and they begin to sympathize. All eyes then are turned upon him, and all tongues are hushed. The priest and the monarch are captive to the spell of such daring and valor. The gladiator becomes a hero.

So do I see the nations grouped around in this theatre of the sixteenth century, in splendid array, kings, and cardinals, scholars, philosophers, poets, races of the South and the North, with the vast throngs of restless masses, sitting, range on range, in the theatre of the world. The inferior games are over, the petty strifes of adjoining states. Now enters the arena, where lions have been fighting, the figure of a monk, solitary, unarmed, unheralded. But his step is firm, he quails not before that sea of faces, he springs to his battle, he strikes quick and

ringing blows. They must stop from their wrangling, for a hero is here; one who can meet calmly the lowering brow of the priest, and fling back to the kings that would judge him, his brave defiance. A spiritual gladiator stands in the arena of the world. With the nations looking down upon him Luther waits to do battle for freedom.

In the story of the Reformation, Martin Luther must ever be the central figure. No nice criticism of temper or motive, no new discovery of the worth of other men, can dispossess him of that honorable rank. His name has been for more than three centuries the representative name of the great religious movement, and it will continue to be forever. It may be shown that Melancthon was more learned, that Carlstadt was more zealous, that Zwingle was purer, that Calvin was more severely logical, but Luther will still stay as the Achilles of the host which made war upon Rome. His life will be an epitome of the History of Reform. All the rest, to gain significance, must be grouped around him. He is as central and as essential as the figure of the Christ in the picture of the Last Supper.

Martin Luther was born at the little town of Eisleben, in Saxony, on the tenth day of November, 1483, at eleven in the evening. His father was Hans, or John Luther, a poor laborer of the most common class; his mother, Margaret Linderman, was a house-servant, pure and pious. There were other children older than Martin. He received his name from the Saint on whose day he was baptised. This necessary rite of baptism was administered within a few hours of his birth. The first years of the child gave no special indications of any future greatness. His father removed to Mansfeld, the ducal town, where he took up the occupation of a miner, and improved thereby his worldly fortunes. Martin was taught to read and write, to say his prayers, and to be respectful before his elders. Sometimes the monks of the neighboring convent or oftener the schoolmaster came to visit the miner in his home; and at such times the young boy who listened so well was not neglected. The wise parents did not forget the maxim of Solomon, and wholesome chastisement was not excluded from their system of training. Luther tells

how his mother beat him till the blood came, when he took one day a poor little nut, and how he was so afraid of his father that he ran up the chimney for refuge when he had accidentally disobeyed the strict paternal rule.

But Luther wanted a better education than Mansfeld could give him. At Magdeburg on the Elbe, were the charity schools in which the pupils paid their board and tuition from what they could collect in going round from house to house, or could earn in the churches. Luther and his bosom friend John Reinick, set out on foot at the age of fourteen, with knapsacks on their backs, sticks in their hands, and tears on their cheeks, to enter on this humiliating and hard course of training. Their custom at Magdeburg was to sing twice in a week under the windows of the richer citizens, and to assist in the Church choirs. Luther did not like very much this way of begging, and did not succeed in it so well as his companion. After a year's trial he took up his line of march to Eisenach, where some of his relatives lived, to try his fortune there. His first song here under the windows of a fine mansion in the chief street of the village proved to be a very fortunate song. The lady of the house, dame Ursula Cotta, took compassion upon the poor lad, called him in, placed him at her table, heard his tale, and became his patron and second mother. With what she did for him and what he did for himself, he was able to study four years in the Convent school of Eisenach. The master of this school, Trebonius, was a humorist and a fine scholar, though he was a Carmelite friar. Luther became one of his favorite pupils. Trebonius could predict eminence for this boy, from his natural gifts, not less than from his industry and resolution. His fine voice was beautiful in speech and rich in song. None mastered more easily the intricacies of grammar, none used more aptly the rules of rhetoric; and his poetical studies were followed by poetical attempts. These four years at Eisenach were of the highest moment in the preparation of his future career. Luther referred always with gratitude to the gifts and character of the good lady Cotta. He wrote on the margin of his German Bible a couplet which he heard for the first time at her table on a comment on the thirty-first chapter of the Proverbs:

"Nothing more dear than woman's love,
To him who may its blessing prove."

Her son became afterwards his fellow-pupil and his favorite disciple. Luther always spoke with affection of "my dear Eisenach, where I was myself once a poor mendicant, seeking my bread at people's houses."

From Eisenach the young student at the age of eighteen, went to the University of Erfurt. His father, now in easy circumstances, consented to his wish for a larger education in this famous school. He saw already in his son a magistrate and a lawyer, which was the position of influence in his view. But Luther himself studied with a different view. He was drawn on not by professional ambition, but by the love of knowledge; and he preferred those branches which disciplined mind and charmed fancy, to the merely useful knowledge which was the stepping-stone to power. The classic writers, Cicero, Virgil, and Livy, relieved his severe labor in the dialectics of the schoolmen. But the studies which he most prized were those of theology and music. "Music," says he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." He learned to play on the guitar and the flute, and when his ascetic fervors came on, these instruments could sweeten and sanctify his hours of penance. But his favorite haunt was the library of the convent. Here, among other literary treasures, he found the Bible, newly printed in attractive dress. It was in Latin, but Latin had already become familiar to him as his mother tongue. He read in this book with delight. It opened a new world before him. All that he had been learning seemed worthless before this high wisdom. He longed to own the treasure. His instructors, eminent as they were in literature and science, seemed small to him when he compared them to Moses and Paul. He began now to feel the emotions of a religious nature, to be stirred by self-reproach, and to suspect under the leading of the Ecclesiast the vanity of the things he had before loved. First his own sickness, and then the sudden death of his nearest friend, confirmed his resolution to forsake the world and live for God.

The vow which he made when he saw his friend struck down at his side by lightning, he was not slow to execute. And though he had just taken his degrees as Master of Philosophy and Art, he renounced them; sent back to the University his gown and ring, the signs of his dignity, gave a parting musical entertainment to his friends, and on the seventeenth of July, 1505, in his twenty-first year, entered the Augustinian convent at Erfurt. Under his arm was a little package, containing merely a copy of Plautus and Virgil. He knocked at the convent door. "Open, in God's name," said he. "What do you want," replied the porter. "To consecrate myself to God." "Amen!" answered the brother, and admitted him.

It was not a pleasing step to Luther's friends. The professors of the University did not like to lose a pupil so brilliant, and they sent his classmates to remonstrate with him; he would not see them. His father, indignant and disappointed at the failure of his ambitious schemes, answered angrily the letter which Luther wrote to inform him of his act. But the resolve had passed; the step was taken. There was no yielding in this man's nature. The gifted student went straight to his cloistral cell, and for two years practised there the austerities of monastic life, taking upon himself its most menial offices, sweeping the cells, opening the doors, and going round through the neighboring country to beg for the convent. But they tell, nevertheless, of the relaxation of his ascetic pain, how in the small choirs of the brethren, his fine tenor voice would lead the Gregorian chant, how the hymns of the Church fell sweetly from his lips, and how after preaching to the shepherds, he would lie at the foot of some tree and be lulled to sleep by their simple pipings.

Like the fathers of the Catholic Church Luther had his demoniac experiences in this period of his life. The devil visited him, and sometimes he was tempted to feel that the devil possessed him. But this early experience was made harder when he was admitted to the priesthood. In 1507, when he was twenty-four years old, he finished his novitiate, took his vows and celebrated as priest his first mass. It was a solemn time for him and he almost sank under the burden of this great change. He felt as

if all faith had left him and all sin were upon him. His father's presence at the ceremony was an additional trial, for he knew that his father was vexed at the step he had taken. He hardly dared to repeat the prayers at the altar. And it touched him closely, when at the dinner which followed, his father asked, "Is it not written in the Word, that a man should honor his father and mother?" The joy which the peasant showed at his ordination did not bring joy to his soul. For now he plunged deeply into the mazes of the doctrine about sin. The rector of the convent, Staupitz, was a believer in the moral inability of man, and teaching of that kind could not raise the soul of the young priest, already too prone to accuse himself. He kept brooding over his lost and ruined state till he became weak and sick. Once they found him lying on the floor of the cell apparently dead. Only music could drive out the demon that tormented him. The sweet notes of his flute would arouse his better nature, and make him for the time forget his pains and his sins. In these inner torments he did not find much sympathy. The monks of the sixteenth century were not much troubled by the visits of demons, and they tried to argue away the vain fears of their brother. But the nature of Luther was not one to be reasoned with. Only one great doctrine could give him peace, and to the elaboration and clear vision of that doctrine his soul groaned and travailed.

Luther tells, himself, how early this great characteristic doctrine of "justification by faith" had broken upon his soul. When a schoolboy he was struck by the phrase in St. Paul's Epistle, "the justice of God is revealed by faith." And when the terrors of the law began to rise before him, and the cruelty of God to seem manifest, this doctrine of faith came in to relieve his perplexity. He saw in this the solution of his doubt. If he had been attacked by idle terrors, if he fell into despair, if he feared for his salvation, and trembled at God's justice, it was because he did not believe; in want of faith, he saw the source of all his misery. But in the light of faith the justice of God seemed a different thing, not part of vindictive wrath, but part of abounding mercy. It was glorious to think upon it. Joy came again to the poor monk's soul.

The nightly visions of demons ceased. He stood gladly at the altar. He could now show to sinners the way of salvation. God no longer seemed to him a great tyrant, damning the world for its hereditary curse and its innumerable transgressions. He no longer felt his soul abhorring the Ruler of the Universe. The words of Jesus came to comfort him. "Believe and thou shalt be saved." These seemed to him to make repentance reasonable. We shall see hereafter how Luther drew out this doctrine and how it differed from the Catholic doctrine. But even in this early stage of his history he had come to look upon it as the central power of the creed. He had already gone back from the later fathers to Augustine, and he could see no way of escape for the sinner through works, whether of ritual or of righteousness, no salvation except by faith in Christ, before he departed on his mission to Rome.

This visit to Rome was a most weighty event for his future career. It revealed to him a new feature of the ecclesiastical state. Rome and its sanctity had long been in his dreams and he had yearned towards that city with the enthusiasm of a pilgrim. Rome was venerable to him by its classic memories, as the home of those sweet poets whose verses shared with the Bible his attachment. It was more venerable as the fountain head of Catholic doctrine and faith. In Rome, to Luther's dream, the joy and desire of the whole world seemed to be centred. Occasion arose for a messenger to be sent to Rome to settle some difficulties between the Augustine order and the Pope. Staupitz made Luther his messenger, thinking probably it might distract him from morbid thoughts and cheer his sombre musings. The journey, cheerfully undertaken, did not turn out quite as he expected. Luther carried across the Alps his own idea of the monastic state, the ancient idea, the ascetic idea, the idea of penance, fasting, poverty, and earnestness in prayer; but he did not see his idea anywhere realized. He found good cheer and great hospitality, but not much piety or communion with God. He heard all along of the great revenues of the convents, the thousands of dollars which came from rents, from masses, from boarders in the house, but not of their gifts

to the poor, or their sacrifices in the Saviour's spirit. Instead of the rude altars before which it seemed becoming that monks should kneel, he saw marble, alabaster, mosaic, jewelry and gold, all things rich and rare on the shrines of the self-denying brethren. In Milan, the first great Italian city which he reached, he was amazed at the luxury and the worldliness all around him. It was Paganism baptised. He had never seen Paganism before. The churches seemed strange. He could not understand the mass which they chanted, for a miracle had commanded them to use the service of Ambrose instead of the missal of Gregory, which was the regular Catholic service. He was shocked, too, at the profane haste with which the mysteries of faith were passed over, at the indifference of the priests to their sacred office.

His journey through Italy was sad and disheartening. Its beautiful skies were dark to his sight. Its transparent air was heavy upon his breast. He seemed to be travelling in pestilence. He could not breathe at night the free air. At Bologna he fell sick and was only restored by the thought of the justice of God through faith. When he reached Rome there was little to reassure him. He found that religion was the last thing that man cared for in that city. The warlike Julius, intent upon expelling the French from Italy, had no time to attend to monkish troubles. The cardinals and bishops seemed more concerned to enrich themselves and to gather works of art than to remember the service of God. They loved the Pagan better than the Christian Latin. Nowhere could Luther find any sympathy with his doctrine of faith. The priests and the monks boasted of their unbelief. At the very altar they declared the bread and wine to be that and nothing more. A fortnight Luther stayed at Rome, indignant and disgusted at all which he saw. Rome could henceforth no longer be the holy place of his dreams. Her dignity was lost for him. All her splendor, luxury and wonder, her rulers on horseback, her kneeling crowds, her vast cathedrals, could have no charm for him. It was hollow and vain. And he went back to Germany with a desolate heart, for his idol had been broken. But the visit was not useless. "I would not," he says in his table talk,

"for one hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome, for I should always have feared then that I was unjust to the Pope in what I said about him."

Scarcely had Luther returned to his convent when he received the appointment of Professor in the new University at Wittemberg. This had been established a few years before by Frederic, Elector of Saxony, a prince of liberal culture, of sincere piety, and zealous in the work of elevating the people. He sought in the various convents for suitable men to fill his chairs; and among others the monk Luther was represented to him as a scholar of rare promise. The invitation was so pressing that it seemed like a command. Luther could not refuse it. He would have preferred to teach theology, the queen of the arts, but the department assigned to him was that of philosophy, and the master of philosophy was Aristotle, whom he could not love. His furniture for the new charge was extremely meagre. He had hardly a change of raiment, and his library was confined to a few ascetic books, some Latin volumes, a few of Aristotle's treatises, a Concordance and two Bibles.

To this appointment of Professor was joined that of Town Preacher, so that he had all classes for his hearers. Luther was frightened at his burden of duty, and would fain have escaped it. "I shall not live three months under it," said he. "Very well," said his former master, "if you die, 'twill be in the service of the Lord, a noble sacrifice!" His labors now became intense and unremitting. He was constant in the class-room; and yet his sermons were regularly heard in the royal chapel, in the college church and in the monastery at Wittemberg, to which he belonged. These sermons were not hasty productions, for severe private study preceded his public efforts. His sermons were in one respect peculiar. They neglected the schoolmen and the creeds, and went to the Scriptures for their material and their inspiration. Though he had read the great summary of Thomas Aquinas, the Golden Doctor, he preferred to draw from the Epistles of Paul. His preaching was in all respects remarkable. His fine voice was never more sonorous and impressive than when it repeated the strong phrases of the Epistle to the

Romans. His animated tone, his forcible gesture, his sharp emphasis, and his evident sincerity, all told largely in the public applause. His lectures were a place of general resort. Eminent doctors pronounced his explanations of the Scriptures to be the most luminous of any which had been heard for a century. The midnight oil which he habitually burned was not spent in vain; but from the vigils of the student came forth a light which astonished the wisest. Luther loved his task, and bore modestly his fame, glad only to open to others the mysteries of that Word which was so grand to his soul. In these close studies of his professorship, in these Biblical sermons, he was laying the foundations of his power as a Reformer, and preparing for his service of controversy, his defence of God's Word against the devices and corruptions of men. Already his eminence was predicted, and he was praised by famous men.

On the sixteenth of October, 1512, St. Luke's day, Luther received the degree of Doctor of Divinity before a large assembly. The insignia of his new honor were offered by the Archdeacon, now at once his superior, his admirer and his friend, but in a few years to become the object of his bitterest scorn and contempt. Luther was now twenty-nine years old, in the full vigor of his powers and ready for any service.

The immediate motive to the Reformation was the sale of Indulgences. These had been sanctioned by many Popes before Leo, and the whole system of payments to the Church for sins committed was kindred with them. For it seems reasonable that sins which may be released for a consideration in money should be released in advance as much as in the past. If the offence committed has its price, there is no reason why future offences should not be so anticipated. But Leo carried the system farther than previous Popes. His luxurious schemes of life, his gigantic literary and artistic plans, required more revenue than the ordinary contributions of the Christian world. St. Peter's Church was yet to be finished, and there was no limit there to lavish expense if the design of the architect were carried out. It happened, too, at this time that the Archbishop of Magdeburg and Mayence, Albert, in

whose diocese Luther lived, was a man of luxurious life and great needs, wanting more than all his revenues to meet his expenses, and yet owing vast sums to Rome as the arrears of unpaid tithes. The indulgences proclaimed by the Pope, then, would meet his sanction as a means of relieving himself of an inconvenient demand. If Luther's story may be trusted, Albert and the Pope were partners in the scheme and shared alike in its profits.

Luther had heard before with amazement and anger that such abomination was allowed. But he was a Catholic still, and he did not feel called upon to interfere in what he had no personal share. But early in the summer of 1517, he heard that the accursed thing had come nigh to him, and that in some of the towns around Wittemberg a monk, by name John Tetzel, was trafficking in sins and souls in the name of the Holy Church. He had known the character and spirit of this man, his shameless licentiousness, his bold profanity, his irreverent trifling with sacred mysteries, his insolent dictation and abuse of those who stood in his way. From such a man, however eloquent and ingenious, no good could be expected. It seemed fit that he should be selected for a base and blasphemous service. His expressions were repeated to Luther; the absurd and noisy pomp with which he entered the towns with a crier before him announcing that God had come, with long and showy processions of priests, and monks, and nuns, of magistrates and scholars, with flaunting banners, and lighted candles, and the red cross, and the pontifical bull on its cushion, profaning by showy mockery the works of Divine Grace in the pardon of sinners. The preacher of righteousness could not be silent when such abuse was acted. He had disciples to warn and he had a flock to protect. He preached therefore at Wittemberg, warning his hearers not to deceive themselves by any such follies, and not to touch the pledges of unlawful pardon. He wrote in remonstrance to the bishop of his diocese, and to Archbishop Albert, beseeching them to heed and stop this scandal to all piety. His words were terse and clear, and spoke a truth not to be mistaken. No answer came from the Archbishop, since it was not likely that a partner in the traffic would try to prevent it.

Luther began to see that the case was pressing. The bearer of Indulgences was now at Juterboch, eight miles from Wittemberg, and the people flocked out to meet him and to purchase his wares. The confessionals at Wittemberg were deserted. The excitement for Tetzel and his traffic increased. It was a critical time. Luther took counsel of God, retired to his cell, and spent many days there in preparing a sermon which should put a stop to the affair. On the appointed day the church was crowded. No one could discover from the earnestness with which Luther joined in the prayers and chanting that he had such daring words to speak. His devotion to Catholic faith never was more evident than when he was ready to throw out defiance to Catholic practice.

We cannot here give even an abstract of the positions of this striking sermon, which really contains the germs of all Luther's heresies. It is enough to say that it gave the lie to all the pretensions of Tetzel, declared that sin could only be pardoned by God, and his free grace, that nowhere in the word of God was it said that a man could buy expiation for the wrong of his life or the evil in his soul, that it was the first Christian work to show mercy, to help the poor, to give to the sick, and suffering, and afterwards, if there were a surplus remaining, to give to the building of churches.

The boldness of this sermon frightened his fellow-monks. They feared the result of such a manifesto. One of them, shaking his head, said to Luther, "Ah! Doctor, you have been very rash to-day. This may be a bad affair for our order. The Dominicans are laughing at us already." "What matter, good father," replied Luther. "If this does not come from God, it will fall; if it comes from his holy word it will stand;" repeating thus the sentiment of Huss, and Wickliffe, and Gamaliel, the sentiment of all who have learned the world's wisdom or are moved by the prophet's fire.

This famous sermon of Luther soon came to the ears of Tetzel. It aroused all his wrath. He thought to crush the presumptuous preacher by words of authority. He stormed, he insulted, he threatened. He took one night to prepare a list of twenty propositions which were to

annihilate the Wittemberg doctor. He held him up to ridicule, he hinted at harder pains. "The Inquisition," said Tetzel, "shall be the judge of any who dare to deny what the Pope has ordered." The trial of fire and water he offered to Luther in taunting phrase. His taunts were flung back by satire. "Your cries seem to me," said Luther, "but empty braying. In stead of water I commend to you the juice of the vine, and in place of fire inhale, my friend, the odor of a good roast goose, and tell all your inquisitors, all your eaters of hot iron and splitters of rocks, that I, Martin Luther, live at Wittemberg, and that they will find at my house an open door, a table spread, good cheer, and a hearty welcome."

But the time was come for a greater effort. The affair could no longer be one of mere self-denial. It was time to arouse the scholars and the dignitaries of the Church out of their indifference. The great Festival of All Saints, celebrated in Germany with peculiar zeal, was close at hand. Luther took no human counsel. Alone he ventured to brave the storm. He drew up ninety-five theses. They were clear, vigorous, and deliberately written; he would stand by them as his word. Alone, in the evening, he went out to the Church; with his own hand he nailed to the door these theses. (William III, of Prussia, caused bronze doors to be erected in place of the original wooden ones on which the theses were nailed by Luther, and the theses were cast in raised letters upon the doors.) That act made the thirty-first day of October, 1517, memorable in the history of the world. There began a new Christian cycle. The Reformation dates from that All Saints Day.

On the morning of All Saint's Day, the crowds as usual thronged to the Church at Wittemberg to hear and join in the solemn mass of the great festival. But a strange inscription upon the door arrested their notice. It gave a new turn to the thought of the people. It offered a new feature in the exercises of the day. They read in the long list of propositions, which rang in their nervous dialect like the sound of a trumpet, a defiance to that man who came there in the name of the Pope to make merchandise of souls. They saw it announced there that Martin

Luther stood ready that day publicly to maintain that the Pope had and could have no power to sell the pardon of sins, or to pardon any sins, but on the Scriptural condition of repentance; that it was a scandal and a lie to affirm of the Holy Father that he would thus set at naught the word of God; that charity and faith, not the payment of money, were the means of salvation. The thing was immediately noised abroad, and before the hour of service had come, priests, monks, scholars, artisans, the noble and the poor, were all talking about the *theses*. At the appointed hour thousands were waiting in the Church, but Tetzel was not there, and his friends were silent. No one appeared to attack the novel doctrine. And the sun that day went down upon a triumph, the consequences of which no thought of ours can measure. The thousands of pilgrims that had come together dispersed over Saxony again to their homes. But they carried with them the record of the day's achievement. Instead of the certificate of pardoned sin, they bore back in their memories, if not in their hands, the words which they had read. No tidings had ever spread more rapidly. In two weeks all Germany had heard of them; and before the month had passed, they were read at Rome. They were discussed in priestly conclaves, in colleges, and in workshops. They were translated into foreign tongues. The great classic scholars stopped to heed them, and the oppressed heart of more than one nation beat high with hope. They penetrated even to Spain, the dark and bloody ground of religion, and the recent hecatombs of victims could not prevent the Andalusians from rejoicing in this unlooked-for testimony. It was not the intrinsic importance of these theses, but the prophecy of greater things, which men felt that they contained. The world saw that they were the harbinger of a new element in human affairs, of a new day in religion. From all sides came in testimonies to Luther that his act had not been fruitless or unheeded. Such men as Reuchlin and Erasmus were inspired by it with new hope; and many a young student saw the reality here of his recent vision, and welcomed the words of the Saxon teacher as an assurance that the second coming of Christ so

long delayed was now at hand. Even Pope Leo was more struck by the genius of Luther than enraged at his boldness.

The next critical passage in Luther's life was his appearance before the legate of the Pope at the Augsburg Diet in October, 1518. We have no time here to detail the events which led to this citation. We must pass over that striking letter to Leo, the most blessed Father, where Luther humbles himself before the rule of the Pope, yet holds to and repeats his opinions; the discussion between the Emperor and the Elector as to the best place for a hearing; the defeat of the manœuvres to draw him to Rome, which would have been sure destruction; the indignation with which the friends of Luther regarded the scheme to entrap him. We must omit here, too, that most important friendship which Luther formed at this time with Melancthon, an event of moment for his whole subsequent career.

The diet of Augsburg was called by Maximilian for political ends, to settle the disputed questions of sovereignty, and especially to take measures against the invasion of the Turks. It seemed fit to Leo to make this imposing assembly, where the princes and nobles of Germany were met, the scene of trial for a fanatical monk, who had dared to oppose an ordinance of the Church. By a brief dated August twenty-third, Luther was summoned to appear at the Diet within sixty days to answer to the charges of heresy, and to retract his scandalous attacks upon the Church. The business was entrusted to a shrewd, accomplished and famous doctor of the Church, the Cardinal De Vio, usually called Caietan, from the town where he was born. This man was noted for a moral purity unusual in his time and office, a burning zeal for the interest of the Church and the monastic order, and a truly Italian tact in diplomacy. He was versed in the lore of the schools, and proud in the dignity of his station,—the man, it was thought, at once fitted to refute, convince, seduce, persuade and overawe a mind like that of Luther. He entered on the mission with confidence and alacrity; success seemed sure; no sane man could dream that a Saxon professor would hold out against a cardinal legate, armed as he was with power to crush the heretic.

It was with great fear that the friends of Luther saw him set out for Augsburg in obedience to the mandate. It seemed to them a certain renewal of the tragedy of Constance. They could not believe that the safe conduct which he gained from the Emperor would be more respected than that of Sigismund had been. But Luther trusted in the justice of his cause. He wanted no friends to share his danger. His journey was made mostly on foot, and with no conveniences for travel. Yet he found that the people all along had heard of him and were waiting to welcome him. At Augsburg the various convents vied with each other for the honor of giving him hospitality. He was summoned as a heretic, but received as an apostle. Even the legate felt the need of treating such a famous man with respect, and made an effort to conciliate Luther in advance of the public hearing. One of the first persons who waited upon Luther after his arrival was the Urban of Sena Longa, a courtier of the Cardinal's, subtle, insinuating, and thoroughly master of Italian dissimulation. This man plied Luther with all sorts of arguments, and used all sorts of evasions to persuade the doctor into submission, and prepare him for the serious interview. But he found that the honest soul of the Reformer was proof against his wiles. Luther understood it all, and these attempts to beguile him only gave him more strength in the cause he had espoused. Though friends and foes, the monks and the people were so busy in discussing his probable fate, he awaited calmly the day of hearing, determined in his mind how to act.

On Tuesday, October 11th, Luther found himself for the first time confronted in argument with a high dignitary of the Church. The reverence which he made when the interview began was not a sign of what the word was to be. The legate saw, to his amazement, that the criminal whom he had summoned was disposed to contest his authority. His mild request to Luther to *retract*, and to pledge himself to good behavior was strangely met by a demand that the errors in doctrine should be pointed out. His statement that the Pope had sanctioned the indulgences was met by an assertion that the Pope had no right to sanction them. Caietan learned very soon that he had

a hard subject to deal with, one who was as little to be dazzled by the show of power, as he was to be silenced by threats and commands, one who could baffle his ingenuity by words of fearless honesty. He had not met anywhere a man of Luther's stamp and there was no rule which he knew for getting hold of such a mind. His diplomacy was at fault. Every snare which he set was avoided, and he was mortified that the whole day should pass in fruitless discussion with no progress made in the humiliation of his antagonist beyond the first act of respect. Two more days were spent in the business, all the time with the affair growing worse and worse. The wily Cardinal was flung off his guard. His passions got the better of his prudence. He lowered his dignity by ridiculing his foe, and turned the laughter upon himself by his fierce loquacity. One thing he wanted, and that was just what he could not get, Luther's consent to *retract.* The more he stormed and threatened, the calmer Luther stood before him. He could not be betrayed into any insult. All that Luther would say was, "I will retract when you show me what I have said contrary to the Gospel of Christ. Answer my arguments and I will obey your commandment."

The violence of the legate aided the cause of Luther. It was good for him that the Pope's emissary refused to hear. It gave him an excuse for departing. There was danger in the Cardinal's threats, and it was not safe to try his invitation too far. Four days he waited at Augsburg after the last interview, to see if the legate would relent and admit him again to his presence. He even added a modest letter, in which he asked pardon for any improper haste or petulance, and confessed his readiness to listen to the suggestions of the Holy Father. But the words "I retract," did not escape him. Without making his intention known, one morning before daybreak, he quietly rode away and left his antagonist with the Italian courtiers to digest the matter as well as they could.

In the month of June, 1520, two famous documents appeared. The one was an address to the German nobility from the hand of Luther proving that the Pope was the predicted Man of Sin and worthy of execration. Four thousand copies of this work were sold in a few weeks and

distributed throughout Germany. It was an appeal from the Pope to the nation, to defend their ancient rights, to support the cause of religion, of letters, of human freedom, and Christian purity. It showed the Pope to be a thief, a tyrant and a traitor to God, living on the sweat of the poor and the infamy of the base, the head of a vast system of iniquity. "Let us blow down these walls of paper and straw which the Romans have built around them, and lift up the rods which punish by bringing the wiles of the devil to the light of day." He declares resistance to be the only remedy against the abuses of Rome. The yoke of Rome must be thrown off, its power defied, the tiara dashed from the head of St. Peter's impious successor. The Pope must be relieved of his sovereignty. The Emperor should give him a prayer-book and a Bible that he may leave kings to govern, and betake himself to preaching and prayer. In a long strain of indignant protest he goes over the abuses with which Rome has loaded the Church, and calls upon the kings and the nobles, the doctors, the students, and the people to unite themselves against their common oppressor. Such bold truth had never been spoken since a Reformer preached the new kingdom in the streets of Jerusalem. It resounded through the land, and rang like the blare of a thousand trumpets.

Simultaneous with the appearance of this address, in solemn conclave at Rome, the Cardinals voted to declare to the world the famous bull which separated Martin Luther from the communion of the faithful and declared him a heretic, infamous and accursed. Forty-one propositions were condemned. It was ordered that the Reformer shall burn all the books in which these propositions may be contained. Sixty days were given him from the time of the publication of the bull to retract, or to come to Rome and confess his sins. Otherwise, he and all his friends were to be treated as heretics, according to the ancient method. In the autumn of the year, Eck, bearing this fearful bull, appeared in Germany. It was proclaimed among the people; some laughed, but many feared. Here and there men began to rid themselves by fire of the works of Luther. He met at first the bull by irony and

abuse. He treated it as a contemptible mockery of the popular will. But soon he saw that some more daring course must be taken. Three years before he had censured the rashness of the Wittemberg students in burning the theses of Tetzel. Now he invited the officers and students to witness a more imposing auto da fè. On the tenth day of December at nine o'clock A. M., a great crowd were gathered at the east gate of the city, around the cross close to which a funeral pile of faggots had been raised. In solemn march Luther led the procession till they reached the spot. The fire was put to the pile. Luther then took the laws of the Church of Rome, the Decretals, the Clementines, the Extravagants, and the Canon law, which ages had been collecting in the Church, with the writings of Eck and Emser, and flung them on the fire. When these were burned he threw on the Papal Bull, exclaiming, "Because thou has troubled and put to shame the holy one of the Lord, so be thou troubled and consumed by the eternal fire of hell." A loud cheer ended the performance and they returned to town without outbreak or confusion.

On the second day of April, 1521, Luther set out on his journey to Worms in obedience to the Imperial mandate, with the safe-conduct guaranteeing him an unmolested passage and a sure return. His friends saw him depart with heavy hearts, and those who went with him seemed almost to be going to martyrdom. Melancholy forebodings mingled with the welcomes which greeted him all along the way. The pride which Germany felt in the fame of her hero was troubled by the prospect of his fate. Obstacles all along were thrown in his way. Friends dissuaded him, enemies jeered at him. But his heart was fixed. "I will obey the Emperor's order," was his answer to all their words. "Should they light a fire which should blaze as high as heaven and reach from Wittemberg to Worms, at Worms I will still appear in the name of the Lord and overthrow the monster. I will go up to Worms even if there were as many devils there as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses." His journey lasted fourteen days. On the sixteenth he entered the city more like a warrior returning from battle than a criminal going to

judgment. The Imperial herald went before him. A body-guard of Saxon nobles were around him. The thousand students who had gathered to the great session welcomed him with their greetings, and all the streets were filled with a dense throng of people anxious to behold the man of the age. As Luther stepped from his carriage and saw this great, splendid crowd swelling before him in its ocean waves, his heart was lifted in the spirit of prophecy, and he exclaimed aloud, "God will be upon my side." Long after he had entered there, the crowds waited to see his face, to hear his voice, or to receive his benediction.

The next day, at four P. M., was appointed for the hearing. As Luther went slowly along to the hall of meeting, he was at once cheered and awed by the sight before his eyes. It seemed as if the whole German people were poured into this one city. Every place where any one could see him was occupied, doors, windows, roofs, the spires of churches; everywhere he saw anxious eyes turned upon him. Words of encouragement and of warning fell upon his ear, among them the words of Jesus, "Fear not those," etc. "When you stand before kings," etc. He saw that he was safe in the hearts of the people, though the powers of the land might condemn him. With great effort he reached at last the hall, and came into the august presence of the assembled empire. A stout heart might have quailed in that presence, not so much from its numbers as from the exalted rank of its members. An Emperor, heir to the crown of the Cæsars, an Archduke, six electors, the founders of dynasties, twenty-four dukes, eight counts, thirty archbishops and prelates, seven ambassadors from the States of Europe, and behind these a crowd of lesser nobles. It was before such an audience that Luther stood and listened to the word which summoned him to humble himself and to retract his teaching. Two questions were asked him. "Are these books (a goodly pile which lay there) yours?" Next, "Will you declare that you condemn them and renounce their contents as heresy?" The books are mine, answered Luther, when their titles were read. To your other question I must ask a short space to frame my answer that I may not

endanger my soul nor offend God's word. His enemies rejoiced in this symptom of weakness." "This man will not make a heretic of me," said the Emperor. One day was granted to Luther to prepare his answer. It was spent by the Reformer not in the examination of his works to see how much he might spare from their contents, but in earnest prayer that God would give him strength.

It was late the next day before they would give him audience. Two hours long he waited in the antechamber, with hundreds gazing there upon him. When at last, as the day was darkening, he stood before the Diet to answer again, all of them could see that the courage of the martyrs was in his soul. His speech was modest, simple and earnest. First in his native German and then in Latin, he repeated it. It asked for a refutation of his errors. It appealed to the Bible as arbiter and God as judge. In respectful terms it reiterated the obnoxious heresy that every man was a freeman in Christ. It spoke a lofty faith in the truth, and implored the princes to act now as the servants of God. "Why do you bring us here questions which the Church has long since decided," said the Imperial orator. "Answer yes or no, will you retract?" "Since, then," said Luther, "your most serene majesty and the princes require a simple answer, I will give it thus: Unless I shall be convinced by proofs from Scripture or by evident reason (for I believe not in erring Popes and Councils), I cannot choose but adhere to the word of God which has possession of my conscience, nor can I possibly, nor will I ever, make any recantation, since it is neither safe nor honest to act contrary to conscience. Here I take my stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen!" The question was repeated then, with a similar answer. They saw it was vain to tempt this man. He had appealed to a higher tribunal than theirs, to the voice of God in the human soul, and it might seem to those men of earthly might and renown that it was the great voice of God speaking out to them through the dim light of that still hall. The Emperor was awed in such a presence.

I need go no farther in the narrative, though it were interesting to speak of the visits which Luther received

from the nobles, the bishops, and the scholars while he stayed in the city, with what arguments they plied him, what lures they spread for him, what compliments and what insults he had to encounter. Nor need we stay to follow back his progress homeward and observe the joy that greeted him, and the gratitude which the voices of the people spoke for his strange preservation. I have finished the sketch of Luther's rebellion and reached its climax. It has now become an appeal from all human authority to the truth and word of God, an assertion of the rights of conscience, a new Gospel of freedom. The scholar of Wittemberg has become to our view the prophet of the world. The truth has been wrested by his arm from all its trammels. He stands before us now separate from the Church, and relying only on the invisible strength of God. Around him we seem to see gathering the hosts of heaven, the company of saints and prophets, to stand over against the hosts of the Church on earth. It recalls for us the old story of Elijah and the priests of Baal.

But it is time to turn from this public work of the great Reformer to his more private sphere of duty, and see something of the spirit and character of the man. Just one month after the death of Frederic the Elector, Luther married Catherine of Bora, a nun escaped from a Misnian convent. Such an act gave great scandal to his friends, both in the court, and in the schools. It was a reproach upon the lofty virtue and self-denial which heretofore they had boasted of their master, and Luther was called to defend for himself what was right and proper on the principles which he laid down. But it was a fortunate step for his peace of mind. The partner whom he chose was beautiful alike in person and in soul, of a sweet, gentle, patient nature, fit to lighten his perplexing labors, and to console him in his sorrows. She had mind enough to appreciate, but not to differ from her husband, and the heart to admire him without the will to contend with him. She gave him the instance and model of what an obedient and loving wife should be. Though he might sometimes wish that she had a larger comprehension of the doctrines of faith and a deeper experience of spiritual struggle, still it was beautiful to turn from the devil who tempted him

so sorely to her serene and tranquil soul. She restored him to his simple humanity, and engaged the man who bore on his heart the creeds of nations and the interests of a future Zion, in the common cares of a humble household. She gave him sympathy with the details of an earthly life, and yet suggested to him visions of higher relations. Luther's marriage helped him at once to bear his poverty and to see how Christ was mystically joined to the bride of the Apocalypse. He found no loss in going back from his study-chamber to the company of his little household. The new experience of the affections interpreted for him the solemn oracles of God's word.

And all a father's tenderness was called out to the children who grew and frolicked in his home. He learned then what Jesus meant when he blessed the little ones. They showed him the image of freedom, joy and purity. He seemed to be nearer heaven when they were playing around him. Their careless confidence was a sign of what the Christian's faith towards God should be; he discovered spontaneously revealed in their souls all for which with such pains and doubt he was striving. Nowhere is his story more charming than in its episodes of domestic love and domestic sorrow. There is an exquisite contrast between his letters of controversy and defiance to Henry the despot, and Erasmus the scholar, and the quaint counsels which he found time always to write to his little son; between Luther dictating formulas of faith and worship, to thousands of preachers and churches, and Luther listening at intervals to the songs which his little daughter Magdalen sang so sweetly. There is a wonderful pathos in the tones in which he, who could go boldly on to his own martyrdom, speaks of the sickness and death of his child, to see the strong man, whom threats and dangers could not shake, bowed to the grief of a woman and prostrate beneath the hand of God. We find in the life of Luther what we have not found in the story of all the saints before, a human interest and tenderness, scenes of emotion into which not piety and genius only may enter, but which are identical with those of the most simple life. The reverence of Augustine for his mother, the love of Basil for his friends, the charity of St. Francis for the

poor, the sick, and the forsaken, are all beautiful, but the home of Luther attracts us by a stronger sympathy. The love there is of a deeper and holier sort. The sorrow is more human.

Few homes were happier than that of Luther though few were more straitened in means. The worst enemies of the Reformer could not accuse him of the love of gold. He cared so little for the goods of the world that often the daily subsistence of his family seemed in danger of failing. He trusted in that Father who gives the ravens their food and clothes the lilies of the field. He had neither envy nor reproach for the rich; only his heart did not turn in their direction. He had no care to extract profit to himself from the applauses of the world. At any time the chance was offered him of adding by the power of wealth to the dignity of his station. But money to him was of use only in saving others from want and enabling them to live without sorrow. His will speaks of his debts as nearly balancing his possessions and enjoins upon his loving wife to discharge these from the sale of the valuables remaining. This carelessness of gain has prevented any charge against the private integrity of Luther. Yet we cannot find that poverty brought to him any pain. He lived on in trusting cheerfulness.

No man had a more genial nature. With all its robustness and earnestness his mind had a keen sense of humor, which even the most serious passages of his life could excite. He had no relish for empty jesting, but he loved to give to grave discussions a quaint and comical turn. Even Satan, who was a terrible reality to him, was the object of his wit. He could laugh at, while he fought with, the Evil One. The ludicrous side of any argument or treatise never escaped him. He would detect and expose it in the letter of a friend, the essay of a rival, or the anathema of a Pope. The terrible decree which made him an outcast from the society of the faithful he answered by sarcasm and derision. Ridicule was a weapon which never failed him and which he used with astonishing power. No theme was so grave, no dignity so high, no issue so momentous, that his satirical taste hesitated to deal with it. His friends were often shocked, his enemies amazed, at the style of

his rejoinders. He almost invented for Germany a new vocabulary of grotesque and sarcastic terms. To many now this is the most repulsive side of the Reformer's character and spirit. His most serious writings seem at times profaned by their buffoonery. What is so charming and fresh in the extravagances and whims of the Table Talk is far from agreeable in the discussion of themes which the reverence of ages should have hallowed. This tendency of Luther has given ample materials to his Catholic defamers to hold him up to contempt and scorn. His garbled writings are made to attest a low and sneering hatred of all holy things, and the cunning Jesuit is able to show how a blackguard was mistaken for a Reformer. But the more candid critic, while he allows that the humor of Luther was not always of the most dignified sort, that his style was lacking in refinement, will see in it the proof of a genial soul, and a genuine cheerfulness.

One of the most pleasant pictures of Luther's life are those social evening gatherings in the Black Eagle Inn where for fifteen years he was wont habitually to meet his more intimate friends; and on the oaken benches and with the slight stimulus of the can of ale, to discuss all things known and unknown, the questions of theology, the topics of the day, the character of men, and the nature of God, the stars and the demons, the acts of the Pope, and the intentions of the Emperor, the spirit of poetry, the laws of morality, and the influence of woman; the Scriptures, the creeds, the sacred songs and the worth of the Fathers, marriage, and the domestic duties, destiny and the state of the soul; all things human or divine. From the fragments of these interviews which friendship has recorded, we may imagine what a wealth of knowledge, of thought, of wit, and fancy was poured out by the master for his disciples, how many classic memories were revived, how many gleams of inspiration shot out, how many aphorisms dropped to suggest whole trains of most spiritual thought. Rarely in the reunion of friends do we find such spiritual talk thrown off in the gayety and glee of unbent minds. Here the floodgates of Luther's soul, when the pressure of work was taken off, were opened, and the tide which all day had been forced into the narrow channel of

some intense toil, was allowed to leap freely along and spread in its natural current. The Table Talk of Luther contains more materials for essay and poetry, more practical hints, more spiritual wisdom, than all his vast folios of catechism, and commentary, and epistle. The letters of Abelard to a young girl, records of an unmanly passion, make now the fame of that great scholar. The love songs which he wrote in secret and not his elegant learning, give now to Petrarch his renown. And the broken words of Luther at the Black Eagle Inn, which he would never have given to the world, show now the perfect image of the man of his age.

Kindred to his love for humor, but more free from exception, was Luther's devotion to beauty in all its forms. He was an enthusiastic lover of nature. And he dwelt fondly on the charms of that Paradise which man's sin had ruined. His garden was as sacred as his study, and when the devil was too pressing, the tempter was readily expelled by the diligent use of the spade. He was as sedulous in arranging his flower-beds as in translating the Gospels. He would kneel down to scent the violet, and take the breath of the rose. The rich tint of the peach suggested to him a thought of the beauty of God's spirit-world. The murmuring of brooks, the rustling of leaves, the sighing of winds, were all hymns sung to the Creator. The music in his soul was answered by the music of the Universe. This love of Nature, more than any reverence for sacred forms, made him a poet. It kept for him the conception of a living God. It gave a swing and freedom to his magnificent hymns. Luther had only to translate into verse the sentiment which moved him as often as he walked abroad. You can discover in his stanzas nothing of the hard, dry logician, nothing of the creed-maker. His creed seemed to embosom itself in his quick sense of living beauties; it was not a delicate or refined sense, for he was very little of an artist, but a natural perception of concrete loveliness. No sternness of dogma could alienate from him this perception. When there was want within the house and no resource apparent, there was plenty to him without. He felt no spiritual hunger with the abundance of God around him. It was chiefly, I think, this

love of the beautiful which saved the theology of Luther from the dark fatalism to which Calvin was borne by his merciless logic. Nature was his antidote to the effect of dialectics, which harden the fibres of the spiritual life and ossify its heart. It was this, too, which saved for the churches of Germany the symbols of ancient piety, and hindered from ruin the grand Gothic piles, with their spires clustering like pine-tree tops, and their flowers blossoming from stone. Had Luther been like Calvin, we should have now no link to bind the Puritan conventicle to the Catholic cathedral.

The place where Luther's greatness was most apparent was the place where he loved most to be, the pulpit. No audience of students, diplomatists or nobles, was so inspiring to his soul as a congregation of sinners waiting for the terms of grace and the bread of life. He had all the gifts of the Christian orator, a burning faith, and an imagination so vivid that its pictures wore all the brightness of reality, an inexhaustible wealth of illustration, a style quaint and flexible, yet equal always to the dignity of the theme, a facility of adaptation, by which he could convince the reason while he melted the hearts of all classes of hearers, an earnestness that only subsided into pathos, and a power that relaxed itself only to the sweet tones of prayer; the physical gifts, too, of a voice clear and sonorous, a restless, piercing eye, a finely-chiselled head on a massive frame, hands that were feminine in their grace, with arms masculine in their strength. His dark hair fell in waves upon his shoulders. His dress was always neatly arranged. The whole air of the man as he stood up to speak must have been inexpressibly charming. He was master of all varieties of dialect; he knew the idiom of the shop and the street as well as of the college. His preaching ranged over all the level of his auditory, and none could fail to understand or to attend. He usually preached without special preparation, taking for text some passage of the Scripture where he happened to open. But his Scriptural study had been so diligent that he was ready on any part. He composed homilies for others, but he did not want them for himself. He loved better to depend upon the motion of the spirit, and to give himself

freely to the spontaneous flow of his thoughts. He cared for no order but the order of inspiration.

The sermons of Luther are often too coarse to suit the refinement of modern taste, and too full of personalities and sarcasm to meet our idea of what sermons should be, but they were far more effective than finely written harangues would have been. There was always a picturesque background of the more awful doctrines. No matter how local or trivial the immediate topic, whether it were the drunkenness of men, or the vanity of women, the lies of cardinals, or the errors of scholars, always the vision of heaven being like a golden cloud in the sky of his thought, and the fires of hell shot up through its crevices and pauses. Men could see that this was no trifler who was talking to them in so quaint and simple speech. The impression was solemn enough, though the words might seem familiar. What they *saw* in Luther awed them into silence more than what they heard. It was not of the basket of summer figs that they saw, but of the majestic word of God speaking through the prophet, that they most felt and knew. Luther loved to preach. He was not weary in that work. It was his pastime, not his toil. He would preach when he was sick, and never with more power than then. It quickened his sluggish pulse to deal with the word of God before sinners. For years he preached three times in the day. The Sunday before his death he was in the pulpit of the church at Eisleben. He loved to preach in private too, as well as in public. On Sundays and feast-days he was wont to get together his wife and children, with the servants and a few privileged friends around the favorite pear tree in his garden, and there expound to them the laws of domestic duty and love. When it rained, his study was the place of meeting. A volume of these short domestic sermons may be found among Luther's works.

But preaching, though a delightful, was not a light or easy work to Luther. He knew its difficulties; he felt its grave responsibilities. Often he resolved to give it up as unfit for such a solemn service. His knees trembled beneath him sometimes when he went up to his seat. It was not, however, a fear of human criticism or a distrust of the

human effect of his sermons. "What do I care," said he, "that men say I don't know how to preach. My only fear is that before God I shall pass for not having worthily spoken of his great majesty and his royal works." It was the thought of the Saviour who gave him commission that dissipated his fear. "Are you afraid," said he to his friend, "So was I. But I thought of the duty and became resigned. We are bound to preach; no matter for our own fame, no matter for our temptations. Try to preach God our Saviour, and don't trouble yourself as to what the world may think of you."

Luther's idea, expression, and thought rose with the grandeur of his theme. When he spoke of haughty sinners, Popes, and Kings, he seemed to have before his eye the grand pageant of the judgment of the dead. The Judge is there with eye of flame, holding in one hand the Bible, in the other the pen for the fatal sentence. The royal sinner comes up in all the pomp of his garments and badges. One by one Luther strips them from him. First the diadem, then the cloak, then the sceptre, finally the sword, and leaves there only a bare form of clay, upon which he loads in return the sins and iniquities, and secret schemes of an earthly life. No poet had a more daring vision of God's judgment-hall than the preacher Luther was wont constantly to bring into his sermons.

Luther wrote fluently in Latin as well as German. But he preferred the last. We might almost call him, considering the number, the variety, and the influence of his works, the father of the modern German tongue. More than three hundred treatises came from his pen. He was never dull, though often profound. He was never superficial, though often dogmatic and abusive. Many men now could not read intelligently in a life-time what he wrote in these thirty years in the intervals of other labor. Men wonder at the fertility of a novelist's brain, which can produce, as in the case of Bulwer or Dickens, so many original fancies, or as in the case of James, so many pages of words. They are amazed at the seventy volumes of Walter Scott, or the three thousand comedies of Lopé de Vega, but let them look at the massive range of Luther's folios which rest on the shelves of our large libraries, of

which one page contains more thought, more wit, more vigorous expression than you find in a whole play of De Vega, or a whole novel of James, and the first wonder speedily falls off. It is a Catholic writer who calls the literary achievement of Luther "miraculous."

We may not stay to speak of Luther's poetic ability, or to instance any of his hymns in proof of his rhythmical skill. If he were less eminent in this sphere than as a preacher it is because he was pre-eminent there. Luther's poetry was all written for music. He composed at once the word and the tune. He was a lyrist, with no epic or elegiac tastes. He sang not according to the rules of poetic culture, but to the needs of Christian worship. To reproduce in his native tongue the grand old chants of the early Church, to revive the fraternal choirs of Christians at Antioch and Ephesus, to popularize that glorious inarticulate voice which came to saints and emperors once as a celestial harmony, to diffuse among the churches of his land the fine traditions of Gregory and Ambrose, to translate from the monkish canticle and litany into the popular song that which made the life of the old Christian poetry, this was Luther's desire and this he accomplished. He gave songs and music to the German people which they will never let die, and still his chorals are sung in the churches with a spirit and a joy which put to shame the elegant monotony of our English psalm singing.

We have but a few words to say of the *man* Luther. That his mind was rapid, acute, comprehensive, powerful, may be inferred from what has been said already; that his heart was tender, affectionate, pure, the unswerving attachment of so many friends and the sweet pictures of his home are evidence. That his conscience was quick and living, not to be frightened, not to be seduced, is shown us by the scenes at Leipsic and Worms. There are passages in his life which seem to dull its transparency. There are inconsistencies which we must leave as we find them. His words are not always pleasant to the ear; his spirit seems very often unlike that of his Master. But in contrast with the great elements of his character its small defects are but as spots upon the sun. A fair analysis and estimate of what he did, what he said, and what he

suffered, leaves the conviction that here was a true man, a great man, even a holy man, one of the world's heroes, one of God's saints. In his soul the fear of God was paramount and supreme. No mean bondage to human opinion had power over him; he believed in God and God's truth, and spoke from his faith and for it. There was no sign of hypocrisy about him; the world knew him and saw what he meant and wanted. He served not the expediencies of men, but their eternal interests. If he compromised ever, it was like Paul to win souls to Christ. If he prophesied harsh and bitter words, it was like Isaiah, to humble the pride of kings and vindicate the honor of God. If he was sometimes eccentric and wild, it was the eccentricity of one who in the desert, in raiment of camel's hair, called on the people to repent. If he was sometimes intolerant and severe, it was that the truth of God might suffer no harm, and in memory of the apostolic counsel "not to be yoked with unbelievers." He lacked some of the special graces of his cotemporaries; he had not the elegance of Erasmus, the sweetness of Melancthon, the self-forgetfulness of Zwingle, or the rich fervor of Martin Bucer. Calvin was his superior in logic, and Æcolampadius had clearer insight into the spiritual truths of the Gospel; but Luther combined more heroic elements than any one, more than all together. Not his position and influence merely, but his gifts and his character entitle him to a place with the chief of apostles and the greatest of prophets. He is the Pontifex of the Reform, not only, according to the charming conceit of an English poem, because he builded the bridge across from the ancient to the new Church of God, but because to him as to the high priest of old the mysteries of God were revealed and made visible, because he saw whereof he spoke. Other names of Reformers may be joined to his and impart perhaps new lustre by their connection, but no name can be mentioned as that of Luther's peer.

The characteristics of Luther were never brought into bolder relief than in the closing days of his life. Wasted by a painful internal malady, which had preyed upon him for years, and which irritated every sensitive nerve, he set out from Wittemberg on his Christian office of reconciling

strife between princes. It was in the dead of winter; the way was blocked with snow, and the streams were choked with ice. It was a perilous time for a strong man to travel, but the faith in the sick man's heart could work for him strength. After several narrow escapes he reached at last the dear Eisleben, where he drew his first breath, and where too he was fated to die. He was near perishing at the outset, but at the thought of preaching his courage revived. Four times he ascended the pulpit, and his sermons were never stronger or clearer than then. But the conviction came home to him that he should never preach or travel more. The records of the interviews of these last days have been preserved to us. They show no abatement of the humor, the sarcasm, the freshness, the faith of the great Reformer. He hates the Pope and the Devil as heartily as ever. One might mistake the scene by the bedside for an evening of the Black Eagle Inn. It was strange, some might think repulsive, to hear the gay talk of the sufferer writhing under sharp torments and so close to his end. It was a sign, the Catholics said, that the Devil had come to claim his servant.

In a few days the fatal morning came. The heart of Protestant Germany has marked well that eighteenth day of February. It is the first saint day of the Reformed Religion. Every father can tell his children how it all happened when Dr. Luther died, how they were sitting around the stove together, he and his little sons, and his friends Dr. Jonas and Cælius, how they were talking about the Pope when the frightful fit seized upon him, what agony he suffered for so many hours, what beautiful words of comfort to friends and of prayer to God he spoke, how he thrice repeated "into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me," how his last word of answer was that he died firm in the faith which he had preached, how slowly he breathed his life away, what a grand funeral there was at Wittemberg, and how Melancthon spoke of the Apostle of Germany; all this is the burden of many a household tale.

There are many shrines to which the feet of pilgrims press. The worn stone at Stratford-on-Avon, the monument of St. James of Compostella, the tomb of Virgil, and

the Holy Sepulchre, will long continue to lead the favorite pilgrimages of genius and piety. Fewer steps turn to the Castle Church at Eisleben. Luther's grave is not the place where his memory is kept. But no year passes that some of the noble and pure of the world do not read with strange emotion that simple epitaph which tells only how the great Doctor was born and died. The feet of trampling horses have profaned that stone. But the Emperor whom the living man defied once paused there in reverence. When Wittemberg was taken some years later, Charles V wished to see the Reformer's tomb. With arms crossed on his breast he read the inscription. An officer asked of him permission to open the tomb and scatter to the wind the ashes of the heretic. The eye of the monarch flashed. "I am not come," said he, "to war upon the dead. I have had enough of the living." So we here will leave the story of that ingratitude, of the wretched wife, and the neglected children, by which German princes outraged the memory of its greatest hero, and leave him to rest in his quiet tomb. We sought not out his pedigree. We will not trace the line of his posthumous fate.

XI.

ST. THERESA AND THE CATHOLIC MYSTICS.

WHEN Luther made his journey to Rome the greatest surprise and sorrow that he met was the apparent want of personal piety in the high places of the Church. The love of God seemed to have forsaken the proper servants of God. The wisdom which men preferred was the wisdom of Pagan deities, and the arts of the sanctuary were but the Pagan arts renewed and baptised. The altars of Jehovah were modeled from those of ancient Jove, and images of Pallas and Venus received the homage due only to the Holy Virgin. The sacred offices were an affair of custom, and few cared for sacred studies. Priests at the altar mocked at the host, while they pronounced the form of consecration, and drank the wine not reverently, but lustfully. The convents had lost all scruples about profanity. It was eccentricity there to be instant in prayer, or careful for God's honor. There was not even the poor pretence of piety to offset the moral corruption, and reconcile the devout mind of the Saxon monk to abuses which shocked him. There was not the plausible excuse which fanaticism is ever ready to offer for its crimes that they are committed in the service of God and for his glory. Piety was no longer essential to promotion in life, nor to canonization after death. There were Popes who showed no spark of it, there were saints into whose narrative even falsehood dared not force it.

To restore this lost spirit of piety to the Church might seem to the temper of a man like Luther a hopeless task. Even Loyola did not try to rescue the holiness of a cloistral life, but began a new order of active Apostles. It was reserved for a woman to attempt and to do for the Church in her own land what neither the zealot nor the reformers stirred themselves to effect. In revivals of re-

ligion the gentler sex are always prominent. Where multitudes press around the dying Saviour, the sisters of Martha and Mary will always be found nearest to the cross. The theology which prefers mystery before logic, and feeling above intellect, will always find, as in history it has always found, its warmest adherents with that sex whose law is the law of love. The men who have written most about the mysteries of religion have confessed that they learned the rudiments of these at the mother's knee. Faith in God is not often taught by the pedagogue's precept. It is fixed in the heart by the soft influence, stealing inward, of the constant domestic lessons which the infant learns from the lips of her who loves him best. The religion of the creeds, the dogmas which measure heresy, and excite controversy, and give scope to ingenious argument, you go to the books of doctors, the records of councils, the canons of the Church to find. But the religion of the affections, the faith which opens the doors of heaven and joins the soul to God, and kindles continually the flame of devotion, to find this, you go to the hymns and meditations, the words and the life of such saints as Theresa of Avila.

For the authentic story of Theresa's life we are not left to the extravagant tales of Catholic eulogists. Her own pen tells in simple and truthful phrases what was the discipline she passed, what were the purposes she formed. Her works are the best testimony to her life, but we have also in her own words the narrative of her early decisive experiences. In the year 1515, on the twenty-eighth of March, the Knight Alonzo of Cepeda, welcomed in his household, already numerous, and soon enlarged to the Scriptural number of twelve, another daughter, whom he named Theresa. He was worthy of such a child, being an example of all the virtues which should belong to the good neighbor, citizen, friend, and father. There was daily almsgiving at his door, there were daily prayers in his family meeting. The books in his library were not all worldly, and the custom of her parents taught Theresa early to prefer the works of the fathers, of Augustine and Jerome, to the romances of chivalry. At seven years the child was familiar with the lives of the saints and was

accustomed to talk with a little brother, still younger, on the great themes of eternity and heaven. They read about the martyrs, and one day in the fervor of devout zeal, resolved to go into Africa and labor and die there for the conversion of the infidels. They had actually started and gone some distance, when upon the bridge near the town, an uncle overtook them and led them back again. But this could not stop their pious exercises. They wondered still at the great thought of Eternity and kept repeating the word to each other. They gathered piles of stones in the garden into little cells, and played hermit together. As Theresa grew older, she loved solitude more, and prayer became her most delightful pastime. She would spend hours in gazing at a picture of Jesus with the woman of Samaria, which hung in her chamber, and repeat to herself those words, "Lord give me of this water that I thirst not."

The death of her mother, which occurred when she was twelve years old, was the occasion of very serious reflections, and the orphaned child felt that in her danger and sin she needed the more the protection of the Blessed Virgin. But the loss of this earthly mother left her to temptations from which the favors of the Virgin was hardly a protection. She soon reached an age when the charms of the world are apt to exert a prevailing influence, and even the surroundings of religion are not able to prevent the natural impulses. The romances which were as attractive then as now to young ladies in fashionable circles drew her by their fascination. She learned from a young female cousin, who had seen the world and knew its tastes, how to curl her hair and trim it, how to use perfumery, and dress handsomely. The change in her sentiments could not long be concealed, and her Puritanic father, whose courtesy forbade him to refuse these dangerous visits of kindred, secured his daughter from their risks by sending her to a convent. Here it was very dull at first. The pious nuns, who spoke only to reprove, and who never smiled, were a hard exchange for gay companions who talked about knights and castles, about balls and dress, and about the tender passion. But Theresa soon got accustomed to it, and listened at last with respect,

if not with profit, to the devout homilies which a convent sister used to deliver from the text "Many are called, but few are chosen." A year and a half spent here, however, enfeebled a constitution not naturally strong, and her father took her home again.

The decisive epoch in Theresa's life was in a visit which she made soon after this to the house of an uncle in the country. The exceeding piety of this uncle, whose heart, naturally religious, had been subdued by affliction, and his habitual conversation about God, wrought upon the heart of the young girl so that she felt the call of God to a religious life. Severe fever, repeated more than once, confirmed this decision. She would not wait for her father's consent, and remembering that Jesus had said, "he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me," she determined to leave her home and go to Christ. The convent which she chose was of the order of Mount Carmel, more rigid in its rules than the Augustinian where she had been a pupil before. Her season of novitiate was passed with a constantly increasing joy. Her public vows at last were taken with singular enthusiasm, remarkable in one whose twentieth year was not yet complete. The same year that Theresa gave her vows to a life of prayer, Ignatius and his brethren in the chapel of Montmartre vowed themselves to a life of action in the service of God's Church. The torments of Ignatius and his brethren were self-inflicted. But Providence ordained for Theresa more terrible trials of the flesh than they were called to bear. Such complication of maladies, such awful sufferings, such burnings of fever, racking of nerves, such emaciation and pains of hunger, few have endured so long and lived. Sometimes she would lay for days in a lethargic trance, sometimes the least drop of water in the mouth would bring suffocation, and the presence of any one near agony of the whole frame. Three years she remained a cripple, able with difficulty to crawl about. Yet God, who tried her so severely, sent comfort to her soul.

For in this period she learned the sublime secret of that *mental prayer*, of which she was afterwards enabled to be the prophetess to the Church. She had occasion in those long years to find by what process the resigned spirit con-

quers the weak and fainting flesh. Left alone by the world, helpless and hopeless, she could find how excellent is a Christian trust in God. She could examine her own soul by the most searching tests, could watch and compare her varying sensations, and discover the closest hiding of her sin. She could learn that love and custom, and not corporeal strength, were necessary to unite the soul to God, that sickness is a better stimulant to prayer than any solitude. She could commend, too, by patience and calmness and a fervent heart the faith which sustained to those who wondered at its triumphs. And when after three years' interval she went back to her convent again, it was with a degree of perfected virtue which no convent life could possibly bring. Now, her father, who had before been jealous of her spiritual integrity, began to find in her a teacher of spiritual wisdom. Very touching is the account which she gives of his parting hours, when she waited at his bed with her brothers and sisters, received his last instructions and joined in his prayer, how, when he complained that his shoulders were pained, she reminded him what pain Christ bore, when he carried his cross, and what he promised to those who should share with him that burden, how he expired, with blessings to his children and the words of the creed upon his lips. It was a scene which no renunciation of the world could erase from her memory.

We may pass rapidly the next decade of years in the life of the young nun. Outwardly, they have no variety to offer. There is nothing salient in the monotony of the cloister. The days succeed each other with the same even round of prayers and duties, and in the nights come blessed visions to one and all of those who watch and pray in the proper spirit. If Theresa's own statement can be taken, her heart was not yet wholly pure, nor her purpose firmly fixed. There were intervals when other visitors than those of her confessor were welcome at the grate of the convent. She was drawn at times to talk about the things of the world, and to indulge memories of scenes forbidden to a daughter of Christ. Much, no doubt, of this pretended worldliness was mere self-accusation, but there is no doubt that the mind of the recluse had not

attained yet the state of perfect calmness in which it could repose satisfied with the love of God. We may attribute this in part to the saint whose writings Theresa best loved to read, and who for a thousand years had been the chief instrument in unsettling the thoughts and emotions of the women of the Church. While Jerome of Bethlehem, that restless and complaining spirit, had dominion over her soul, she could not even in piety, be happy. It was not until she escaped from his fascination, and left his distracted pages to ponder the sweeter visions of the son of Monica that she found the true peace of believing. Augustine was the reconciler of her soul, and as she read those glowing pages of his Confessions she felt as she had not before since the days of her childhood, the rapture of a true submission to God.

It was a strange feeling for one who had wandered long in anguish of mind, a saint to the eyes of observers, but in her own heart a weary pilgrim, to find herself at last at the feet of the Saviour, a kneeling penitent. She remembered now as something strange, how Christ was wont before to appear to her, with a stern look, and an air of displeasure, as she ventured to approach him, as he looked down once upon the diseased woman. But now how lovely was his countenance, how gentle his demeanor. The confessors to whom she related her experience were suspicious of so sudden a change, and bade her beware lest Satan were seducing her into a vain confidence. But a Jesuit who came that way, to whom the new spiritual light of Ignatius and his friends had given new insight, welcomed such an experience as a divine promise, and bade her continue her meditations upon the love of God and the life of Christ. In the year 1557, Francis Borgia, third general of the order, returning from a visit to the worn-out emperor Charles, passed through the village where Theresa dwelt. His counsels to the recluse did not weaken her ardor, and his recital of his own strange experience became as fuel to the flame. The contest with the world grew fiercer, troubles seemed to thicken around her. As her sanctity seemed to be more real to her, it became doubtful to those around her, and lying tongues pronounced that what were to her the whispers of Christ's

voice were really demoniac suggestions. She began to fear for herself and to mourn her own exquisite joy. Forsaken by the world, and hardly daring to kneel with her sisters at the Lord's table, she yet leaned when alone upon the arm of Christ as her sufficient friend.

The great consolation of Theresa's life at this period was the habit of mental prayer. This is the radical idea of the mystic theology, and as Theresa, in her journal, draws out at length and describes its proper signs, we may take occasion here to review her system. She compares the influence of prayer upon the soul to water upon the soil of a garden. The garden can be watered in four ways, from the well, by constant and laborious drawing and pouring, or by raising it with a wheel to run down in little conduits, a process less tiresome than the first and more abundant in its supply, or by turning the course of a brook or rivulet, so that it shall spread over the garden instead of rushing along in its narrow bed, a method which distributes equally its refreshments and requires from the gardener more watchfulness than toil, or lastly, by a full shower, which saves all human labor, and drops upon the soil to penetrate but not to harm, incomparably the best of all the methods. So prayer can be applied to the soul. It may be first a mental effort, wrung out from the pains of sinful remembrance, from remorse and shame, from weariness and toil. This is the first beginning of prayer. It comes as water drawn from the well, requiring a collection of thought, a self-examination, an interior exercise of discipline which make the soul stronger, but give it all the time the sense of effort. But all mental prayer must so commence, and there are always single roots and plants of virtue so dry, that they will need to be watered by that prayer which is drawn from the fresh fountain of flowing tears.

Next to this comes what Theresa calls the prayer of *quiet.* This is an even, steady process of concentrating the powers of the soul upon the great thoughts of Jesus and God. It turns in the soul that wheel of its powers and emotions that the waters of reverence and gratitude shall fall of themselves into their true direction. It is not, like the first kind of prayer, a laborious repetition of

many single efforts, but a constant spiritual operation. The will guides, indeed, the stream of divine grace, but the weakness of the spirit does not hinder its even flow. In the prayer of quiet, meditation is an effort, but not a painful or wearying effort. It is like the work of the bee, which flies from flower to flower, gathering honey from all, but bringing all home together joyfully to its cell. This is the proper sequel to the first step of mental prayer. That is taken when the heart pressed down by its sins, cries out for the living God. This follows when it fixes itself upon the great conceptions of Christ and heaven. In the first process one is forced to go over the dry field in every direction and water each root of virtue with a special baptism of prayer, to look upon the sins and needs of the heart. In this second process, one has only to sit at the fountain, look down into its depths, and draw continually, only to contemplate the sources, and not think of the issues of the friendly stream. This kind of prayer belongs to that stage of religious experience which longs after God, but has not quite found him. It has got beyond penitence, but it has not reached a perfect spiritual union. This is reserved for the next stage.

The prayer of *union* which corresponds to the brook turned in upon the field and flowing over it, is what Theresa calls a sleep of the soul, a sleep of all its powers, in which they are not entirely lost, but in which they are unconscious of their own action. It is to the previous stage what *reverie* is to *meditation*. The grace of God is turned by it to meet the soul, but so turned that the active powers are not used in the process. It is that state of the heart when it surrenders itself wholly to that influx of holy and refreshing thought, which bathe it all over with beauty and joy. It seems to unite the soul to God, to the eternal flow of his love. It makes the soul a channel of his grace, covering it all over and touching it at every point, and yet it was in the beginning a voluntary act. The condition of this inundation of divine grace was established when the barrier was fixed in the brook. And the relation of this kind of prayer to those that we have described is clearly marked. Penitence, longing, union, these are three steps, thus far. But even union does not

exhaust the capacities of prayer. The soul is here joined to God, flooded by his grace, at one with him but is not yet penetrated through and through by his searching love. It knows how it is refreshed. It feels the weight of the stream. And there may be points here and there of its life not yet touched, as there are plants in the garden whose nodding summits wave over the top of the stream. There is one other step of prayer to be taken, one other process by which God shall become to the soul all in all. And this Theresa calls the prayer of *rapture*, when God's grace falls upon the soul all from above as showers upon the field.

Upon this last kind of prayer Theresa expends all the force of her eloquence and enthusiasm. Words are weak in describing its heavenly joy. This is the prayer that raises one truly from earth, and in humbling the soul, exalts it. In this, the ravished soul sings of the glories and the loveliness of God's Paradise and forgets all that belongs to self. Its gladness is that of the young bird that has flown about all day in wood and pasture, seeking food and pleasure, but warbles now at rest on the spray above its nest. In this spiritual state the soul is dazzled by God's light, amazed by his love, trembles and thrills continually to his touch. To describe this state as Theresa describes it, one must have dwelt in it long, else the description will seem extravagant. All nature showed symbols to her gaze of this sublime self-renunciation. All men are dust and ashes, and belong by nature to the ground. But as dust is raised by the wind till it shall be held in the air and borne onward, so the mortal spirit is lifted and borne on by the breath of prayer till it floats impalpably in the region of light.

I ought to follow this treatise concerning prayer still farther, to do justice to the idea of the Saint. But I fear to lead you too far into the mazes of her mysticism. Prayer was the foundation of the system which she taught, the first principle of the religious life. But it was not vain or fruitless prayer. And it is remarkable that one who could indulge in such raptures, should speak such sensible words as we find in a letter which she wrote to Father Gracian. "The best prayer," says she, "and most

acceptable to God, is that which leaves the best effects behind it; not results pleasant to vanity and pride, but works which are wholly for the glory of God. Beautiful is the prayer which brings not satisfaction, but holiness to our hearts. As for me, I want no other prayer than what shall make me increase in virtues. Even if great trials, temptations, thirst, come with it, if it make me humbler, I will think it good. What pleases God best, I will count the truest petition. It is not by tears, but by patience and submission that we offer to God the most worthy honor."

Many years were passed in the exercises which proved and the writings which pictured this elementary piety. Day by day the fervor of Theresa's heart was newly inflamed. The Confessors, experienced men of the several religious orders, could not quite understand such spiritual elevation. It passed the comprehension of Baltasar Alvares, the Jesuit, who rejoiced in what he could not explain, John of Avila, the learned Dominican, whose wisdom Theresa found useful in her doubts, could find no parallel in the stories of the Saints to an exaltation at once so mystical and so methodical. And Peter of Alcantara, whose Franciscan habit made him a teacher of practical benevolence, could not reach by his counsels spiritual needs which went far beyond his own. Soon even the strictness of the Carmelite rule failed to satisfy a heart that wanted to be absorbed in God. In the sisterhood of the Incarnation there was not sympathy enough with the visions which constantly came to Theresa's cell. The nuns there were good and devout, but they lacked that hunger and thirst after immortal life which would gladly be released from the body. They were contented to eat and drink, and sought no personal suffering.

Among the fancies which crowded the chambers of her imagery, a vision began to take more shape and form of a new religious order, which should consecrate life wholly to prayer, as the Society of Jesus was vowed to action. She dared to indulge the dream that the old theory of convent life was possible still, that the world might be wholly shut out from the saintly heart and die to the desire, and even to the memory of a daughter of Christ. Long in silence

this imagination was cherished. At first it was whispered only to her Jesuit adviser, in the secrecy of the confessional. Then a young nun, her niece, was taken into confidence, and as a third, a pious widow, whose husband had recently died. These three together set themselves to establish a new house of prayer, where God should be all in all. Great outcry was instantly made about the insolence of a few thus setting themselves as holier than the rest. The magistrates, the nobles, the priests, and the nuns of Carmel, protested against granting a license to a scheme at once so arrogant and foolish. The miraculous preservation of her little nephew, who, taken up for dead when a wall had fallen upon him, had been restored in the arms and by the prayer as was thought, of Theresa, enlisted another sister of the Saint in the sacred enterprise. More friends were speedily added. Obstacles appeared only to be overcome. The Pope's brief silenced all cavils and calumnies. The corner-stone of the new convent was laid; in spite of frequent accidents the walls rose thick and strong; and on the twenty-fourth of August, 1562, the religious house of St. Joseph in Avila, was dedicated by the solemn service of the mass. Five women knelt before the altar, vowing themselves there to silence, solitude and a life of prayer. At their head, renouncing openly all worldly goods and all former titles, the daughter of a knightly house, and the nun of the Incarnation, with the words of the Psalmist, "Thou, O Lord, art the portion of my inheritance and my cup, thou shalt keep me forever," upon her lips, assumed the name of Theresa of Jesus.

It seemed a mean and pitiful abode to those accustomed to the apparatus of convent life. The little bell of the chapel, weighing but three pounds, seemed to satirize the weakness which would begin such a reform. The coarse dress of black serge, the towel on the head, and the sandalled feet of the new recluses, became subjects of ridicule to profane wit. The first months of her new life were months of mental suffering and strife with all surrounding influences. The governor of the city prohibited their performance of the sacred rites. The superior of the convent to which Theresa had formerly belonged ordered her back again to her former duties. For a time it was

feared that the new altar would be thrown down, and the grave soon conceal the despair of the weak and persecuted Virgin. But the Society of Jesus, whose name she now shared, used their art to sustain her, and when the year 1564 began she was able to rule in peace a convent in which ten had taken already the extremest vows.

And, now, the great purpose of long years of prayer fairly secured, Theresa commenced that series of labors which, if we consider the age, the person and the influence upon the future of more than one nation, are certainly as extraordinary as woman ever performed in the same space of time. She became at once the missionary, the legislator, and the prophet of the cloister, making such journeys as might have broken the strongest health, miraculous almost for a frame so worn by disease and sorrow, inventing such laws, that even the bishops of the Church confessed that a Spanish recluse was wiser to govern than those who had been trained in court and school, and uttering such sweet and holy revelations, that the doctors all confessed in her the guidance of the spirit of God. The pen of her eulogist drops in the vain endeavor to record the multitude, the variety, the greatness of her services in the cause of Christian piety. The wondering critic suspends his censure on the obscurity of those folios of mystical allegory and spiritual meditation, which rival the achievements of the great teachers of the Church. One who is daring enough now to venture upon the perusal of those hundreds of epistles, all filled and inspired with the one great theme of prayer and the divine life, stops to wonder at the physical endurance which could have produced them, and hardly ventures to enter the secrets of their rapture. It is hard even to classify the writings which are compressed into those six ponderous volumes. We have heard much of the fecundity of Spanish writers in the age of Theresa, what hundreds of romances one, what thousands of dramas another wrote, how Lope de Vega could furnish in a single night a comedy that should shift fifty times its scenery, and consume almost as many hours in the theatre as in the chamber of its composer; we have heard, too, of Cervantes in prison, and that solace of his lonely hours, which should at once

annihilate and immortalize the follies of chivalry, we have heard of the industry of Ximenes, the cardinal law-giver, who could frame for a despotism statutes which a republic might covet for their justice and wisdom, but the wonder of all these is equalled in the daily epistles, so long and full that a day might be needed to read them, and the profound treatises in which not sarcasm but ecstasy winged the eloquent phrases, and the wise laws for an humbler life, which should keep in force long after the laws of Ximenes had ceased to restrain men, which all came from the cell of Theresa of Jesus.

Two of the treatises of Theresa have been classics in the Mystic Theology. The "Path of Perfection" is the manual for all who would discover a spiritual way to the abode of God. It surveys and sets landmarks all along the heavenly road. It follows the influences of prayer in their secret windings through the soul, showing how it is possible to escape here by discipline of the heart from trammels of the flesh. It carries the soul of the penitent recluse up through the conflicts and trials of earth till it is left at the outer gate of heaven. This treatise is the Catholic's guide in self-examination and in prayer. It deals with the means of grace. It teaches how to conquer the world and subordinate all material goods to the glory and love of God. It vindicates that spirit which would lead one to give up all ties of kindred, all attractions of friendship, the love of brethren and of country, all things brightest and most precious, even the luxury of doing good, for the sake of a single communion with Christ. Its doctrine is that there is nothing good but constant meditation. Its precept is to pray without ceasing. Its warning is to keep the soul with all diligence, that it may be ready for the Redeemer's coming. Its promise is of a life hid with Christ in God.

"The Castle of the Soul" completes the process which the "Path of Perfection" opens. Here the way described is not the way of the seeking soul towards heaven, but the way of the believing soul in heaven. Through the seven abodes of the celestial world it conducts the soul till it at last reaches the highest crowning glory of a perfect union with God. Marvellous and daring are the flights of this

mystic treatise. The humility of the penitent is here changed to the vision of the saint. In the former work we learn what the experience of long years of sickness and trouble, of doubt and sin had taught the devotee concerning this worthless world. In this last work we learn what the swift hours of rapture had revealed of that world where God and his angels dwell. The other work gave the counsels of the disciplined guide, this the oracles of the inspired seer. It burns on with a strange religious fire, and its imagery is of the most etherial. In this work Theresa seems to soar with the steady daring of the young eagle in his flight. No comparison is too bold for her grasp. The changes of the soul as it passes through the mansions of heaven are as those which transform by many stages the small seed of the mulberry tree into the butterfly with golden wing. In the sixth dwelling of heaven, the sensation chiefly is of a strong hunger and thirst after the seventh and highest. It is a thirst which burns in the soul with an unquenchable desire, which nothing can satisfy but that water which Jesus promised to the woman, drawn from the well of living water. Sixty-two years old was the Saint when the pages of this strange book were written. It had few readers in her day, it has fewer now; since the patience and understanding of the fewest are fitted to such lofty treatment of such lofty themes.

But we cannot stay to analyze these works on which the fame of Theresa as an exponent of the spiritual life rests in the Catholic Church. We may turn to see for a moment the Saint as the missionary of the cloister. Scarcely two years had the first convent of reformed Carmelites been fairly established, when other neighborhoods became anxious to enjoy the presence and benediction of so sacred a sisterhood. Noble women, not a few, were ready to dedicate their goods and their lives in such a cause. It seemed to Theresa the manifest call of God that she should multiply the foundations of her order. It was sad for her to break away from the solitude which she loved, but she was willing to heed the Spirit. It was midnight on the eighteenth of August, 1567, the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, when in the city of Medina,

sixty miles from Avila, the superior of the convent of St. Joseph, with a few young nuns, went on foot to the humble house which had been bought for them. It was dangerous to be in the streets at that hour. Maskers were abroad, and the wild bulls which should supply the next days' cruel sport were driven by men as wild to their place of preparation. But we thought, says Theresa, of nothing but the Lord, who will deliver his own from every danger. In the darkness our house seemed very desolate. Earth was thrown up around the gate and the walls were sadly broken and defiled. The night was deepening, our candles burned dimly, and we had only three poor mats to cover the ruins where was to be our dwelling-place. Where should we set the altar of God in this confusion. Prayer showed us the way, heaven came to our aid, our hands worked busily, and when morning dawned, a modest table of stone was prepared, the little bell of the corridor sounded, and the inhabitants of the city thronged to see the convent and the altar which a few poor recluses had raised as by enchantment in a single night. The crowd was so great that it interrupted the Holy Sacrifice, and the unprotected nuns were forced to seek refuge behind the altar which they had built. But it was a joyful season to Theresa. She could remember that meeting of a few brethren just thirty-three years before in the Chapel of the Martyrs, and what wonderful issues had come from their vow, and trust in the omen for a revival of piety now, as zeal had been there revived. And yet a sad heart-sickness seized her as she looked out of the window and saw the piles of rubbish which encumbered the court-yard, and blocked up the doors of her house of prayer, and thought of the ruin of the Church by its fatal schisms, its concessions to heresy, encumbering the courts of God by vain logical subtleties, and beheld in fancy the hideous and drunken phantom of Reform pressing already at the gates of her dear Catholic Spanish land. Night and day for a week she watched there, lest the mysteries of the faith should be profaned. And she ceased to guard the treasures of her altar only when the piety of a merchant of the city had given them a secure resting place.

The year had not passed when she was called to estab-

lish another house of her order. And the number which she founded soon exceeded the years of her remaining life. In the old knightly city of Toledo and in Valladolid, so rich in quaint romantic legends, in Seville, where the luxury of Moorish life still lingered, and in Grenada, where the finest trophies remained of Moslem downfall, in Segovia, the centre of frivolity and cruelty, and in Brugos, the scene of eighty battles, in Salamanca, where science boasted a rivalry with religion, and in Alva, where the strong hand of power pressed heaviest upon the people, in these and in many other places, the reformed nuns of Mount Carmel taught and exemplified the superior glory of a life of prayer. Before her death seventeen convents could claim Theresa as their founder, and thrice that number of recluses could be mentioned who had come down from stations of wealth and influence, from the most exalted social rank, giving their fortune to the treasury of Christ, and their hearts to the Saviour. Fourteen convents, too, of the other sex reckoned Theresa by the rules which she gave them, to be their proper head. In the work of establishing these, a singular zealot, styled John of the Cross, was the efficient apostle. The rich legends of fanaticism in the Catholic Church nowhere surpass what they tell of this high-priest of penance and woe. To him suffering and gloom were the luxury of existence. To be immured in the cloister was to be lifted to God. The most hideous and doleful devices became his types of the beautiful, and wailing was his sweetest music. He loved to dwell in cells where he could not stand erect, but must kneel or lie prostrate. He loved to pour out his soul in floods of tears, and groans of sorrow. The hymns which he wrote might have been composed among the tombs. His spirit was not certainly at one with the joyous and serene temper of Theresa, but she saw that there was genuine piety under his morbid asceticism, and knew that he could be useful in bringing back to the degenerate order of Mount Carmel its ancient sanctity. She defended him against ridicule and calumny, aided him to keep good courage, and mourned in touching stanzas his untimely death.

We cannot dwell upon the labors of Theresa in the

hard task of legislating for the convents which she had founded. Her discipline was an admirable union of variety and simplicity in the proper duties of the monastic life. Prayer was to be the beginning and end, the great purpose of the life of every day. At five o'clock in summer and six in winter each member of the sisterhood was to commence her morning devotions, to which one hour must be given. The more perfect and fervent were to pray alone in their cells; the more gay and light, together. After the prayer the nuns were to recite a chant according to the season, select passages from the Breviary or daily service of the Church. Then all retired to their cells, to work there in silence until the call to mass. At eight or nine this service was held in the chapel. Then before dinner, which, except at seasons of fasting, was taken early in the day at ten, a quarter of an hour was spent in self-examination, in which the recluse was to call up every thought or emotion of sin since she awoke. Then came the dinner of the simplest food, of fish, or eggs, or common vegetables. Then until two o'clock the ordinary labors of the day went on in the common hall, and discreet conversation was permitted. At two came the service of Vespers, after which all retired to their cells, to spend the hours before the evening meal, in the reading of spiritual books and meditation upon the great Christian doctrines. At six they supped together. At eight came another hour of mental prayer, followed by another period of self-examination. At eleven the final signal was given, all lights were extinguished, and the convent day was closed. So ran the order, day by day, throughout the year.

Theresa did not choose for her severe discipline those who were naturally of a sombre and sorrowful spirit, but rather those of joyous and happy temper. She wanted those whose hearts were buoyant enough to bear all their trials and hardships, those who could endure reproof, and keep good courage. She preferred the young and strong to those already broken by infirmities. Feeble always in her own physical frame, she loved to have around those in whom piety should have a substantial house to dwell in. She loved to hear the fresh and confident tones of health pouring out the words of prayer. Severe in her reprimand,

she was kind in her encouragement. She searched the hearts of all her companions and nothing was so offensive as the least sign of falsehood. That element of Jesuit morality which makes all things lawful when done to the glory of God, did not enter into Theresa's schemes. She used to say "that our Lord is a great lover of humility, because he is a great lover of truth; and humility is a certain truth, by which we know how little we are, and that we have no good of ourselves." She required as the first condition of entrance into her convents a complete self-renunciation. There must be no evasions, no reservations, no retaining of any earthly love or any earthly treasure. God must have the whole heart, or the candidate would find no room in her house. Sometimes this scruple seems to us extreme, as when one day, a young girl, distinguished for piety and as it seemed to others every way adapted to the ascetic life, applied for admission. A time was assigned for her entering, but as on the eve of the day appointed the novice took leave of Theresa, she modestly added, "My mother, I will bring to-morrow a little Bible which I have." "A Bible, my child," quickly replied Theresa, "Do not come here then, for we have no need of you or of your Bible. We are nothing but poor ignorant women who know how only to spin, and do as we are ordered." Theresa saw that the novice had not the perfect spirit of submission, and her biographer, who tells the story, praises her penetration in rejecting one who afterwards became subject to the penalties of the Inquisition.

The judgment of Theresa concerning her novice was not superficial. She did not decide hastily, but watched and waited. "You make me smile," she writes to a friend, the Father Mariano, "when you say that you can tell the character of a girl only by looking at her. We are not so easy to understand, we women, and whoever has been confessor to any one for a term of years is astonished to find that he knows so little about us." She did not form her idea of fitness from the present tastes of her applicants, but from their radical tendencies. She preferred often to take her nuns from the houses of opulence and worldliness than from straitened fortune and pious educa-

tion. She did not reject the timid, nor did she always accept the brave. It is told how at the first foundation of the convent at Salamanca on the night of All Saints, 1570, she took with her a companion older than herself, who lay awake all night, trembling in the cold air, at the noise of the students in their carousing, and the bells tolling solemnly in their towers. I could not help laughing, says Theresa, when I woke at midnight, and saw my poor friend with eyes open and in such a fright. What are you thinking of, my sister, that you do not sleep, I asked. "I was thinking," she answered, "what you would do if I should die here, and leave you alone." My sister, I answered, when that comes I shall find well enough what to do.

We have left but little space to speak of the personal character of Theresa. Nor is it needful. For her native temper was so changed and subdued by the spirit of her mission that she stands out to us rather the type of an idea than as a distinct personality. She embodies for us the Christian devotee, the idea of Catholic piety in its extreme manifestation. To restore the spirit of prayer to the Church, she lived, she labored, she wrote, she suffered. This makes the basis of her praise and the authority for her sainthood. For this the poetry of the Church celebrates her name in those hymns adopted into its service, which twice in each year are sung in every Catholic Church throughout the world. So religious art depicts her, giving no expression to the features or the figure, but centering all the interest in the symbols which surrounded her, the floating cloud which bears her up, the anchor at her feet, the Bible on her lap, the vase of incense and the wreath of flowers on either side, the sun around her head, the cross held in the left hand, and the flaming heart raised high in the right hand, the emblems of a concentrated and entire devotion. She was the instance, if Christian history affords us any instance, of prayer without ceasing.

If she was a bigot in faith, rejoicing over the punishment of heretics, and ready to consent to the severest measures, this temper sprung not from a malicious heart, but from the very earnestness and glow of her faith. To her there was no salvation except where Christ and his

Gospel might be found, in the pale of the ancient Church. The very elements of the Reform were odious to her, because they seemed to set reason above authority, and knowledge above piety. Dispute about dogmas seemed to her to destroy spiritual life. It was earthly, sensual, devilish. The fervor of Theresa's love made her abhor all separation from the source of love and peace. She felt called upon to warn the Church of the pestilence of heresy, lest it should be turned by this away from the sweet fountains of grace. She was not a natural combatant, and could not wield gracefully the weapons of controversy. Rapture, some will say rhapsody, was her proper sphere. She loved to fly and soar in the upper sky of mystic thought, and here she stands first in the number of those who have prophesied concerning things visible to the inner sense. We can find among the mystics themselves no one who offers with her a fair parallel. Madame Guyon was also a Catholic, but a woman of larger culture, of wider sympathies and sweeter soul. In her case, Protestants forget the recluse in loving the woman, while in the case of Theresa, Catholics forget the woman in marvelling at the devotee. George Fox had visions and meditations, and a temper too, not unlike those of the Spanish Saint, but he was an active, healthy man, not careless of the world, though he prophesied about the spirit, while she was a weak, sick woman, despising the world and longing ever for rest. There are books of Protestants, of the German Boehmen, and the Englishman Law, which may be placed for obscurity, for ardent passion toward Christ, for elevation of thought and style, by the side of her "Castle of the Soul," but on the whole, there is no mystical writer so far removed from the tone of Protestant thought and from the fair comprehension of Protestant readers.

The culture of Theresa was defective. She had studied the pietism of the Church too faithfully to catch those graces of fancy, which adorn the pages of Christian classics. Yet with such a fiery faith, she must have spoken in verse. Her poetry is scant, and not of the purest, not musical so much as earnest and lyrical. It is rather the scream of an eaglet than the song of a nightingale; yet

it has found admirers even among Christian scholars. Her famous song, "Muero porque no muero," which her French biographer has rendered into prose, I have tried in vain to adapt to any English metre which should preserve at once its form and meaning. I give only a single elegiac song of her early life, which Mr. Longfellow has translated with more elegance than literal accuracy. It is the sonnet beginning "No me mueve, mi Dios, pava quererte:"

> 'Tis not thy terrors, Lord, thy dreadful frown,
> Which keep my step in duty's narrow path,
> 'Tis not the awful threatenings of thy wrath,
> But that in Virtue's sacred smile alone,
> I find a peace or happiness, Thy light
> In all its prodigality, is shed
> Upon the worthy and the unworthy head;
> And thou dost wrap in misery's stormy night,
> The holy as the thankless. All is well;
> Thy wisdom has to each his portion given;
> Why should our hearts by selfishness be riven;
> 'Tis vain to murmur, daring to rebel;
> Lord, I would fear thee, though I feared not hell;
> And love Thee, though I had no hope of heaven.

The last days of the life of Theresa were a strange triumph for the worn-out woman. As she went on her journeys now crowds flocked around her carriage, the roads were lined with kneeling men and women, and nuns sang Te Deums as she entered their city. It was too much for her, and as she stopped at Alva on her return from Burgos, where her last monastery was founded and where she had met these honors, the spirit told her that her time had come. None could more gladly welcome the death-angel. I will not tell what Catholic credulity has related of the prodigies of her dying, of the luminous globe, the dove and the miraculous fragrance as her last breath was drawn. She died in the arms of a sister nun. Her last grasp was on the cross. Her last breath was prayer. The day of her death, October 4, 1582, is memorable as the day on which Pope Gregory changed the calendar, adding eleven days to the year. The Church celebrates her festival on the fifteenth of October.

Many years ago I chanced to reside for a few months in

the city of Baltimore. When I first arrived, society was all in commotion about some awful stories which had been circulated about a nunnery in a retired street of that city. The churches were alive with denunciation and horror, and the ablest preachers were not ashamed to rouse the worst passions of the people against the iniquity of the convent system. A public investigation was made, the convent doors were opened, their mystic retreats invaded and their secrets unveiled. Nothing was found but a few poor women, in coarse garments, with sandalled feet, surrounded by the symbols of Catholic piety, and owning a few pictures of a Spanish virgin. The excitement subsided and the reaction came. They ceased to talk about the wickedness of the Carmelite convent, in admiration of the simple piety discovered there. And when I left the city a revival was in full progress in the same churches which had before been loudest in denunciation, and the preachers of violence were praying with the new converts around their altars.

So the exposition now of the spirit of the founders of that convent will do its best office if, in revealing the narrowness and bareness of her religious life, it awakens in our hearts a more quick and living glow of devotion, if we leave the cloister which we curiously entered to feel more our need of the piety of the Spanish Saint.

XII.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

On the twenty-seventh day of September, 1540, the chief bishop of the Christian world signed the charter of a new religious order to be called the Society of Jesus. It was a duty more agreeable to the Catholic than the ruler. For while the rules of discipline and breadth of purpose might prophecy for this order a vast efficiency for the faith, the power of its autocratic head might easily grow into rivalship with the Supreme Pontificate. Great as might be the service of this new order, would not its influence and its holiness eclipse yet the proper light of the Church? The Pope hesitated long before he gave sanction to a force so mighty either for weal or woe. The condition of the monastic orders then would hardly justify more in that kind. They had ceased, even the most ascetic, to sustain the failing piety of the Church or to offer signal examples of virtue. Knowledge had forsaken the Benedictine cloisters to illumine the unhallowed labors of heretical scholars, and men ceased to remember the folios of Bernard in amazement at the wit and learning of Erasmus and Bucer. Zeal had become dark and narrow in the Dominican heart, a zeal for destruction more than for conversion; and the followers of the Spanish Saint were content to omit the apostolic duties in the cruel tasks of the Inquisition. Charity had ceased to designate the Grey Friars of St. Francis. They swarmed in the streets of cities as drones and beggars more than ministers of bounty.

In the degradation of the monastic orders, there might seem to the good sense of the Church but little hope of restoring the piety or the purity of the Christian world by new experiments in that kind. And Paul III, a sagacious and prudent Pontiff, would gladly have escaped committing himself to a decision which might prove a fatal error for the peace and unity of the Church within, while it

would fail to strengthen it without. But he was overruled by the pressing instances of his cardinals, backed by the earnest persuasions of more than one Catholic king. The dangers of the time were represented, a vigorous and triumphant heresy constantly advancing upon the central home of Catholic faith, the defection of learning, the uncertain loyalty of rulers, the monstrous and patent abuses, for which there could be neither apology nor veil; all demanding some instant remedy. It was urged that an order like this now proposed would give to the Church that new ability which it most needed in the crisis; teachers for the young where teaching had become obsolete, priests who should differ from the world by their holiness, and not by their dress or manners; an order in which the active and contemplative life were most admirably harmonized; an order fitted by its elastic method and comprehensive plan for all situations and duties. These arguments had their weight with his Holiness. But the chief argument was the presence in Rome of the men who solicited this boon, the spectacle of their zeal, their fervor, their self-sacrifice, and their perseverance. The founder of the Society of Jesus owed its establishment not to the friendship of any kings or cardinals, but to the persistence of his own resolve.

Six years had passed since, on the heights of Montmartre in Paris, on the very spot where tradition had placed the death of the Apostle of France, seven teachers and students in the schools of Paris bound themselves by an original vow into a new religious union. Before the holy sacrifice which one of their number celebrated, they repeated in turn the solemn pledge of perpetual poverty and chastity, and added to this the vow that they would become absolute servants of the Holy Pontiff, to go into whatever land he should send them. The vow was sealed by the transformed body of the Redeemer which they ate. No others were near to witness the terrible earnestness of that oath. But no one who joined in it ever forgot it, or lost the thrill of its memory. Never since the Apostles broke bread in that upper room with their Master, did so remarkable a band kneel together. Never were the sacred elements pledge of a more vital purpose and union. In

that chapel of the martyrs the society was born which should restore the ancient work of the Church and realize that divine commission which sends Evangelists into every land. The greatest of modern Catholic saints, and the greatest of all uninspired apostles were kneeling there together. By the side of the accomplished scholar and the consecrated priest, were the flower of Spanish chivalry and the worn frame of a shattered soldier, in the persons of Francis Xavier and Ignatius Loyola. A society to which two such spirits were pledged was fated from the first to be mighty in the world, to defend religion at home as it had never been defended, and to carry it on the earth farther than it had ever gone.

A hard and long experience had prepared the leader of this band for the great work he was here beginning. From his hereditary temper, a scion of the noble Spanish house of Loyola was fitted to command. Catholic biographers delight to show how the very accident of birth seemed to predict the eminence of the Jesuit father. In the year 1491, the same year in which Columbus gained from the rulers of Castile and Arragon a sanction for his Western voyage, the Knight of Loyola gave the name of Ignatius to his new born son, the last of eleven children, and in 1497, when Vasco dé Gama sailed first to the East to find the region of spices and gold and conquer it for Portugal, Francis Xavier was born to conquer these realms hereafter for a holier ruler. Between the career of the chief Reformers and the lives of these saints they reckon also other coincidences. When Luther was meditating in the Wartburg his libels against the monastic state, and contriving how the faithful might be turned from their obedience, Ignatius, in the solitude of Manresa, was composing those spiritual exercises which should regenerate the life of the cloister and vindicate its superior beauty. When Calvin studied at Paris how to destroy the ancient faith, Ignatius was learning there how to defend it. And in 1534, the year that Henry of England prohibited all his subjects from naming the name of any Pope as spiritual lord, Ignatius and his companions took that vow which made the Pope wholly their lord, body, soul, and spirit, to be obeyed in the least or the greatest requirement alike.

Ignatius was educated by his martial father and brother to the profession of arms, and soon became conspicuous for his skill and gallantry in the arts of war. The promise of his youth was of an eminent soldier and a brilliant cavalier. But an accident at the siege of Pampeluna saved for the world a spiritual hero. A cannon shot rebounding from the wall broke his right leg, and bruised its fellow. In this helpless condition, the blundering of the army surgeons first setting the limb badly, and then being obliged to break it again, gave chance to St. Peter to interpose by miracle in his favor. On the eve of that martyr's feast, he was supposed to be dying, but in a dream the Saint appeared to him, touched the wounded part, and when he awoke he found the bones restored to their places, and his cure complete. St. Peter's surgery, however, was not perfect. A fragment of bone still protruded at the knee, and fearful self-inflicted agonies were tried by the proud young knight to relieve a deformity so fatal. With great firmness he waited while the bone was sawed off, and for many days lay stretched upon a rack which should draw him into shape again. But St. Peter was not to be so baffled, and his lameness became permanent.

In the long confinement which ensued, the mind of Ignatius was beguiled by such books as the castle of his ancestors could furnish. The romances of chivalry then abounded in the chambers of Spanish nobles. With these he was from childhood familiar. But now by chance there was handed to him a book of the Saints, in which he could read the achievements of the knights of the cross, and see what devotion and service self-denying faith had rendered to the most blessed of women, the mother of God. From his reading came strange meditations. Contending feelings disturbed his soul. On one side visions of worldly grandeur and honor, of a place at court, and marriage with a rich Castilian whom he loved. And over against these, thoughts of ascetic denial, of the beauty of humility and the glory of apostleship. Should he be a noble in the king's house and partake of temporal abundance, or should he be like Jerome and Basil a hermit in Palestine, and live upon spiritual food? From this he began to reason upon and compare his sensations. He

found that his worldly visions had but transitory bliss, and left vacancy, bitterness, and disgust behind them; while, as spiritual thoughts subsided, a very sweet comfort, and peace and joy filled the chambers of his soul. Was it not better, then, once for all to renounce the world and become a child of God? Wonderful prodigies aided his desire to answer that question. At night, as he prayed, the house was shaken, and the wall of his chamber was rent. Holy Mary with Jesus in her arms, came and smiled upon him. His ecstasy grew daily. His kindred became troubled. But their expostulation only added fire to his devout zeal. Hardly were his wounds healed, when he set out on a pilgrimage which he intended to close only at Jerusalem, but as yet he was unfit for that sacred journey. He had to pass through a course of spiritual discipline and physical endurance, before he was worthy to trace the steps of the crucified Saviour and to kneel where he knelt in his agony.

And the austerities which Ignatius practised were enough to subdue the strongest lusts of the heart. All the torments which his fancy could invent his patience endured. His horse was soon given away, and his sword hung up before the altar of the convent of Montserrat in token that his secular warfare was relinquished for the service of Christ. A beggar whom he met received his fine clothes in exchange for ragged garments, and great was the sorrow of Ignatius to find that his gift of humility and charity had caused the arrest of the poor man as a thief. His food was of the meanest kind, boiled herbs sprinkled with ashes. His girdle was a band of iron, a hair shirt was his raiment, and his bed was the ground. His chosen companions were the beggars of the streets and the sick of most loathsome diseases. The children hooted at him as he went creeping along, asking his alms in the basest tone; and they flung stones after him. One day he was found lying nearly dead in a foul cavern which he had chosen for his abode, and was carried into the hospital. But his bitter experience grew heavier in his soul. He was weighed down and crushed by the burden of his sins, frequently almost maddened. Long fasting, constant penance, much meditation, brought him no relief. To the

lassitude of frequent fevers, succeded the worse prostration of deeper melancholy. Only celestial visions revived him. In a trance which lasted seven days, the chief of the mysteries were exposed to his view. He saw the Holy Trinity dividing to each other their marvellous work, and ordaining the system of Nature and of man. He saw the great wonder of Redemption illustrated, and how it was with the miracle of the mass.

In the rapture of his prayers all the glories of heaven and earth seemed to open before him, and he came out from his days of vision renewed in spirit and furnished for his religious work. He exchanged now his hours of sorrow for hours of study. He addressed himself to able teachers who could best impart the science of the spirit, and such was his proficiency that the learner soon became a master, and discovered to his guides what disciplined piety could do in overcoming the defects of scholastic training. His hours of meditation were varied by the composition of the book of spiritual exercises. This remarkable treatise on the discipline of the Christian, if we consider the facts of its authorship, is more wonderful, because more authentic, than the revelations in our time of the Poughkeepsie seer. By the sanction of a Pope this book became afterward a manual for the faithful, and it is the boast of Jesuits to-day that it has prepared more souls for the kingdom of heaven than any uninspired volume. Books of meditation had been common before in the Church, and in some convents whole shelves were filled with them. The deep devotion of Thomas à Kempis had long directed the reverie of pious believers, but the Exercises of Loyola are on a new plan. They systematize the method of conversion. They divide the needful meditation into periods. In four weeks the soul of the believer with their help may pass through the necessary stages. In the first week he is made to go over his past life and see his unworthiness, his baseness, his awful wickedness, and the sure hell which opens before him. From this he is to turn in the second week to the story of Christ; and contrasting the armies of Christ and Satan, to choose deliberately which standard he will bear. In the third week, the contemplation is to be of the woe from which Jesus

saved the race of man and of his deep humiliation. And from this, at last, in the fourth week, the soul is to rise to heavenly imaginations and mystic flights, and spiritual songs, and to behold the perfect beauty of the regenerate state and of a life hid with Christ in God.

The most remarkable feature of the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius is their union of devout speculation with practical good sense. They deal with the human soul in its actual condition. They take man on his own ground and reason from his consciousness and experience. Do you hesitate, says he to the convert, whether to choose between Christ or the world? What advice would you give in such a case to your dearest friend? Or which would you choose on your own death-bed? He would not trust to the sudden raptures of an hour of exhilaration, and his book offsets the fanaticism of instantaneous conversion. To its religious value not only the testimonies of the Jesuit order and of the Catholic Church but the numerous imitations of Protestants bear witness. The luxuriant scholarship of an English prelate, the plain, pious wisdom of an English Dissenter, and the spiritual science of a German professor have chosen the model of Ignatius as a frame-work for their finest productions, and whoso delights in Tholuck's hours of Christian devotion, or Doddridge's Rise and Progress, or Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, drinks of water from the fountains which were opened to the soul of the Spanish zealot in the solitude of Manresa.

Ten months spent in prayers, meditations and austerities had fitted Ignatius to continue his journey. Rapidly he passed through the Italian cities, wondering at the splendor of the Easter festival, and saddened by the visible corruption of the Church which he loved. The charm of Venice could not detain the Christian pilgrim. Yet his zeal in prayer did not prevent him from observing the wickedness of the sailors in his ship and openly rebuking it. After numerous striking adventures his feet at last touched the soil of the Sacred Land. Soon the holiest spots were familiar. He stood before the Temple Hill and groaned in spirit that infidel worship should profane that shrine of the nations. He knelt where Jesus had knelt in the

garden. And thrice he traced the foot-prints of the sufferer who bore along the painful track of the Olive mountain the great curse of a fallen race. May we not believe that there indeed, as he declares, was revealed to him the vision of a new Evangel, of another company, who from the witness of trial, pain, and sacrifice should go out, like the first disciples, to convert the world to God? He, too, had reached now the age when the Saviour of men was called to suffer and die. Might not his suffering now begin the era of a new regeneration? But he had been trained in the school of obedience, and though his heart longed to begin in Palestine the conversion of the impious followers of Mohammed, yet the command of the Franciscan ruler there sent him speedily back to his native shore.

And now began a regular course of preparation for the great plan which he had conceived. He needed to learn the wisdom of the Fathers, and to gain sufficient human knowledge to fit him for influence over the minds of men. He could not be a priest without the Latin tongue, and with the little boys he went to school to learn it. One favorite word seemed to give him the key at once to the hardest intricacies and the highest delights of his study, and the inflexions of the verb amo were to him of deeper significance than the jest which custom commonly makes of them. "To love" was to love God. "To be loved" was to feel God's love. Amabam, "I was loving," recalled to him sorrowfully past states of spiritual rapture, and amabo, "I shall love," restored him by its glorious promise. The school of Barcelona was changed two years later for the new University, where Ignatius soon became learned enough in the various sciences to be accused of heresy. His exceeding sanctity became suspicious. His style of thought seemed novel and dangerous. His love for Erasmus was hardly consistent with a pure and undoubting faith, and there were not wanting those who ascribed his influence in healing the diseases and winning the souls of the poor and the profligate alike, to arts of magic. The imprisonment of forty-two days which he suffered gave him a delightful season of prayer. And he asked nothing better than that God would graciously multiply to him

trials in the flesh and the hatred of the wicked. He was released only to beg more humbly, to preach more openly, and commend to men with more earnestness the virtues of the Saviour.

In the year 1528, we find him at Paris, whither he had travelled on foot in mid-winter, entering on a seven years' course of study in the University of that city. His means were supplied by begging in the streets. In the vacations he would go even to Holland and England to gather for his companions and himself the means of subsistence. He gained very soon great influence among his companions, awakening a new spirit of prayer, and encouraging a broader aim of study. It is told how the master of his studies, who had ordered for him a public whipping, publicly knelt and begged his forgiveness. New and strange methods he adopted to touch the hearts of sinners, sometimes joining in their sports, sometimes doing penance for their sins. He chose a wicked priest as his confessor and so made this man see his own wickedness. No scene could be so horrible or so disgusting that he did not nerve himself to endure it, till the sight of his resolute valor shamed the feebleness of his companions. One by one congenial friends attached themselves to his study and life. Faber the priest, and Xavier the brilliant worldling, James Laynes, a master of many tongues and all philosophies, Alonzo Salmeron, and Nicholas Bobadilla, youths of the highest promise, with Simon Rodrigues, all except the first and last, Spaniards of noble birth, became the elect members of his society. The new company of Jesus on the heights of Montmartre, numbered around their leader only half as many as met in the chamber at Jerusalem.

The vow taken by the brethren on the day of Assumption was followed up by assiduous exercises of penitence and prayer. It was agreed that their studies should finally close on the twenty-fifth of January 1537, when they would meet at Venice and surrender themselves to the Pope for such service as he might think fit to employ them. The conversion of the heathen was their principal hope; but they were ready to labor in schools, in hospitals, in prisons, or wheresoever the interests of Christ's cause

might most demand them. No property was any one to own; but the gifts of the charitable were to be their dependence. Henceforward all their knowledge, all their eloquence, all their discipline were to be for Christ and God, and not for selfish glory. If the renown of sanctity joined itself to this devoted band, the slanders of envy were not wanting. Ridicule followed those who would give up to this chimera the solid honors of science. It seemed insanity to endure so much for the dream of saving a world so corrupt. The day was too late for a new diffusion of the Gospel. The experiment had been tried too often. And though Ignatius might be received by his kindred with the reverence due to his suffering and his holiness, he had to meet entreaties and reproofs for wasting the vigor of his life on so hopeless a vision. But no rebukes or persuasions could quench in his soul the sacred fire. He knew what he meant to do. He had meat to eat which they knew not of. And the temptation of his castle walls could not seduce him back to a life which his heart had long forsaken. On the eighth of January of the appointed year, he met at Venice the companions of his choice with three more who had been added to their number. There they received ordination to the priesthood, and on Christmas of that year Ignatius Loyola said his first mass at the altar.

It was essential to obtain from the Pope the public sanction of their order, and we have before alluded to the long delay and the weighty reasons which prevented them from entering so soon as they wished upon their work. But they were not idle in the interval. Like the Saviour, they went about among the villages of Italy preaching, teaching, healing the sick, and showing the example of self-denying lives. The principles of their order were digested and developed. Their vows were renewed, and when the bull "regimini" was issued from the Vatican on the twenty-seventh of September, 1540, they were prepared with unanimous voice to choose Ignatius general of their order, and swear to him perfect and instant obedience. Twice he refused the offer. But finding, at last, through the lips of his confessor, that he was called by God to the charge, he waived his scruples and consented to rule the

society which he had founded. The name which he gave it was "the Society of Jesus;" for the divine Saviour had appeared to him on his journey, bearing a cross, but with brow all radiant with light and had said, as to Paul of old, "Go on, Ignatius, I will be favorable to you at Rome." His task was now to give a constitution to the new brotherhood, to increase its numbers and to prove its missionary purpose. Scarcely had its charter been given, when Francis Xavier sailed from Lisbon on that mission beside which all labors of Evangelists since the days of Paul and Peter are insignificant. Another of the band, Hoves, was speedily translated by death and Ignatius was able to tell from a vision which he saw before the altar that their society had already a representative with the saints in heaven, and with Christ, whose name they bore. Soon the Catholic princes of the world began to solicit some of these laborers of Christ to awaken the faith of their kingdoms. The numbers of the community increased so rapidly that in a few years no part of the Catholic world was left unvisited by them. They penetrated to the heretical lands of Flanders and Britain. They taught the Christian slaves in Morocco and along the African shore. In Portugal the sovereign gave them the chief direction of religion, and the Indians of Canada and Brazil heard from their lips the same holy faith to which thousands listened on the coasts of Malacca, Japan and Sumatra. They were present in the assemblies of the Church to watch and guide the course of affairs. They were present in the courts of kings to remind monarchs of their duty to a higher ruler. Men saw them ministering to disease in its most loathsome forms, and braving the most fatal dangers of pestilence, war, and famine. Habited like common priests, they were found where no priests would go, and lived a life which few priests lived. Their numerous colleges became to the nations seminaries of the soundest learning. It was a principal feature in their plan that they should educate the children of every Catholic land and rear so a generation of true believers. In the view of Ignatius, all education which was not Christian was worthless, and no education could be called Christian which did not, along with the sciences of the

world, teach the better science of spiritual discipline and absolute obedience to Christ in his Church.

The constitution which Ignatius gave to his new society shows his remarkable wisdom, penetration, and practical skill. It borrowed all the good points of the other monastic systems, omitting their defects and supplying their deficiencies. In government he made it an elective despotism. The power of the general was absolute and entire over all the other officers and members. To him universal obedience was due, subject however to the negative of the Supreme Pontiff. Only the Pope could absolve a Jesuit from the duty of submission. There were various grades of membership. One month of confession and prayer was to precede all study in the order. Then came two years of novitiate, in which the duties without the vows of the order were laid upon them, and it could be decided whether they were fit for the order or the order fit for them. If this probation is satisfactory, then the novice is admitted to take the three ordinary vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and to be called a religious man, though not a perfect Jesuit. He is now subject to the orders of the general. He must work and study where his place is assigned, but he is only an assistant, a spiritual coadjutor in the house of Ignatius. A long trial must prove his fitness to take the fourth irrevocable crowning vow of entire submission to the will of the Pope. He then becomes one of the "professed," and is liable to any burden or any fate which it may please his superiors to set upon him. None proceed to this last degree except such as are accomplished in study and endurance, furnished and disciplined for the hardest Christian work.

The company was to have many hands, but a single will and a single mind. And this end was reached by a system of mutual confession. Every inferior told all his thoughts, desires, and acts at once to the brother above him, and with him this revelation need not be secret, but he had the right to hand it upward to the head of the order. Every rector of a college and every ruler of a province had to report monthly to the general, and once in three years to give an account of all the Jesuits in his dominion. The general was chosen for life, and could not

be resisted or deposed except by the congregation of the whole order. Five assistants help him to prepare work and assign the tasks for the brethren. No man can be admitted member who has come from any other religious order, from the Carmelite, Theatine, Franciscan, or even from the regular priesthood, for Ignatius wished no divided love in the heart of any Jesuit. No man once a member can accept any religious honor, neither bishop's seat nor cardinal's hat; he must decline all titles or authority but that which his vows have bestowed. Even for the Papacy he is not a lawful candidate, and must refuse it if offered. Unlike the other monastic systems, the constitution of the Jesuits subjected the heart and will, and not the habits of its members. They might choose their own dress, their own litany, their own method of penance, prayer, and praise. They might follow that course of life which suited best their natural bent, might be politicians, soldiers, students, orators, physicians, even traders, if they would only keep true to their vows, remember in all things the good of Christ's cause, and receive the command of the superior as the sovereign voice of Christ.

In the Jesuit institution the duties of the active and contemplative life are admirably balanced. There is room for all the agonies of penitence, and raptures of enthusiasm, but they are prevented from excess by contact with the practical affairs of life. The followers of Loyola were to be in the world, but not of it. They were to prepare for the joys of the saints to come by dealing with sinners now. No convents were given them to dwell in. The House of the Professed which was assigned in Rome to their Order by the Pope, was not a monastery, but a sort of headquarters to the order. If the general dwelt there it was rather as a king dwells in his castle, than as a prior in his abbey. There the dispatches were opened and read from all parts of the world where the brethren were gone. Thence the decrees went out. It was a place of discipline indeed, stern, long, and constant. But the discipline was not monastic, only the choice of each individual for his own perfection. If the world did not much enter there, it was not because barred doors and grated windows, and an awful gravity seemed to shut it out, but

because the hearts of the brethren in that centre of light and holiness, so near to the great head of their company, were naturally filled with unworldly thoughts and pious emotions. There they knew that the holy father wrote and prayed, and there they believed that the Holy Spirit, with fiery tongue, descended to guide his pen as he composed his decrees, and to breathe through every sentence the glow and unction of a new apostle. Well might a more than convent silence reign, a more than cloistral piety be practised, in the house where the messages of a world's redemption were daily left.

The system of study which Ignatius enjoined finely combined the spiritual and practical elements. It allowed all secular sciences, but required that all should be devoted to the glory of God. Every day mass was to be heard by every scholar. Every exercise must begin with prayer. The writings of the Fathers must be made familiar to the students of philosophy. The native tongue of each nation should be studied in its colleges, and preachers should aim to give the Gospel in the most familiar speech. Ignatius prized sanctity higher than learning, but he did not confound sanctity with ignorance. He required the sacrifice of the heart and will, but not of the taste or intellect. He was glad to enlist logic or letters on the side of God's truth. He would encourage and develop individual traits of character while he brought his followers all to be one in Jesus. There were grades of proficiency among them, but not of honor or privilege. The child of noble parents should fare no better than the peasant's son, though he might bring his treasures as a gift to the altar. The use of ability, but not the claim of rank, were recognized in the Jesuit constitution. Whatsoever sphere of Christian labor any were best qualified to fill, to that should their powers be guided, whether to controversy or to instruction, whether to diplomacy or to alms-giving. There was no room in his scheme for any pride, the pride of holiness, of success or even of extreme humility. When all the command was fulfilled and the worn body and weary mind could labor no longer, the Society of Jesus were to say as their great Master had bidden, "We are unprofitable servants. We have done what it is our duty to do."

It is impossible to doubt the testimonies of the superhuman zeal and energy with which Ignatius labored to establish in the hearts of his society the spirit of their vows and to extend their influence far and wide. And yet he was scrupulously watchful that no violations of the rule should take place, and that no unworthy members should be enlisted in the order. Often he rejected those who seemed most fit by their fervor and ascetic zeal, because he discovered elements of weakness in their nature. He could not be propitiated by flattery or deceived by intrigue. His keen eye detected pretenders to holiness beneath their mask, and his searching tests revealed every lurking remnant of selfish love. Yet he was not harsh towards those in whom worldliness seemed obstinately to linger. If he rejected them, it was without scorn or rebuke. Some whose natures were so light and trifling that spiritual exercises seemed to be shaken from their hearts as rain-drops from the branches, he encouraged to persevere, till at last their natures were subdued. He read almost intuitively the inner characters of his friends, and discovered often in the beginning what it took years of hard discipline to prove to the eyes of others. Often his disposition of one or another to different spheres of duty seemed strange and of doubtful wisdom, but the event always vindicated his sagacity. He interpreted to all their proper office beneath their transient preference, and made them confess that he knew them better than they knew themselves.

Ignatius had learned in his long course of trial and endurance one great virtue of a spiritual ruler, a stoical firmness. No catastrophes could frighten him, no persuasions could move him. His fiery heart seemed wholly submissive to his calm and even will. He was every day the same, never joyful, never sad, receiving all tidings, whether of the success or failure of his plans, of new colleges founded, or the death of friends whom he trusted, with equal serenity. He was always ready for the business of the hour, whatever had been his most recent experience. One evening a brother of his order came to speak with him about an important affair, but finding that Ignatius had just returned from a long and fruitless wait-

ing at the Papal court, postponed his business till the morrow. Explaining then the reason of his delay, he received such a reprimand that for a week he dared not look upon the face of the holy father. He could assume, indeed, severity of countenance to give force to a rebuke, but was never betrayed into a loss of that majestic sweetness of look which awed while it fascinated every beholder. The expression of his countenance was one of deep, spiritual repose, and from his round black eye and furrowed brow there fell at once the expression of ineffable pity and immovable peace. The smile that was wanting on his closely drawn lips played over all his features, and seemed to his enthusiastic friends to touch them with an angel's grace, inspiring confidence, while it prevented a too near approach. They entered before him with fear, hardly daring to meet that still, abstracted, passionless gaze. But his gentle voice at once restored them.

Few men have ever learned so completely to despise physical pain and danger. They tell how under a severe surgical operation he gave no sign of any suffering, either in quivering muscle or sound of complaint. One day descending a high flight of steps, he fell and was supposed to be killed, but he rose with no remark, not even looking behind him to see how the accident had chanced. He was not afraid of evil tidings. As he was conversing with some pious friends about heavenly things, a messenger came in suddenly in consternation and whispered something in his ear. "Very well," said Ignatius, and dismissed him, continuing for an hour longer without change the conversation which had been interrupted. At the moment of his leaving, some one ventured to ask if the messenger had not brought him some bad news. "Only this," said he, "that the officers have just come to seize our furniture in payment of a debt of a few crowns which we have contracted. But if they take our beds, we will sleep on the floor, which is very proper for poor people like us. I only hope that they will leave some of my papers. But if they take these I shall not quarrel about it." A story got round once that the Jesuits were encouraging a revolt against the Papal power and had a large quantity of arms stored in their house. Such a report might well be ex-

pected to vex, if anything could, the loyal heart of Ignatius. But when the officers came, at the order of the Pope, to search the establishment, he conducted them into every room, and dismissed them with the same politeness that he would have shown to a visit of friendship.

This firmness of temper in Ignatius manifested itself in great moderation and evenness of speech. He was not, like Luther, prodigal of words, or strong in his phrases of like and dislike. No one who has so won the attachment of his brethren ever praised so sparingly. No one ever blamed with less asperity. His words were choice, clear, and frank, but not copious; truthful more than beautiful. It was *what* he said which they remembered, more than how he said it. He was specially careful to speak no ill of his enemies, whether in or out of the Church, and those who brought to his ear the floating calumnies of the world about himself and his order, did not hear the natural bitter reply. In all affairs of business, every syllable, in sense and sound, was maturely considered before it was uttered. And every letter which his secretary wrote he read over, examined and corrected. It is a remarkable circumstance in the life of Ignatius when you consider the manifold varieties of temper and character with which he dealt, and the important and delicate relations in which he was placed at once to his own brethren, to the Church, and to the world, that seldom, almost never, did a misunderstanding arise from any thing which he said. His prudence of speech would have seemed almost miraculous, if his wisdom had not seemed so divine.

And the reverence which his disciples had for the wisdom of their general amounted quite to idolatry. His slightest hint became for them a rule of action. A single word of encouragement from him was lasting joy to them. His spiritual exercises became for them a manual of devotion more sacred even than the work of Thomas à Kempis, which Catholics, and Ignatius more especially, prized next to the Bible. They knew that his scholarship would not compare with that of many doctors of the Church, or brethren of their own order, and inferred that his superior insight into heavenly truths must be the result of inspiration. Was that human skill merely that with such narrow

means of knowledge could declare a science beyond all the philosophy of the schools, could frame and organize a society of such wonderful poise and harmony, could give the reason so profoundly, while it showed the sacred issue so well of perfect humility and constant suffering? His common acts accordingly became miracles, and a long list of these is given by his biographers, though we may profanely refuse to allow in them the miraculous element. He was worshipped as a saint before his death, and afterwards at the altar, one more daring than the rest, ventured to substitute in the mass for the name of Jesus, "Sante Ignati, ora pro nobis," "Holy Ignatius, pray for us." Even fragments of his dress, and the refuse of his nails were prized and worn as amulets. Francis Xavier, who wore around his neck a small bone of the Apostle Thomas, the first Evangelist of India, was accustomed to tear from the letters of Ignatius his signature, and fasten it to this bone that his teachings with the heathen might have more efficacy. And it is said that his letters in return were all written on his knees and bathed with his tears. Charles Spinola, a Jesuit who was roasted in Japan before a slow fire, gave to his friends as the last treasure with which he parted a small fragment which he had worn next his heart, of the shirt which Ignatius wore in the hard penances of the cell at Manresa.

The radical and central virtue of the system which Ignatius gave to his order is *humility*. Upon this he based all other Christian graces. Even the practical rule of obedience must grow from this to contain any merit for him who observes it. He counted that obedience which was only the submission of a reluctant will to superior strength as of no moral worth. It must come always from a true humiliation of the mind, the heart and the will. His sharpest rebukes and his hardest penance were for those who paraded their holiness or claimed honor for it. He would not tolerate any boasting about success, any religious pride. Some of his followers were sent to the courts of kings, but not as to any more honorable station than with the heathen tribes. Though he contrived so skillfully the plan of the order that it should be sure to gain influence and power, to win souls, and secure for the

truth a favorable hearing, yet he dreaded a season of too great prosperity, and was accustomed to say that it would be sad for the brethren when they ceased to be persecuted. As the perfection of an artist is to conceal his art, so the perfect Jesuit virtue conceals its own humility. To reach the spiritual state one must become so humble that even one's own heart becomes accustomed to humility so far that it does not notice the virtue.

Probably the world never saw a more extraordinary instance of the study and practice of this virtue than in the case of Ignatius Loyola. He differed from the old ascetics in this, that whereas they sought the admiration of the multitude for their austerities, he courted the ridicule of men for his follies. He studied to gain the contempt of men, so far as he might without compromising his influence for good. He would change his method of self-humiliation when he saw too much attention drawn to the method. His hardest mortifications were the most private. The tattered peasant's garb in which he began his spiritual experiences, he exchanged afterwards for a decent robe, and men could not see in the grave, reserved countenance of the solitary priest who halted along the streets of Rome, the traits of that menial service he was every day performing. Few have ever been so favored with celestial visions, with the visits of angels, with the private consolations of the Son of God and his holy mother. Yet only his nearest friends, and they but sparingly, were privileged to know of these privileges. They were withheld, lest any might think their subject greater than his brethren. With a will as stern, and a soul as intolerant as that of Luther, Loyola never aimed to exalt himself in the eyes of his brethren. He was distressed by their praises, he thanked them when they dared to rebuke him. When the charitable were moved to leave their property or bring their gifts to the treasury, he rejoiced in it as an evidence of divine love. But no gifts would he accept for himself more than the simple requisites for food and raiment. The head of the Society of Jesus must be as his Master before, poor and friendless, and hungry, feeding only on the bread of life and through sweet communion with his Father in heaven. The title which he gave his followers

was "this least society," and his own favorite device was, "To the greater glory of God."

The Society of Jesus was the first religious order since the time of the Apostles which had been organized on a truly *philanthropic* basis. Love to God here could not prove its sincerity except in practical love to man. The proper charter of the society was that closing text of the Saviour's word, "Go and teach all nations in the name of the Father and Son and Spirit." And herein it proved a strong bulwark against the Protestant movement. It had a more directly humane end than the preaching of the Reformers. It tried not to convince men of doctrines so much as to convert their souls, not to reform their opinions so much as to educate them for life eternal. Luther and his friends gave themselves to the emancipation of the human mind from the trammels of worldly subtlety and error. Loyola and his brethren labored to subjugate the human heart to the simple rules of the Christian life. Luther spoke to men as Jesus to the Samaritan woman about the true spiritual worship, or to Nicodemus, of the new birth in faith. Loyola urged upon them the answer of Jesus to the young ruler and showed them the way of salvation. On the two great commandments of love to God and one's neighbor hung all his law and prophecy. Luther was zealous in propagating his truth, but his zeal was the zeal of controversy; he would send out his opinions to men because they were new, fresh, and antagonistic. Loyola was a propagandist of the most ancient faith. He had no controversy but with worldly souls sin-blinded and corrupt. He sent his disciples to preach the word of reconciliation, "good tidings of great joy."

The great doctrine of the Reformation was Justification by Faith. Whoso could comprehend this, might find the grace of God. Whoso heartily believed this was not far from the kingdom of heaven. The great precept of the Society of Jesus was the duty of *penitence.* Whoso could feel this, might enter into the new life of the spirit. Whoso was filled by this feeling was already crowned with the glory of life eternal. Luther explained that process by which man, nothing in himself, becomes everything in the strength of Christ. Ignatius enforced that necessity by

which the sinner must see that Christ makes him strong only through his own weakness. The first showed man the avenue to redemption through a free and searching love of truth, the second showed man the way to holiness in a deep self-abasement and submission. The one encouraged the feeling among brethren of personal liberty, no man might control the faith or worship of his brother. The other enjoined the constant sense among brethren of dependence on each other and all together on God, no man might cherish a creed or use a ritual but such as God had given in his Church. The German reformer told men of their rights, reminded them of their manhood. His rival in the new society told men of their needs, reminded them that they were all children of the Church and the Saviour. The influence of the Reform could train the poor scholar that he should be a champion of the Bible in the halls of debate and the courts of princes, that he should die a martyr to his unbending creed. The Jesuit theory could subdue the pride of birth, and take from the very palaces of kings those who should carry the practical Gospel, the name and life of Jesus, into the homes of the lowly, and live a long life of martyrdom that the poor heathen might find Christ's full salvation. Luther taught that the truth of God is the object of the life of man, that there is no higher work than to find and defend this truth. But Loyola declared that the highest work of man is to love God and serve him; that so his truth is revealed without man's seeking. The spirits which came to Luther were *demons of the intellect*, disturbing his reason, and vexing the balance of his mind. He drove them away with his inkstand and his copy of the Epistles. The spirits which came to the Catholic Saint were *angels of the affections*, sweet messengers of God, beckoning him up to join with the heavenly hosts. He heard their voices, he saw their light when he knelt before the crucifix, and read the words of the Saviour of men. Both prized the office of prayer. Both used it habitually, spending nights and days in its earnest pleading. Both enjoined it as the chief of duties upon their disciples. But with the Spaniard prayer was to humble the spirit to a sense of its own poverty, till it should welcome the aid of the heavenly

powers, while with the Saxon it was to fortify the soul that it might stand alone and fight with the powers of evil. Both were fond of the imagery of warfare and wrote much about the Church militant. But the one showed how the officers might best lead their hosts to victory, while the other showed how the ranks of the armies should bear themselves under the great leadership of Christ.

There is strong temptation to carry this parallel farther, but I dare not try any longer your patience. Perhaps enough has been already said, even if loosely and imperfectly, to give you an idea of Ignatius and his system. I had hoped to add some sketches of the chief of his companions and successors; of Francis Xavier, the most wonderful of all Christian missionaries, whose journeys in the service of his Master reached to three times the circuit of the globe, whose knightly graces, and large culture, and sweet affections were all consecrated to the Gospel work, with a quite miraculous constancy, to whom God gave as with a continual Pentecost the gift of tongues, so that China and Japan, and the Isles of the sea could hear from his lips while he was still a stranger on their shores, the word of God in their native speech, in whose labors fact outruns even Catholic fancy, and whose seven hundred thousand converts need no embellishment of angels to complete the sublimity of the picture of his life; of James Laynes, the second general of the order, whose rare acumen, whose vast learning, whose mastery of all the arts of the sophist and the debater enabled him to reduce to a technical system the great designs of the founder of the fraternity and to control the creed of the Church for all future time by his presence and eloquence in the Council of Trent, an overmatch there for legates and Cardinals; and of Francis Borgia, the third general of the order, who brought the pride of royal descent, the accomplishments of chivalry, the patrimonies of princely estates, the memories of love, and the experience of glory, all as an offering to this new crusade; who, whether as husband or courtier, as priest or warrior, in the discipline of the cell, or in argument with an emperor, alike astonished and charmed all who listened to his eloquence or beheld his fervor, who organized the schools of Jesus, so

that the thought of Loyola was made clear to the infant mind of all Catholic lands; of all these I had hoped to give at least the characteristic outline; to say something also of the progress of the order and its influence upon the civilization of the world, to show how its purity of purpose had been frustrated by the vice of its principle, how it had come to be everywhere the manager of intrigue and the ally of despotism, the servile tool of arbitrary kings and arrogant popes, how the manlier virtues have faded always beneath its shadow, and the symmetry of Christian character has been blighted by its touch, how it has hindered everywhere the progress of thought, and separated art and science fatally from the affairs of religion, how adopting deceitfully the manners and dress of the world, it has infected the world with the subtle poison of its false morality, till the name Jesuit has come to describe one who can compromise all truth, and excuse the violation of all faith, and teach men a Gospel never taught by the Redeemer.

Loyola saw in his life-time the beginning of his vision revealed; twelve provinces, a hundred colleges, and a mission reaching over two hemispheres, were reckoned on his register before he was called away. He saw its zeal, its vitality, its sure success. Had he prophecy also of its departures from the precepts of Jesus? Could he see that the time would come when it should be expelled from Catholic kingdoms and even the holy Pontiff should consent to its suppression, when its cunning should be the fear, and its crimes the shame, even of the city of its nativity, when the brethren of the Jesuits should share the stigma of the Jews and be hunted from land to land along with the hated race of Abraham? No such vision disturbed the last hours of the life of Ignatius. His life of labor closed so peacefully that few knew when he died. True to his principle of humility, to the last he would make no complaint and ask no relief. He wanted no renown of a saintly departure, and though he felt his strength decaying, and heard the summons of the death-angel, he called no brethren to his death-bed, and sought no friendly hand to smooth his pillow. He gave no orders about his funeral, named no successor, but died like a common man.

His body rests in the Chapel of the Casa Professa at Rome. There is a silver shrine beneath the altar, his bones are daily shown to the faithful, and before that shrine, blazing with gold and jewels, adorned with the statue of the saint, the knees of countless myriads, praying there for his powerful intercession, have worn away the marble pavement.

XIII.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

A PROMINENT divine of one of our cities who now graces in his own person the Episcopal chair, happened in an after-dinner speech to let fall the incautious remark that there could be "no Church without a bishop." And speedily a controversy arose in the religious and secular prints which for three months alternately amused and amazed those not wonted to the style of ecclesiastic warfare. The controversy was silenced only when it passed from an abstract to a practical question, when it began to bear upon sensitive points, and to suggest uncomfortable but undeniable facts of contemporary religious history, when it slid into the thesis that there can be no living Christian Church where the bishop is not a decent, virtuous, and pious man. This would have been a delicate theme to argue, and the public debate was adjourned by mutual consent. And this lies beneath all discussion about the rights of spiritual lordship. One unworthy to rule will hardly sustain his claim by the show of his Episcopal lineage or by the pretence of a transmitted sanctity by the laying on of prelatical hands. But to the true apostle, to the overseer of the Church who joins the zeal of Peter to the love of John, earnest believers always submit and defer, whether or not he claim the authority of an anointed bishop. His right enters not into controversy. His yoke the Church is glad to wear, and only by such as he and not by any arrogance of Church assumption will the ancient theory be upheld of the need of the bishop's office.

The theory is that the bishop is at once the wisest, purest, and holiest of pastors, chosen among the rest for his superior ability and superior sanctity, to rule not only, but to guide by word and by character the Churches of

his charge. And this theory is still maintained even in our own land in defiance of the verdict of more than one Diocesan Council. It is not even here necessary that a bishop should be honest, temperate, or pure, to retain his rank and title. But in the age of the Reformation, there was no theory of piety or virtue as essential to the sacred office. A bishop was not expected to be holier than other men of his rank and birth. There was no reserve asked of him of any pleasure, or any taste. He might live as he chose, he might feast like a Sybarite, spend like a prince, or swear like a pirate, wear the dress of a courtier, or hoard the revenues of a banker. He was not required, often not expected, to dwell in his diocese, or to know by name his subordinate priests. And the Council of Trent could not be forced to make residence obligatory, though urged to do so by more than one royal demand. Nay, even the preliminary of ordination was not essential, and it happened sometimes that the archbishop of the richest sees was not a priest or a deacon, or a monk, and had no consecrating power. As in Thibet, the grand Lama is frequently a child of tender years, so Europe in the sixteenth century was compelled to recognize in beardless youths the lawful overseer of great Christian provinces. Promotion to Episcopal station came not from the free choice of presbyters and laymen, but from the Pope's nomination, and every new occupant of St. Peter's chair was expected to enrich his family with the goods and honors of all vacant sacred offices. The one apostolic injunction that the chief bishop of the Church regarded, was to take good care of his own household.

In no department was reform in the Church more needful than in its ecclesiastic life. The Christian world craved more examples of practical holiness than new evidences of soundness in faith, earnestness of zeal, or constancy in prayer. Men asked for a bishop who should truly instance to them the proper spirit of his office; who should restore the almost forgotten Apostolic type of clerical life; who should show how the sacred character might dignify the sacred office, and how real worth might wear the honors of the Church. They wanted the spectacle of a consistent and manly Christian life, in which

there should be no eccentricity, no blaze of novelty, but only the use and practice of common duties. Ignatius was indeed a saint, but he was the austere founder of a mysterious brotherhood, and came not in contact with the multiplied duties and relations of men. Theresa, too, was holy among women, but her holiness was of the cloister, and a Spanish nun could not show priests what to do, though she might teach them how to pray. In the solemn decrees of Trent, the faithful might rejoice that the Rock foundations of religious truth were laid again. What they waited for now was for priests of unstained robe and celestial bearing, to break to them at the new altar the bread of life, for a tread and voice along the choir that should consecrate again the renewed house. And the signal instance of this was given when Charles Borromèo wore the cardinal's purple, and filled the pastor's office.

It is a pleasant task to review a life so beautiful, to describe character so almost faultless as that of this eminent Saint. Rare in Christian history is a spiritual temper so finely balanced, a practical wisdom so chastened by piety and love. No word of detraction has been uttered concerning him either by Protestant prejudice or Catholic envy. With singular consent, the extremest zealots of party stop to praise this good man who belonged to no party but that of Christ. He illustrates for us in a more familiar way than Loyola's society the union of a life of labor and prayer. He offers a more graceful sacrifice of noble birth and knightly tastes to the duties of the pastoral office than the regal Borgia, changing the hopes of a Spanish throne for the deep humiliation of a Jesuit's vows. His is one of the few ecclesiastical lives which even in this nineteenth age are fit to be taken as models of duty, of devotion, of true efficiency. If Luther had delayed for a score of years his sojourn in Milan, he would have wept, not tears of bitterness but tears of joy, at the feet of this disciple of Christ. If such as he had gone legate into the Saxon land, no subtlety of Wittemberg monks, and no schemes of ambitious princes could have matched the persuasion of his sanctity. If his advice had been followed in the quarrel with Henry of England, that strong outpost of faith would not have been broken from the

Holy See, and the first power of the world might uphold a universal, in place of a merely national Church. If he had made that pastoral journey through the valleys of Switzerland a few years earlier, Calvin had not then become the spiritual tyrant of Geneva, and no Puritan exodus had secured to freedom and faith the shores of an unknown continent.

The impulse has been warm within me as I have studied the life of Charles Borromèo, to translate those two antique volumes in which Godeau, Bishop of Venice, has recorded so eloquently what the Saint was and what he did. And it is hard to limit to the hour of a single lecture the just survey of so lovely a life. I cannot, at any rate, dwell upon those early forming influences in which the biographers of great and holy men delight to show the prophecy of the future of their heroes; or show here what hereditary graces may have come to St. Charles through the counts of Avona, of whom his father bore the insignia, or through the great race of the Medicis, of which his mother was a daughter. It is enough to say that both these parents were better than their lineage, that Count Gilbert Borromèo could set before his son the example of a ruler so faithful that the Emperor Charles V multiplied his trusts, so prayerful that his knees became hardened by much kneeling in the little chapel which he had built, so compassionate that the orphans of his tenants all called him their father, and so constant in almsgiving that he never ate a meal till the poor had received some charity from his hand, that none named the mother but to praise her for that sweet domestic fidelity which forgot the pride of descent in her single care that the sons and daughters of her house should grow up to serve Christ in his Church. In the castle of Avona the religion was of practice and not of profession merely, and as the family sat at evening before that loveliest of Italian landscapes, looking out upon the still waves of the Lago Maggiore, and the rich foliage of their beautiful island, and sang there the Hymn to the Virgin, Nature might join with parental lessons to teach the rudiments of the religious life.

In this castle of Avona, on the second of October, 1538, the second son of Count Gilbert Borromèo was born. It

was the feast-day of the Holy Angel Guardians, when Catholics are wont to call to mind that sentence of the Scriptures, "he shall give his angels charge concerning thee." The omen of his birth seemed to be fulfilled from the first in the tastes and tendencies of the growing child. He loved the works which angels might choose. He was destined from the cradle to service in the Church. His passion for the holy offices, and his progress in religious studies outstripped the diligence of his father's instruction. The boy soon exhausted the literary privileges of his home. But more remarkable than his progress in learning was his readiness in alms-giving. He became the steward of the household to the poor, and administered the surplus revenues of the estate in a manner at once generous and impartial. In the University of Pavia, where he went at an early age to complete his education, he was marked at once as a model youth, not in eloquence, for he was slow of speech, not in physical grace, for his form did not fit him for athletic amusement, not merely for scholarship, for there were some who read more deeply in ancient lore, and divided more skilfully the subtleties of the civil and canon law; but in character, in meekness, self-denial, firmness against temptation, strict regard for truth, for disinterestedness, and fervent piety, he took at once the highest place. All haunts of vice he avoided as the pestilence; and it was said of him in Pavia, as once of Gregory and Basil in Athens, that he knew but two streets in the city, one leading to the school and the other to the church. He chose for his companions the men of noted religious principles, and taught them by his example as no precept could teach them, the beauty of holiness.

In 1558, when he was twenty years old, the death of his father called him home to Milan. It would be pleasant to relate the manner in which he discharged the trust of settling the estates of his family, and baffled the schemes of selfish agents who sought to draw him into dishonesty and profligacy; and how he disposed of the large revenues of two abbeys which his uncles on either side had given him. But these trusts were speedily eclipsed by far higher dignity and promotion. Hardly had he taken his doctor's degree at Pavia, when John of Medicis, his mother's

brother, was chosen to the Papal chair, and sent for him to come to Rome. A Pope's nephews were in that age in the way of highest honor, and it was not deemed strange that Charles Borromèo was created cardinal and sat as the Archbishop of his native province, though he had not completed his twenty-second year. Youth seemed no objection in one so worthy. Various offices of trust and emolument were pressed upon him, which he refused. It was rare that any one had declined to be Grand Chamberlain, the second office in Rome, and if Borromèo accepted the charge of grand *penitentiary*, it was for the chance it gave him to guide the discipline of the Church and reform its morals. He was placed at the head of the council, with power to sign all decrees in the name of his uncle, and in fact made the virtual ruler of the Papal State. If he did not govern the church absolutely during the Pontificate of his uncle, it was because his wise counsels were sometimes overruled by the more worldly plans of his associates in the sacred body.

It was a hard position for one so young to occupy, requiring a weight of wisdom, and a measure of discretion, far beyond the years of one fresh from college life. Yet the duties of the place were discharged in such wise that all fears were disarmed; and even disappointed rivals vied in their praise. Accessible to all classes of citizens he had good words for those who needed advice and sufficient gifts for those who needed aid. He discouraged beggary by removing the tax on food and making bread plentiful and cheap. He took care to forestall complaints by removing their causes. Insensible to flattery from others, he loved to see the smile of gratitude on the faces of those whose wants he relieved, and whose wrongs he redressed. He thought it fit to keep up the state of a bishop and a prince; and none who went to his sumptuous feasts and enjoyed his royal hospitality, could complain that he degraded his rank or was mean in his style of life. Yet there was no sign of personal indulgence. The seductions of pleasure could not corrupt a heart early filled with the love of God. To set aside all chance of luxury, the Cardinal became a man of labor, wrote with his own hand the dispatches of his office and the decisions of his courts,

divided his time by method, took hours for study, and hours for prayer, and showed to the dissolute cardinals around him how it was possible to be at once a magistrate, a scholar, and a saint without losing the society of the world or courting any cloistral seclusion. His palace became an academy of letters and the fine arts, and his domestics were the companions of his exercises of eloquence, poetry and song. Rich were the delights of those attic, or as he called them, Vatican nights, when after the fatigue of the day's complex affairs, the wits and doctors of Rome met in the library of the young Cardinal to hear him read from Epictetus, or recite the sublime passages of Cicero about the nature of the gods and the dignity of old age, and compare the style and spirit of Pagan philosophy with Christian doctrines and duties. Many a future dignitary of the Church learned there how to separate the wheat from the chaff in the writings of classic ages, and what portions might be turned to Christian uses. And in that academy was taught the philosophy of life, which would temperately use its good things for the service of God and not spurn beauty for the sake of sanctity.

It was a splendid and honorable life to lead, every taste met, every want gratified, power enough to satisfy ambition, wealth enough to prevent the greed of gain, a youth beginning where age rarely ends. Yet Borromèo was not quite contented. He was a cardinal, but he was also a bishop, and it seemed to him wrong that a bishop should dwell separate from the homes of his people. He knew what corruptions abounded in the churches of his charge. He knew under what oppressions the people were groaning, and it seemed to him wrong to be living in luxury at Rome while in his native province abuses were unchecked and the Christian rites were profaned by their ministers. True, he had power as Papal legate to exercise discipline over a much wider dominion. Not the States of the Church alone, but Portugal, Holland, and Switzerland were made subject to his command in religious things. But the empty possession of power could not satisfy him. He longed to be not the head of a court merely, or the centre of a brilliant circle but the true pastor of a flock, the shepherd and bishop of souls. The death of his elder

brother Frederic, which occurred in 1562, increased this desire. His heart now was divided between duty to his aged uncle and longing to dwell with his kindred and countrymen. The great enterprises which he ruled from Rome could not still this secret longing. Now happily through his management, the protracted labors of the Council of Trent had been brought to their close. Colleges had been founded, and legates sent out to enforce the sacred decrees. And the cardinal determined that if he could not dwell with his people, he would at least go and see them. Before his going, however, he prepared himself by ordination to fulfill the duties of the priesthood. For until now he had been a ruler of the Church without the right even of an humble minister. This was not a step quite agreeable to his friends. The honor of a knightly house seemed to rest upon him, and even Pius IV, whose pride of descent was at least equal to his zeal for the faith, pressed his nephew to resign his religious offices, to marry, and maintain as a secular noble the dignity of the race of Medicis. In the face of all remonstrances, however, Charles bound himself to the altar by a solemn vow, and henceforth began to curtail the splendor of his life, and adopt the simpler style becoming to a priest. He was willing to descend in spiritual dignity. There are few instances on record of cardinals stooping to the office of the priesthood, fewer even than of monarchs abdicating thrones. And by this act of humiliation, Borromèo tacitly rebuked the unjust and irregular manner of his appointment.

On the first of September, 1565, with a retinue of the most eminent and skillful men of the Church, the Cardinal set out on his visit to his native city. The fame of his coming had gone before him, and all along the way the monks, the nobles and the populace came together to welcome one who bore not only the high authority of a Papal Nuncio, but brought with him such precocious sanctity. On Sunday, the twenty-third, he entered Milan, amid acclamations and blessings, beneath triumphal arches and windows garlanded and public buildings hung with sacred emblems. The patron saint of that ancient city seemed now restored to their prayers and the people shouted that

Ambrose was risen again in Milan. The most aged could hardly remember when their bishop had been seen in the streets, and the long interval of eighty years seemed hardly longer than the one thousand which had passed since the great Archbishop died. The enthusiasm rose to its height when the young Archbishop ascended the cathedral pulpit and took for his text the words, "with a great desire have I desired to eat this passover with you." The sermon was not eloquent by the rules of the school, but it had an appeal to the hearts of the hearers such as no brilliant discourse could make. It was *their bishop* preaching to them. It was the great Roman Cardinal, virtual ruler of three kingdoms and heir apparent not only to a temporal sovereignty, but to the lordship of the Christian world, who was preaching to them as their pastor. Can we wonder that the simple words seemed dictated by a special inspiration and that he whom men pitied in the Church of St. Maria Maggiore at Rome for his timid and halting speech, seemed a very Apostle in the Cathedral of Milan.

We next find the young prelate presiding in a provincial council of his diocese over a most dignified assembly of cardinals and bishops, and astonishing all by his majestic presence, his prudence, his comprehensive grasp of the great matters of discipline and the singleness of his zeal for the interests of religion. Scarcely is this over when he is attending with all the grace of a courtier, the two sisters of the Emperor on their journey through Italy. Then we see him in Rome in the chamber where his uncle is dying, praying there that strength may be given to the aged servant of God to meet the common trial of all the children of men. Holding the cross above the sufferer, "Most Holy Father," said he, "all your desires and thoughts ought to be turned towards heaven. Behold Christ crucified, the only foundation for our hope, our mediator and advocate, the victim and sacrifice for our sins. He is all goodness, all patience; his mercy is moved by the tears of sinners, and he never refuses pardon to those who humbly ask it." "One more favor I ask," said he, "in addition to the many that you have showed me, greater than all the rest. It is that you will lay aside all thoughts now of the world

and your office, and turn your mind wholly upon the great theme of your own salvation and prepare your soul for your last passage." Many days he waited at the bedside, speaking words of cheer and counsel, reading from the sacred volume, administering the last sacraments of the Church, and rejoicing in that Christian death of the Head of the Church where the last words were those of aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

From the death chamber of one Pope the scene changes to the mysterious conclave where another is to be chosen. And there we behold him who had just closed the eyes of a beloved uncle, supporting for the vacant station the hereditary enemy of his house and race, sacrificing all personal affection, all family feeling, all pride and ambition to his single sense of the need and the good of the Church, overruling the schemes of princes, and baffling the intrigues of interested men, that Christendom might have the ablest ruler. Gladly would Pius V have kept at his court one on whose wisdom he might so well rely, but the bishop remembered his flock, and hardly a year had passed since his visit to them before he went to dwell among them. It was a reforming work which he went first to do, a work which, beginning in the purification of his own soul, should extend in widening circle till it should reach the whole bound of his dominion.

The work commenced with himself. Self-denial, abstinence, were virtues which he would teach. They were virtues which he began to practise in a novel way. He knew well how to labor. He learned now how to fast. Bread and water with a few herbs, chestnuts or apples, on the feast-days of the Church, became the rule of his diet. One meal in a day was the limit of his indulgence. In Lent, dried figs supplied the place of the customary bread, and in Holy Week, by bitter peas, he commemorated the mockery of the Saviour. Friends remonstrated with him for this strange temperance, and predicted that his life would be shortened by it. But the Cardinal answered that he did it if not for his own health, at least for the health of his Church, and if his own life were shortened by it others might be saved from more hurtful luxury.

It became a proverb to call long abstinence "Cardinal Borromèo's remedy." He curtailed the hours of sleep and was wont to ask "if generals could in their warfare content themselves with the short rest which they might take sitting, should not a bishop engaged in warfare with Satan and his hosts, do at least as much?" He inured his body to privations and hardships of every kind, not like some ascetics that he might mortify the flesh, but rather that he might discipline his frame for the trials and exposures of his station. His private expenditures were all retrenched and only enough was reserved from charity to meet the bare necessities of food and raiment and the decencies of hospitality. He would not even have a garden to his house, much less an episcopal palace. "The garden of a bishop," said he, "is the Holy Scripture and his proper palace is an eternal house in heaven." Even the ornaments of his ducal house were put out of sight, all the fine paintings, marbles, trophies, suits of armor, and blazonry. He wanted everything to remind him not that he was Count of Avona or heir of the Medicis, but that he was bishop of Milan. His own coarse robe of black was always worn under his priestly vestures. It was so coarse they say once a beggar refused to accept it in charity. Even the art which was the passion of his youth was half-forbidden, and he restricted himself to the music of the hymns of the Church. He became his own servant, employing his dependants only in those duties which were for the service of others or of the Church, and doing for himself all, even the most menial, duties.

The reform which he began with himself, where it seemed hardly needed, he continued in his household, where it was more important. He knew that the best evidence of fitness to govern abroad is good discipline at home. His domestics were men fit, if occasion called them, to be teachers and priests. They had constant employment, some in copying manuscripts, some in visiting the sick, some in helping the poor. None could hope for any Church preferment or any favor because they were servants of so high a Master. The only offices which any might hold were offices of duty within the house. There was the chief steward, and the chief spiritual prefect, cham-

berlains to watch his actions, and censors to reprove his faults, priests to hear his confessions, and deacons to read to him spiritual books. The dress of all was to be modest, without embroideries, showy colors, jewelry, or any mere secular ornament. They were allowed to bear no arms, to have no private instruments of music, and were expected to fill up their intervals of leisure with religious reading and conversation. The Cardinal made it a point to know every one by name, the mind and heart of every one. Often they were surprised in the evening by his soft step entering their chambers, and when any were sick he was there to administer help both to body and soul. In all religious offices daily prayer, confession, mass, the observance of holy days, feast times and fast times, each, from the humblest to the highest, must be regular and punctual. The poor and the rich, the worldly and the pious, were forced to see and ready to confess that if anywhere the sentence of Paul of a "church within the house" were realized in life it was in the religious house of the Cardinal Borromèo.

From his own household he proceeded to seek out and reform those households where Catholic faith by profession was the principal treasure, to inspect the numerous parishes, monasteries and nunneries in the province of his religious rule. No village where was a church, a convent or a school was left unvisited. The hamlet curate was not too mean for the archbishop to question concerning his system, nor was any congregation of monks so intrenched in proscriptive lawlessness that he hesitated to bring them to an even rule of discipline. Into the wildest and most secluded parishes he penetrated, where the light of a bishop's countenance was quite unknown, journeying on foot at hours when Italian bishops were wont to sleep. He made however no visit without declaring his intention to the suffragan bishop, wishing them to show respect to the right even of inferiors. When he reached a village, his custom was to go directly to the Church without change of raiment, without refreshment, and speak from the pulpit the words of his errand. His acquaintance with the people began always at the altar. He would lead their prayers before he relieved their wants or rebuked their

sins. He was always the guest of the curate of the parish, refusing all temptation to lodge with the rich or noble, and avoiding the occasion of any scandal. Where the curates were poor he carried his own provisions with him. His observing eye detected at once the wants and the defects of the sanctuary and the pastor's house. It seemed to him a personal charge that no church in his spiritual dominion should hinder through any lack or abuse the decent worship of God. He examined every altar, every ceiling, every pavement, the baptismal font, the adjoining chapels, the robing rooms of the priests, the doors and the windows, that nothing should anywhere be found out of place, broken or decayed, that no sign of carelessness should be left.

Painful and tedious were the long journeyings which the cardinal was forced to take in these parochial visits. But they were pleasant to him, as showing what force of faith still remained in the humbler ranks of the people, and bringing him into nearer acquaintance with the various details of human life. Generally his visits were welcomed. When he came, the honor of such a presence surprised them; while he staid, the beauty of such a spirit captivated more and more. With the convents his task of reform was not so agreeable or easy. Long impunity had made the monks of some orders bold in their profligacy. Discipline with them had relaxed as treasures multiplied. The pretence of sanctity with many was discarded, and in numerous instances the whole force of a single convent was limited to a provost, who, with his servants, lived like a prince upon the wealth which the piety of former ages had gathered there. Especially was this case with the order of the Humiliati which, founded some four hundred years before, had now ninety monasteries with only one hundred and seventy monks in all. In dealing with these convents the cardinal found that ready acquiescence was not to be expected. At every point his decrees were resisted. They laughed at his pietistic canons. They defied his commands. They barred their doors against his entrance. They appealed to the Pope against his invasion of their rights. Their gold was freely used to corrupt his officers. All that slander could invent or

malice distort concerning his character and life was freely circulated. When his decrees were published, some of the friars ran to the bells and sought to create a riot in the city. Finding all their measures in vain, and learning that with the full authority of the Pope the reform in their convents would go on, the profligate would be expelled, and the houses would be filled only with men of decent life and living piety, they determined as a last resort to assassinate this contumacious prelate. Already the cardinal had been exposed to an attempt of this kind in his controversy with the canons of the Collegiate Church of La Scala, where the cross which he carried was shot at in the very door of the Church. The issue of this outrage had been that the lives of the offenders had been spared only through the clemency and prayers of the Cardinal, in whose heart no temper of revenge seems ever to have found place. But the scheme of the monks was still more daring. Money hired even a priest to murder at the altar the bishop who prayed there for his enemies. As the holy father was on his knees in the chapel at the hour of evening devotions with his household around him, and the choir chanting those words of Jesus, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," the sound of a blunderbuss rang through the chapel, the music ceased and the service was likely to end in consternation. In the confusion the assassin fled. But the cardinal commanded them to resume their kneeling, to continue their prayers, and the service was finished in the usual manner. Examination then revealed a marvellous escape. The robe and cassock of the Cardinal were pierced with shot, the table hard by was penetrated deeply in several places, and the ball was found at his feet, having struck the socket in the middle of the back and fallen down without entering the body, leaving only a slight bruise upon the surface of the bone. The people called it a two-fold miracle, a miracle that Providence should so preserve the life of their bishop, and an equal miracle that he so calmly should meet and suffer the outrage. The whole city was aroused at once to gratitude and vengeance. The murderers were quickly discovered and all the entreaties of the good cardinal could not hinder their execution. The order of the Hu-

miliati was forever abolished and the revenues which ages had accumulated given back to the poor from whom they came in the beginning. The result of this daring crime was a warning to the other monastic orders; and he found no more resistance in his efforts to restore the discipline and purity of convent life. More than one religious order consented to recognize him as their spiritual father, and offered themselves to serve him in any way that might be for the salvation of souls. He had a harder task to subject the nuns to his rules. The self-willed sisterhood were not so ready to accept a system which required them to labor as well as pray, and his exceeding modesty forbade him to press his suit by the same arguments which he used with the other sex. But patience prevailed at last, and the fair recluses joined with the rest of the city in praising the wisdom and virtue of the ruler whom God had sent them.

Next to the convents came the seminaries of teaching, from the great Cathedral chapter down to the parish schools. The cardinal was not content with a mere ritual service to illustrate the influence of the metropolitan Church. It was grand on the holy days, indeed, to show the crowds the gorgeous spectacle of the mass in that Cathedral which stood then, as it stands now, one of the wonders of the world; and he had too much filial piety to diminish the splendor of a church where the generations of his knightly ancestors had brought their gifts and offered their prayers. The magnificence of worship did not fall off there under his direction. But he left the choir of that stupendous edifice a marvel of wealth as well as of beauty. The service of no Roman Cathedral could vie with the mass as Borromèo appointed it in the Church of Milan.

His idea of a metropolitan church however was that it should be a centre of light and truth as well as of splendor. He appointed for it a three-fold system of instruction. Twice in the week were lectures in divinity to be read there and every Sunday a sermon was preached. This service was entrusted to a distinguished theologian. Then there was a penitentiary appointed, whose business it was to hear confessions from all parts of the diocese, to decide

cases of discipline and answer questions concerning the duties of priests and curates. A third office was given to a Doctor of Laws, who was to instruct young clergymen in the canons of the Church. Around this centre in the plan of the Cardinal were grouped the colleges of theology and law, the seminaries of rudimental religion, and finally the parish schools. The number of these schools which he founded is almost incredible; seven hundred and forty, with three thousand and forty teachers, and forty thousand and ninety-eight scholars are recorded. Beside these every parish priest was required to teach the children of his flock, and for failure in that duty was liable to forfeit his office. In no part of his Episcopal work was St. Charles more careful than in this training of the young. He believed that the Church had a right to all children, and that all children, whether in lowly or noble station, had a claim upon it for Christian knowledge. It was a heavy sin upon his heart that any child should grow up through his neglect in ignorance of the truth of God.

Next to reform in education came reform in criminal discipline. In spite of the opposition of the magistrates the cardinal insisted upon a new administration of the prisons by which punishment should not be indiscriminate or wanton, but should be proportioned to the offence and the obstinacy of the convicted felon. He took care that no offender should die without the prayers and consolations of the Christian Gospel. He sought pardon for all who seemed truly penitent. He established an order of visitors, who should bring to every cell daily invitations from the Saviour, and went himself often in person to see the desperate and hardened that others dared not visit. He would have criminals treated not as wild beasts, but as human beings, erring and guilty indeed, but still as capable of salvation and not alien from the love of God. And he sought to prevent crime by drying up its sources. He would gather into hospitals the classes of the abandoned that they might be saved from a worse destiny before it was too late. And great numbers of those whom society had first destroyed and then deserted blessed in him their gracious rescuer from infamous death. He had his religious police to watch and check the beginnings of crime,

and to bring all who were tempted into the circle of Christian influence. And so striking was the change that his twenty years of service wrought in Milan and its neighborhood that from the most turbulent, profligate, ill-governed and pauperised city in Europe, it became proverbial for neatness, safety and tranquillity. Even the magistracy, his foe at every step, thwarting, hating and threatening him, denouncing his interference as insolent and his schemes as ridiculous, was changed through his agency to the most admirable of municipal bodies.

And never had the poor a more diligent and untiring friend. No sufferer came in vain to the Cardinal's door. In the byways of the city his messengers sought out the distressed, and from the highways and hedges they came in to the royal feast. Of him men repeated the parable of Job: "When the ear heard, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless and the helpless, the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." No treasure did he count his own so long as there were any needy in the sphere of his benevolence. The patrimonies of his fathers he sold and distributed in alms. The gifts of popes and nobles went to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. When forty thousand crowns, the price of a principality in Naples which he sold, were brought to him he said that a bishop ought not to hold in his house so much treasure, and sent his almoners to bestow it in the lowly houses of his flock. In one day it was all expended; nor would he rectify an error of two thousand crowns which had been added by mistake. The proceeds of his brother's estate in furniture, jewels and paintings, amounting to thirty thousand crowns, found the same honorable use. An equal sum was raised by the sale of his own effects, in a season of special distress. The legacy of twenty thousand crowns which his brother's widow left him was instantly appropriated. Two hundred crowns per month were the *regular* sum which he ordered his steward to pay to the poor of the city, but that amount was but a fraction of what he really gave. He came to Milan one of the richest prelates in Europe. He died

almost poor. Yet where he found beggary and want, he left comfort, thrift and gratitude. If the palace was stripped of its ornaments, the lanes and alleys were tenanted by a more decent class and mendicants had ceased to swarm in the public places. It is said in praise of the most benevolent man in New England, long since called away from his works of beautiful charity, that he gave away for twenty years half of his income. But of St. Charles Borromèo it is recorded that in twenty years he gave away ten times the amount of the most princely fortune. His gifts were measured not by his increase but by the needs of those who besought him.

Nor was his care for the poor confined to the supply of their temporal needs. He counted it better to give them the bread of life than food for their bodies, and he was very constant to watch for their spiritual welfare. He did not turn over to them priests of the inferior sort, or leave them to the dangers of heresy without able protectors. He set in the most ignorant and destitute quarters men to teach and preach, who were wise to discover and interpret the true interests of the people and skillful to apply the Gospel to their condition. The most retired valley of his diocese heard a Gospel as pure as that preached in the cathedral pulpit. With no class was the Cardinal so severe as with those priests who took advantage of the remoteness of the position or the ignorance of their hearers, to neglect their proper Christian work. He held that a slothful pastor was responsible for the errors and sins of his flock, and indirectly, too, accountable for their poverty, inasmuch as ignorance and crime are the fruitful source of indigence. And in no part of his visitations was he a more scrupulous observer than where nature or fortune seemed to have limited the privileges of worshippers.

And in his spiritual visitations the Cardinal did not confine himself to the proper territory of Milan. In the cantons of Switzerland he also found work and welcome for his wholesome reforms. And the journeys which he made through the Grisons and among the high Alps few pilgrims even in that age dared attempt. He traversed the wildest forests and the most dangerous passes. The

torrents and eternal snows could not hinder him from his labor of love. Days long he went tramping over the glaciers and the rocks, catching in the crevices a foothold, hungry and thirsty, yet borne along by an invincible courage, stopping in each place only long enough to care for its needs and learn its spiritual state, opposed sometimes by the heretic officials, but winning them always by his courtesy and moderation. When he came into a Protestant neighborhood it was his custom to go first to the Church and prove his devotion by a season of prayer. On a second visit which he made to the wild Alpine regions he had to deal with a species of sorcery which had spread there, in which old women officiated as witches in chief, and had suffered even for the abominable crime. The good sense of the Cardinal could not quite conquer the superstitions of the people. Nor is it certain that he was so far before his age in knowledge as to doubt that the strange phenomena which they told were works of the Powers of Darkness. An Italian priest may well be pardoned for believing what an English judge a century later confessed to be a hideous crime. But certain it is, that with the visit of St. Charles to the Grisons and his preaching, the sorcery ceased, and no more executions for witchcraft shocked the people.

The passage in the life of St. Charles which has been most famous in history and which the genius of modern Italy has made the theme of its finest romance, is his conduct during the plague. The brilliant colors in Mansoni's style have in no wise exaggerated the heroism of the Archbishop of Milan in his dealing with that terrible scourge. The profane sports of the carnival of the year 1576 were observed with unusual zeal. All the remonstrances of the Cardinal could not hinder the nobles and people from their favorite mummeries. There were tournaments in the public square, and the public authorities witnessed and shared in the general license. The Holy Father could only predict the wrath of God upon a preparation so hideous for the season of religious fasting and prayer. He was at Lodi attending a funeral service when news was brought to him that the plague had broken out in Milan, that the governor and nobility had fled and that

the riotous joy of the people was changed to consternation and terror. He mounted instantly and returned. Crowds of people, wild and affrighted, met him in the streets, and "misericordia," "mercy," was the universal cry. His vicars and canons crowded round him and urged him to depart from the plague-stricken city and save his valuable life. He answered them only by avowing his resolve as a faithful pastor to lay down his life for his flock and claimed their assistance in his works of mercy. According to Catholic custom he sought to propitiate the Deity by an act of public penance, and three times walked through the streets with naked feet, and ashes on his head and a cord about his neck, bearing in his hands the crucifix, at the head of a grand procession of penitents, with all public marks of the deepest sorrow. He preached continually and fasted every day. He went through the wards of the hospital praying with the sick, administering remedies, and composing decently the limbs of the newly dead. No house in the most infected districts was omitted in his visit. He carried the holy wafer and oil into the most squalid abodes, that no one should die without the comforts of faith. Contending with the cowardice of magistrates, he organized the heroic priests that devoted their lives with his into bands which should do the work of charity and attendance on the sick which the occasion called for. The churches and the episcopal houses were given up to the terrified fugitives from the infection. By his will he made the hospital of the city heir to his estate, if he should be carried off with the rest. His plate was melted down and was sold with his furniture to buy bread for the hungry mouths of the homeless. Even his straw bed was given up and he slept upon a board. As the plague increased, his strength seemed miraculously aided. Day and night, on horseback, and on foot, often alone, he went about on his errand of mercy. When the neighboring villages caught the infection he was there to advise, to assist, and to provide for Christian burial. Severe were his rebukes to those who tried in reckless debauchery to forget their danger. Yet when these were attacked, he was at hand to hear their confession and pardon their sins. The danger of famine came to increase the horror.

Great as was the Cardinal's charity, his private stores among so many were but as five loaves to five thousand men. But if he could not repeat the Saviour's miracle, he found means in a way almost as strange to open the purses and hearts of his people. He became a beggar at the gates of the rich and opened the doors of luxurious houses to the forsaken and destitute. Sometimes his heart almost sank within him when he saw how every day seemed to make the prospect more awful. But he trusted in God. One night when he came home from his weary rounds, hungry and worn, he found no morsel of bread in the house. He knew not where to turn. The charity of all his friends was exhausted. He had borrowed until he was every man's debtor. And it seemed now that he must die with his people. But as he prayed in his oratory, a gentleman came there with an offering of a thousand crowns from the chief men of the city. God so answered his prayers. He rose refreshed, and before he slept it was spent in his mission of mercy.

Months long the scourge of Milan lasted, and ceased only when winter came. Seventeen thousand, one hundred and twenty of them ecclesiastics, had died of the pestilence. Commerce had been prostrated, the right arm of labor paralyzed, and the rich city was poor. But the people thanked God that he who had been instant for them in season and out of season, whose prayers had turned aside the anger of God, whose goods had been divided to their hunger, who had courted hardships, danger, insult and humiliation, that he might save them from perishing, so young and yet so holy, was still spared to them. From all sides congratulations came. The selfish Italian Cardinals could hardly comprehend such heroic devotion. The sternness of heresy relented at such an evidence of the Christian spirit and confessed that a Catholic prelate might still be a Christian apostle. The only answer to these praises which the Cardinal made was to profess that he had done but his simple duty, that he should have been guilty before man and God if he failed in such an extremity to show himself the shepherd of his flock.

But I fear lest the fascination of this theme may lead

me to tire you by too numerous details. I omit, therefore, the account of his journeys to Turin and to Rome, the works which he did, and the honors which he received in those cities, to add only a general view of his character and influence. He is the only instance that I have found in Christian history of a faultless bishop, not faultless as a man, but faultless in his office as a priest and ruler of the Church. He had the ability to master all the intricate duties of his office, and the patience to endure all its trials. An inflexible firmness tempered by an unfailing charity, a prudence which waited always upon most fervent zeal, a practical spirit, keeping him from the excesses of ascetic piety, a heart in which the love of God and the love of brethren were beautifully balanced, all fitted him to have the charge of the Church of God. He preached as a bishop should preach, ambitious of no display, seeking no praise for originality of idea, or splendor of diction, not striving by charm of voice or by grace of style to win praise to himself, nor yet thundering in their ears a message of terror, but always as if he were breaking to them bread at the altar. His words were simple, slow, weighty in spiritual wisdom, lofty in religious faith. They gained their force from the character of him who uttered them, and it was always a mystery to the rhetoricians of Rome how one so heavy and awkward in speech should draw such crowds to his preaching. The secret of it was that the preaching came from the heart and life. It was not the eloquence of scholarship, or art, or even of vehement zeal for dogmas, but the eloquence of a tried and experienced faith. The people knew that their bishop loved them and would lay down his life for them, knew that he had sacrificed for them rank, wealth, luxury and personal ambition; that he lived for their welfare. It was enough for them that he had refused the temptations of advancement at Rome to come and be their pastor.

The true bishop aims to be *useful*, not to be great. He is set not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And usefulness was the first, last, and only end of the life of St. Charles Borromèo. To this he gave up the tastes of his station and even the impulses of his piety. This saved him first from the office of a senator, and afterward

from the solitude of a cloister. He was never weary in doing good, and he had the fertile mind which suggests continually new methods and occasions of benevolent action. The multiplied duties of his place only delighted him the more. He wanted no recreation but a change from one philanthropic work to another. It is recorded that in all his twenty years of Episcopal service he never once walked or rode for pleasure merely, never read or wrote except for some practical immediate purpose. He left no book of meditations, and spent no time in the poor work of nourishing his own interior life as separate from the salvation of his flock. The folios of his works are the digests of his rules and laws, and letters on business connected with his charge. He had no stint of labor but time and strength. And he fasted and denied himself always for a practical end.

There was a wonderful mingling, too, in his address of that grace and sincerity which should mark a bishop's demeanor. No man ever accused him of deception in look or word, yet his kind condescension would make the poorest feel at ease with him, and his tender smile disarm the hatred of his bitterest foe. He had no patience with the least word of flattery or sign of deceit. "My Lord," said one of his courtiers to him, "I will tell you frankly what I think of this affair." "What, Sir," instantly replied the Cardinal, "Do you not always speak frankly? Know that I want no friends whose tongue is not always true to their thought." He had confidence in the good will of those who pretended to love him, and despised only those who threatened. When a package was brought to him revealing a scheme to destroy his life, he quietly burned it, taking no means to arrest the guilty parties. He was wont to say that if his life were lost in the discharge of duty, God would bless that loss to his Church. His rebukes to the negligent were so directed as to bring shame and remorse without hostility. One of his bishops incautiously remarked that he did not know what to do. When the Cardinal reached home, he sat down in his study and wrote out a list of duties of a good bishop, adding under each article, "and after this shall a bishop say that he knows not what to do," and sent it to the

offending prelate. The remark was not repeated. No one could say that he degraded the dignity of his purple, and yet he was always ready to take upon himself the neglected work of his dependents.

He had, too, in rare perfection that individualising faculty on which the success of a bishop so much depends. He knew the children by name and by person. He kept in his memory the wants and circumstances of all his colleges, convents, almoners, and prelates. He knew who were deserving and who were promising, and he kept his eye upon them. With intuitive sagacity he detected the signs of future eminence in the Church, and helped to hasten it. Youngest of all the cardinals, he was yet most powerful in the conclave, and more than one Pope was chosen by his suggestion. Yet he was as careful to select wisely his parish priest as the Head of all Christendom. He listened respectfully to all honest opinion, though it might not suit his own, and loved no servility. He wanted every one of his dependents to act according to conscience, and not according to his master's plan. He did not expect that all should be like himself, and probably never any man in the Church had so much power and zeal with so little of dogmatic arrogance. He burnt no heretics. He uttered no anathemas, though he was a Catholic of the truest stamp, and could see in heresy no good and no hope. He was, as the Apostle says, swift to hear, slow to speak and slow to wrath.

And never was bishop more methodical in the ordering of his duties. His multiplied charges were all arranged by days and weeks and months and years, so that he knew always what to do and when to do it. There was no partiality and no omission in the distribution of his care. And by this extraordinary system he accomplished in twenty years an amount of Episcopal labor which no other bishop has approached. His personal influence was felt in every city, village, parish, convent, hamlet, and home of one of the most populous provinces in Europe. And yet with all this capacity of labor, the temperament of St. Charles was sluggish, and the action of his mind heavy rather than brilliant. One of the weaknesses which he knew and fought against, was a sleepiness which some-

times caught him at unseasonable hours, even in church, so the gossips complained. One day when this fit seemed to come upon him, a prelate who had been preaching whispered to his neighbor, "If I were Director to Cardinal Borromèo, I would make him sleep in his bed, and keep awake in the sermon." But when the guests were assembled at dinner the Cardinal amazed them by repeating passages from the sermon, of which they supposed that he had not heard a word.

It is hard to find a parallel to this great Christian pastor. The Catholic Church furnishes no other, the Protestant no peer. The name which most readily suggests itself to the comparison is that of Thomas Chalmers. But he with all his wide parochial efficiency and his superior genius, must yield the pastoral palm to the Italian Cardinal. There were many points of resemblance in their character and work. They were alike in physical constitution, in power of endurance, in practical tastes and tendencies, in care for the suffering classes, in heroic exposure of life in their Master's cause. The quality of faith in both was the same, and the burden of preaching, too. But while the eloquence of Chalmers was great as it rose to the highest themes, as it lightened and thundered in the upper skies of thought, the word of Borromèo gained power as it came down and entered into the simpler offices of home and domestic life. The piety of Chalmers inspired men to see visions and awakened great thoughts about the spirit-world, about heaven, and the judgment. It lifted men to God's world. The piety of Borromèo comforted men to go on in duty below and taught them what to do to make life serene, and beautiful, and happy. It led God in his Church from home to home to visit the believers.

But I will not pursue this parallel. A single page shall close this protracted story, too long to hear, it may be, but all too short for the theme. On the night of the second of November, the day of All Souls, the report was given in the streets of Milan that their Archbishop was dying. The whole city was soon excited. Every man left his house. Some thronged to the churches to pray. Some waited to hear instant tidings at the gate of the palace. Solemn processions of penitents passed along the way.

Cries were heard and sobs from the chambers, where women lamented. The convents, in the height of their grief, forgot all discipline, and set no bounds to their sighs and tears. With the earliest light the solemn tolling of all the bells told that a great sorrow had passed upon the people. It renewed the traditions of battles and sieges. Every one felt that he had lost his father and his defender, and feared some great calamity to come. Soon every man had told with his neighbor the story of his last hour, what a peaceful, beautiful, Christian death the great father had died, so young, yet so mature in sainthood. Such a funeral was never seen in that Cathedral, in which the terrible grief of a whole people was so condensed, and unrestrained even by the majesty of the place and scene. The funeral eulogy was pronounced by a friend of his household, and the tears and sobs which broke its flow were witness that it was no formal praise. Solemnly into the vault before the choir where the holy man had been wont to lead their devotions the body was lowered, and the people who for so many centuries had kept first in their honors the name of Ambrose consented now to place above the saint of their fathers this greater Apostle of Christ. His tomb became at once the shrine of pilgrimage. The piety of the nations knelt there. Such gifts were left there as no palace could show. And now no estimate can reach the wealth of gold and silver which adorn that shrine. The curious stop in the Cardinal's chapel to wonder at the richness of this tomb. But the reverent student of history, who remembers what life these costly testimonies commemorate, beholds in this splendid sepulchre the proof that the heart of man is more loyal to goodness than to greatness, to the saint than to the hero. So in the great Cathedral of England a nation has just solemnly entombed the body of its greatest man, with a funeral more splendid than the nation ever saw. But the grave-stone of Wellington will soon be read with no more reverence than that of other heroes who lie there. While Protestants beyond the sea will continue to leave at the tomb of the good bishop of Milan if not silver and gold, at least a tribute of gratitude and reverence to a virtue that recalled in a degenerate age the blameless life of the Saviour of men.

XIV.

SOCINUS AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

AT a meeting some years ago of the American Bible Society in New York, it chanced that one of the speakers appointed was a distinguished lawyer from the neighborhood of Boston, a man of wide reputation both for wisdom, worth and piety. As he came forward to speak, after several addresses which made up in length what they lacked in interest, I remarked to my neighbor, an intelligent looking Presbyterian divine, that I thought now we should have something worth hearing. "No!" answered he quickly, "I believe the man is a Socinian." And his tone conveyed the idea that it was impossible for a Socinian to say anything true, good, or beautiful. I wanted to turn upon him the argument that if so shrewd, learned, and excellent a man could be a Socinian it was a fair presumption that the name was honorable to bear, and the system it signified a true one. It is likely that this frequent reproach has made, too, many ashamed of the name, when an investigation of the history connected with it would show that far more praise than blame belongs to it. If the character and spirit of its founder gives honor to any sect I would far sooner bear a name which was illustrated by men so pure and noble as Laelius and Faustus Socinus than the name of the stern ruler of Geneva, the murderer of Servetus.

Many persons have an idea that the Unitarian heresy, as they choose to call it, is a small and recent affair, beginning in New England some fifty or sixty years ago. The better informed, indeed, have a tradition about a certain Arius, who made a good deal of stir by denying the Trinity in the early age of the Church but was finally put down. Some perhaps have heard that another teacher by name Socinus, went farther in his denials and said that

Christ was a mere man, and that he was put down too; though who Socinus was, where he came from, when he lived and what his character and influence were they are quite unable to conjecture. About as far as any one gets in the matter is that Socinus had something to do with Poland, and that he lived not a great while after Luther and Calvin. It would surprise a good many to be told the fact that Socinus did not originate any sect or broach any novel heresy, that he taught only what a large number of the most eminent in the Church had believed before him, and that his opinions, though persecuted fiercely by the dogmatism of the reformers, were never put down, but gained strength, and in spite of obstacles have continued to this day to flourish where they were first preached. In Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, not to speak of Switzerland, Holland, and England, the Unitarian system of religion is as ancient as the Puritan, and so far as the character of its confessors is concerned quite as respectable. That faith is neither novel nor heretical in which such men as Locke could teach, Newton could live, and Milton could die, and which is joined so intimately to the tragic heroism of the most unfortunate nation of Europe.

We have spoken before of the beginnings of the Reform and of the men who were leaders in the great schism of the sixteenth century which severed half of Europe from its allegiance to the Catholic Church. We are to take up now the earliest developments of reform, its offshoots, its extreme movements, not so much the sects to which it gave rise as the directions in which it moved. And the four directions of development which we specify are not merely fanciful. They have each separate marks and characteristics, and they correspond too with the phases of reaction in the Catholic Church, which we have just been surveying. The antithesis to Catholic reform in doctrine, in action, in piety and in life is found in the separate religious movements in Northern Germany, of France, of Holland and of England. Hardly had the finished decrees of the Council of Trent been proclaimed to the world when the acts of the Polish brethren set forth a creed diametrically opposite, built on another foundation, with other dogmas, and in another spirit. The zeal of

Ignatius and his companions was met and matched by the fanatic enthusiasm of the Huguenots, who burned to spread in their native land the views of Calvin, as the Jesuits were ready to carry the Gospel of Christ far and wide. In the Low Countries, subject to the same rule as mountainous Spain, a theology came in which spurned the convent life and was the fiercest foe of piety like that of Teresa of the flaming heart. The lawyer and scholar Grotius established on the plain a practical faith quite unlike that castle of the soul which the Spanish nun went about among the hills to fortify and build. And with many points of resemblance, the most striking contrast to the sweet charity and benevolence and forgiveness of St. Charles Borromèo was shown in the cold, stern, terrible sanctity of the Puritan life.

We speak in this lecture of what may be called the extreme dogmatic movement of the Reformation, and of that party which carried its principles to their legitimate conclusions, in a Christian and Scriptural Rationalism. Luther emancipated human reason from its fetters to tradition and authority, but he did not apply it when freed to the investigation of all Christian truths. He was a disciple of the fathers, though he denied the authority of the Pope, and the submission which he refused to the decrees of Leo and the Councils he yielded to the dogmas of Augustine and the ancient Church. He did not use the freedom which he claimed except to rebel against existing powers. But there were others who acted upon his protest more thoroughly and dared to question many things that were taught as Christian truth beside the scheme of indulgences and the folly of the mass; who ascended to first principles, and sought to construct for themselves a faith that should harmonize with right reason in all its parts without losing its Scriptural basis, which should leave to the Divine Nature the mystery of unspeakable grandeur, but not of a mathematical puzzle, and rescue the Divine government at once from the charge of weakness, fickleness and cruelty; which should recognize the admitted facts of physical science in regard to the nature of man, while it preserved the promise of his immortal destiny, and should not contradict his consciousness; which should

give Christ all the honor which he claimed and make his salvation a practical and broad spiritual influence instead of a mere forensic scheme; which should make of religion in a word, a genuine science, friendly to all other discoved truth.

This tendency to a rational religion was confined at first to no one land, but broke out in all the countries of Europe on the first proclamation of religious liberty. Carlstadt, at first the friend and ally of Luther, but afterward bitterly hated and persecuted by him, was its Apostle in Northern Germany; and the number of his disciples was not small. The Spaniard Michael Servetus carried it from place to place, fleeing from the Inquisition till at last he suffered in Geneva for his temerity. At Basle and Zurich where the free spirit of Zwingle had made the people hospitable alike to learning and misfortune, it found a welcome, and the former city was three centuries ago, as it is to-day, the retreat of exiled scholars and of harassed faith. But the earliest centre of the new Rationalism seems to have been Venice, where liberty of conscience was granted by the government, and the Inquisition was held in bad repute. Here the great scholars of Italy gathered to study the Scriptures in their original tongue, to discuss theology and to compare with each other the results of their inquiries. Here, if not encouraged by the public authorities, they were at least not molested in their assemblies, and in several towns of the republic, particularly at Vicenza, regular meetings, weekly or monthly, as the case might be, were held to consult concerning the reform of the creed. And hither came on the very year when the first action of the Council of Trent began, to unite by his comprehensive wisdom, to guide by his prudence, and to dignify by his blameless life, the deliberations so rash, of an attempt so daring, the man whose name still designates the chief of Protestant heresies, the Etruscan Laelius Socinus.

The city Sienna in Etruria is famous in Christian history from its union with the name of Catherine, one of the holiest of Catholic saints. But it was more highly honored in being the birthplace of the elder Socinus. By the lineage of both his parents, Laelius was allied with the

noblest families of Tuscany, the Piccolomini, the Petrucii, and the Salvetti. Eloquence, beauty, culture and courage were his proper inheritance. Law was the profession of his ancestors, and his father and elder brother well sustained in that profession the family tradition. From childhood Laelius was taught that a free spirit of inquiry was the only foundation for sound knowledge, and that patient investigation was the sure pioneer of truth. The rules of evidence which his father applied to the details of cases and books of statute, Laelius applied to the great record of all law, and ventured to interpret the Scriptures as he would have read the Institutes and Pandects of Justinian. His keen scrutiny failed not to observe the incongruity between the doctrines of the Church around him and its ancient text books of faith. He could not find in them many of the articles which the creeds made essential to salvation. Doubts began to arise in his mind, which more thorough investigation only confirmed. The studies of his kindred did not run in the same direction, and the wisdom of his father did not lie in the same province. In the great law schools of Italy at this period the Gospel was not deemed important enough to foster study. At the age of twenty-one Laelius, as we mentioned, came to Venice, hoping to find in the societies of that republic a solution of his doubts and sympathy with his inquiries. He found this among the scholars there, but he lost it almost as soon.

For that decisive year 1546, memorable in so many ways for the death of Luther, the opening of the Council of Trent, the reconciliation between the Pope and the Emperor, brought also the Inquisition to Venice. The fires of persecution began to burn and the free thought of Italy furnished its martyrs. The meetings were broken up. The Doge and Senate were forced into a weak compliance with the demands of foreign lords and withdrew their protection from the heretics. The scholars scattered themselves to the Protestant nations, some to England, some to Poland, many to Switzerland. Laelius left Venice not as an exile for his opinions but as a traveller and scholar. Four years he spent in visiting the principal countries of Europe, making the acquaintance of men of

letters, and coming into bonds of the most friendly alliance with the chief reformers, which even his heresies could not break. Melancthon was his constant correspondent. The months which Socinus passed at Wittemberg were spent in the closest intimacy and such testimonials from the hand of the Reformer went with the young Italian that he was received everywhere among Protestants with honor. Calvin was one of his earliest acquaintances and continued until his death to advise and warn him. In Zurich he found a home with the pastor Bullinger, the successor and friend of Zwingle, and the relation between them was almost that of father and son. But nowhere in all his travels did he find a place where it was safe or comfortable to preach his opinions openly. Nor did he care to be a preacher. He felt that the time had not quite come to make public this radical protest against Rome, this protest against the whole system of faith from its foundation downward. He was content to wait for some bolder hand to seize a more favorable moment.

But in the circles of private friendship the nature of Laelius Socinus was too frank to allow any concealment of his views. There was not one of the principal mysteries of faith of which he did not make question in some of his letters. The Trinity, the Atonement, the resurrection of the body, all form the subject of ingenious discussion with Calvin and others. His position as ambassador from Germany and Poland to the Venetian state gave to his opinions more importance, and when, at the death of his father in 1556, he went home to settle the estate, they discovered in his reluctance to receive many of the doctrines of Catholic faith that his radical views still, after the travel and experience of ten years, remained unchanged. Six years later he died at Zurich. Earnest efforts had been made to have him expelled from the State as a heretic and a blasphemer. And some who respected him as a scholar and a man of uprightness feared so much the poison of his influences that they secretly approved these efforts. But the early death of Socinus anticipated them. And he left behind, if not a wide at least, a high reputation for Christian virtues and liberal spirit. His denials of dogmas did not embitter his temper

or make him a destructive. He granted to others the liberty which he claimed. The sternness of Calvin's rebukes could not irritate him, while it could frighten him as little from his free inquiries. No one could say that the heir of aristocratic races lowered his dignity by associating with rebellious priests. Without concealment or compromise, yet without violence or importunity, he uttered his views when the occasion served him, and died predicting that his nephew would become an apostle of the truth, which he only dimly prophesied.

The wider fame of Faustus Socinus has unjustly eclipsed the services of his uncle in the cause of liberal religion. In age they were not widely separate. Laelius had not reached the full stature of manhood, when his brother Alexander's son was born. Deprived of his parents at an early age, the young Faustus had few advantages of literary culture, and studied but little of that philosophy which his father had taught with such renown in the University of Padua. It is strange that with so slight a discipline in logic and theology, he was able to write so soon and so well on the great subjects of religious controversy. Much, indeed, had been done for him by his uncle. But he was still a child when Laelius departed on his long years of travel, and he was left chiefly to his own resources. But the boy had a mind of rare acuteness and an insatiable thirst for knowledge; and what fortune failed to do for him nature accomplished. He adopted with great ardor the opinions of his uncle, and found soon that to profess them freely, he must leave his native land. The death of his uncle broke the tie which bound him to Italy, though he passed after that twelve years in honorable employment in the Tuscan Court. He had reached the mature age of thirty-five when he took up his residence at Basle, on the Rhine, hoping in that hospitable city to find a permanent home as a teacher of Christian theology. Inheriting the numerous manuscripts of his uncle, he employed himself in giving them shape and method, and framing into a consistent system what had been left there in a crude and undigested form. And he gave himself with more intense zeal to the study of the Scriptures.

Three years passed on, when he began to appear as a

public debater, boldly defending the thesis that the Trinity was a pagan and no Christian doctrine, and that Christ was the created Son, and not the uncreated God. These controversies gave him fame. He was called into Transylvania, where the eloquence and learning of George Blandrata had already established many churches of Unitarian views. Here a fantastic zealot, by name Francis David, had advanced views which threatened to destroy the harmony and sound faith of the reformed churches, and it was thought that the clear reason of Socinus might be useful in checking the disorder. But the enterprise failed, and a contagious disease sent Socinus still farther, to visit the churches of Poland, where he might expect more sympathy and success. An early visit of Laelius Socinus, accompanied by one Spiritus from Holland, and a discussion which they held on the question, "whether there are three gods," had left doubts in the minds of several eminent men whether the common notion of the Trinity were true. The suggestions of separate teachers passed into the discussions of the Synods, and with every new meeting the Unitarian side gained proselytes. The doctors of the church took the alarm. Remonstrances were sent against all discussion of this great fundamental mystery. And the result finally was a schism, which separated into unequal branches of the Reformed Church those who held to the Trinity, and those who received the simple unity of God. In this latter division there were wide differences of opinion, some taking the name of Famovius, holding to the high Arian notion of the pre-existence of Christ, and his superhuman, though not his divine, nature; and others, bearing the title of Budneans, maintaining the simple humanitarian view that Jesus was a man, though the best and holiest of men. By union and perseverance, however, they succeeded in obtaining from the government an edict of toleration, and made such progress that before long the chief cities of the south of Poland were substantially possessed by them.

This was the state of religious parties when Socinus arrived in Poland. He did not find there the hearty welcome which he expected. His view of Christ, midway between that of the two leading parties, satisfied neither.

It was too radical for the strict party, it was too strict for the radical party. He seemed to the teachers of the land presumptuous in attempting to instruct them. How should an Italian vagrant enlighten a land where the Bible had so long been read, and studies in theology were native to the people? To avoid persecution Socinus retired to the estate of a nobleman, a few miles from Cracow, where his person was secure and he was treated with such kindness that he could forget the enmity of the churches. A marriage with the daughter of the house seemed to secure his fortune, but it was the prelude of most bitter reverses. Death deprived him soon of his wife and his benefactors. Sickness prostrated his frame and weakened his mental powers. News came to him that his estates in Italy were forfeited, and that he could hope no longer to receive any income from that source. The position of the Unitarian church in the land was insecure by the struggles of competitors for the elective monarchy, and the poor exile might feel that his lot had fallen in an evil time.

But his courage did not fail. As worldly prospects grew darker he gave himself with a more single devotion to what he believed to be the cause of truth and God. In the Synods he maintained his views with great vigor and fertile argument, and one book after another came from his pen. Neither persuasions nor threats could silence him, and when, after the publication of his work "on the Saviour," he was assaulted in person, dragged from his sick bed into the street, exposed half naked in the market place, menaced with punishment, with his furniture broken and his manuscripts destroyed, they could extort from him no word of recantation. He found protection for the remainder of his life at the house of another nobleman, where he spent his time in reconciling the differences of the liberal creeds, and refuting the errors of the ancient systems. He died at the close of the year 1604 in his sixty-fifth year, welcoming the event as a release from earthly troubles and a summons to nearer visions of great spiritual truth. On his tomb was inscribed the couplet: "Luther destroyed the house of Babylon, Calvin the walls, but Socinus the foundations." "Tota licet Babylon destruxit tecta Lutherus, muros Calvinus, sed fundamenta Socinus."

The single child which he left became the wife of a distinguished Polish nobleman, and through her descendants he is to this day the ancestor of many eminent Unitarians, both in the State and Church. His grandson, Witsowatius, was a divine of great influence in the body of liberal Christians, both through his acquirements and the weight of his character, and his filial piety never forgot the first confessor in the family of the views which he cherished.

The character of Socinus needs not to be elaborately drawn. His enemies have freely admitted that he was an able, an attractive, and a virtuous man, captivating by the force of his genius, the fervor of his eloquence and beauty of his life. Less learned than many of the doctors of his age, few could surpass him in acquaintance with the text of that sacred word which in all disputes is the Christian's authority. If he lacked acquaintance with Plato and Tully, he was familiar with the mind of Paul and John. A defender of reason and the intellect, he never gave these the mastery over the clear precepts of Christ. His insight seemed to reveal at once the meaning of obscure passages, to make the dark places light, and the rough places plain. It was at once rapid and wide, seeing things quickly and seeing them thoroughly. And he had a singular mental integrity. There was no weak spot, through which error could gain entrance. Logical absurdities had no insinuation by which his seat of conviction could he reached. He believed that the only faith good for anything was one which a man might justify to himself and to others, which he could hold on its own merits, not on any traditional authority. He had no such reverence for great names that he would allow them to persuade him into a surrender of right reason. He was an independent thinker, independent of his own party as much as of the party of prescription, a Protestant of the Protestants. And if he believed less than other great teachers, he believed what he did believe with all the intensity of a clear knowledge. He looked before and behind, and saw where his faith arose and whither it tended, its relations both to abstract truth and to practical life.

He was a true enthusiast, some would say, a zealot. He did what few are apt to do, sacrificed family pride, rank,

fortune, station, the most flattering worldly prospects to the promulgation of his unpopular views. Many have relinquished worldly advantages to serve in the ranks of Christian confessors, and the lives of Ignatius and Borgia had proved that the flower of knighthood may humble itself to shed the Gospel fragrance. But the religion to which these eminent saints gave up their fortune was popular and powerful. They sacrificed nothing for abstract ideas. But Socinus had faith in abstract ideas, and his zeal went to establish that which for one thousand years had borne the Church's anathema. For this he wrote, and labored and prayed, travelled from place to place, and was ready, if the need came, to suffer death. He knew that heretics like himself could have no place among the honored martyrs of the Church; that their labors and sacrifices would be hastily passed over, and no honor be left to them on the pages of history. But he did not repent of the part which he had chosen. He would accept no gifts where they might weaken or unsettle his earnestness in his faith, or modify his opinion. Nor would difference or enmity on minor points hinder him from working with those who mainly agreed with him. He prized the cause of God higher than his own comfort. "When I came into Poland," said he, "I desired nothing more earnestly than to be united to the brethren in the closest ties of communion, though I found that in many points of religion, they thought differently from me, as many do to this day: and God knoweth, what and how great things I suffer on this account; declining in the meantime no labors, however hazardous or hard, which either the brethren themselves have enjoined me, or which I hope may be useful to our Churches."

As has been finely said of another, Socinus had a Protestant mind, but a Catholic heart. He cherished no theological hatreds. If his words at times seemed harsh and even fierce, they were not malignant. He conceded to an opponent all the freedom which he claimed for himself, and he endeavored to judge candidly the arguments which he tried to refute. His was no spirit of intolerance. And he brought into his debates no personalities. In his most sharp controversy, he tells his adversary, "if you

study to practice purity of life and Christian sanctity, whatever may be your sentiment on the subject of our debate, I will always acknowledge you for my brother in Christ, and will think there is a sufficient agreement between us." Nothing was more abhorrent to his heart than the thought of propagating or suppressing a religion by force. He might deny future salvation to Papists and infidels, but he would not shut these out from their earthly civil rights. He might call the opinion of Francis David and his party, subordinating Christ to Moses, and the Gospel to the Jewish Law, "an impious and detestable doctrine." But he clears himself by an elaborate defence from the charge of persecuting this unfortunate man. Yet, like Luther and the other reformers, he is not unwilling to have such blasphemers shut up as madmen, where their corrupting influence may do no harm among the people. He did not think it expedient that men whom he believed insane should be set in the Churches to preach and teach. If his theory of toleration be not the perfect one of this age of light, it was at least far in advance of the theory of his cotemporary Reformers.

Few heretics have escaped so completely the charge of personal immorality. No one could say that Faustus Socinus flung off the restraints of the prevalent faith, that he might give more license to his appetite or gratify his pride. In all his habits, he was exemplary. Modesty, a hereditary virtue, grew upon him with his years. His confidence was the confidence of truth, and not of vanity. Taking no means, like the Catholic zealots, to mortify the flesh, he was yet sparing as a monk of physical indulgences, and preferred to give in charity what he could save from appetite. Making no parade of his humility by squalidness of dress, or servility of manners, he showed it best in the style of his phrases and his unaffected diffidence. He was sensible of his own infirmities and had a quick and tender conscience. Yet he cared less about himself than about the truth. Naturally quick to take offence, he schooled himself to bear personal insults and reproaches, and the misfortunes which came so rapidly upon him. His piety was a deep, warm and continual glow of love to God, not expressing itself in tears and

prayers so much as in a manly persuasion of other men to his faith. The singleness of his worship helped him to feel a genuine gratitude. His letters begin and end with the name of the Divine Being. In all his discussions about the Nature of God, he never forgot the reverence due to that great name. In affliction, he leaned upon the invisible arm, and in joy, he referred all his good gifts to God. No writer is more free with those expressions which mark the presence of a living and unfeigned faith in a spiritual Father.

That Socinus was a good man, even malice could not deny. His enemies confessed his eminence in the practical Christian graces. Yet he was a heretic of the heretics. He held opinions which some called infidel then, and which many ignorantly call infidel now. His view of God and Christ, of the nature and needs of man, was certainly different from the received creed, and no portrait of his moral excellence can remove from him the honor or the stigma, as men may choose to think it, of being the chief organizer in modern times of Unitarian views in religion. It is fit, therefore, that we should state the principal articles in his creed, that it may be judged whether he rightly deserves the name of Heresiarch. The materials for our judgment are ample. The works of Socinus make two volumes of the seven folios which illustrate the literary industry and genius of the Polish brethren. And the Racovian catechism, which still remains a text-book in the churches of Hungary and Transylvania, is mainly compiled from his words and writings. The writings of Socinus are not only numerous but exceedingly various. Sometimes they are controversial, sometimes expository, sometimes epistles, and then homilies, now theological, and now practical. Yet his peculiar system forms the basis of all the argument, the criticism, the exhortation and the friendship. It comes into the interpretation of the sermon on the Mount, not less than into the discussion of John's Logos. The tracts on Baptism, the Supper, and the duty of believers, could not have been written by a Trinitarian more than the book on the theme "Christ the Son of God." The creed of no teacher was more solidly built or more clearly expressed.

The chief article of the heresy of Socinus was his view of the Saviour. He held that Christ was born miraculously of a pure virgin, yet was human in his person and attributes, a brother of the race of man; that his relation to God was not that of identity, but of sonship. He was the Christ, the anointed of God, honored above all other mortals, though subject like them to the physical laws. He was sent by God to bear to men tidings of his will. He was empowered by God to show men the way of salvation. He was to be a king of God's people. He was to be the chief bishop of God's church. He was to be the great High Priest who should distribute pardon; the Mediator to reconcile man and God. In him were the ancient prophecies fulfilled. In him are the wants of all nations met. In his own day he was the promised Jewish Messiah. In our day he is still the sufficient Redeemer. Between him and Moses there was strict historic analogy. The Hebrew lawgiver was the type of the later Saviour. He existed in the thought of God before all worlds, but his actual life began when he was born in Bethlehem of Judea. His eternal Being is of the future rather than of the past, and that all men shall share with him. He saves men from their sins by his death and by his life; by his word and by his example; by his influence upon their hearts and wills, and not by any change in the plans of God. He takes away the sins of men, not forensically, according to a scheme, but actually, with no deception, not by taking upon himself all at once their penalty, but by removing their substance, not in the way of an atonement to God, but of a reconciliation of man.

This view of Christ and his mission Socinus very fully illustrates. His logic binds in an iron chain the testimonies of Scripture, which defend it. He explains frankly, without explaining away those passages of Scripture which men have brought into the defence of opposite views, and shows how they harmonize with his view. He will take what St. John says about the Word in the beginning, the Word with God and the Word made flesh, and show that the common use of language among the Hebrews allowed such description of a created being. He shows us St. Paul confessing the doctrine of the Unity, and writing, too, in

the style of the Psalmist, about gods of inferior honor. "For although there be who are called gods, whether in heaven or earth, as there are gods many and lords many, yet to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things." He brings readily the Epistle to the Hebrews, so long the unfailing arsenal of the Trinitarian party, into clear confirmation of the opposite view, and proves that the powers ascribed there to Christ are derived and not original. He quotes the words of Christ in his conversations with friends, and his replies to foes, in his formal discourse, and his occasional parable, in what he said to Pharisees seeking to entice him to blaspheme, and what he said to the young ruler asking the way of salvation—in what he claimed of himself, and what he refused of himself; his words at the well with the woman, at the table with his brethren, and on the cross with the multitude around him, to prove by accumulation of evidence and by the irresistible weight of earnest sincerity, that the power of Christ was delegated power; that his help came from a higher source, and that the most honorable epithet due to him was the epithet that the apostles, the multitude and the Roman soldiers gave him, the "Son of God."

Socinus is very careful that none shall accuse him of degrading the work of Christ by denying Christ's share in the Godhead. He is never weary of discoursing upon the lofty perfections and the sweet influences of Christ's character, and to no believer could grace and redemption be more sweet and charming themes. He shows how a just regard to the influence of Christ's gospel upon the sinners' heart renders needless the scheme of a sacrificial atonement; how if sin can be purged away by the imitation of Christ its punishment may be justly remitted. To him forgiveness is a word of great meaning and power; and repentance, the word which John and Jesus so often used, which the apostles were commanded to preach as the preliminary step to the inheritance of God's kingdom, joined to the rite of purification and the feast of communion, their words forgiveness and repentance were far holier than the word atonement, which neither Jesus nor his companions ever used. He would not, by unduly exalting the death of Christ, depreciate his pure and blameless

life, or have men forget that the last great martyrdom was but the noble close of long months of heroic service to men. He could not rest upon the small passage of Calvary, with all its physical marvel and moral grandeur, as containing the whole of redemption. He looked at the life which went before, and at the glory which came after; at the meek, long-suffering and loving missionary, who went teaching and preaching, healing and restoring from city to city, and at the risen and ascended Lord, exercising still from on high sovereignty in his church. And he encouraged prayer to Christ for spiritual blessings and for a place in the kingdom of the Redeemed. He could not seal the work of Christ forever by the clotted blood from his veins, but saw him reigning on High and interceding for sinners with the Father.

In this view of Christ lay the chief of Socinus's heresies. But they reckoned also as unsound his view of the nature of man and the origin of sin. He did not count physical death as the worst of calamities, or refer this to sin as a necessary consequence. Man, he believed, was naturally mortal, created in the beginning with a frame subject to decay, and set under a law of death as absolute as the law of life. The death which sin brought into the world was spiritual, a loss of the soul's immortality, joy and hope. To restore this Christ came. To bring immortal life to light he ministered to man. To awaken the dormant capacity of holiness and develop the power of life in every soul; to sanctify the earlier revelations, and fulfill, by the disclosure of heaven, the longings of the heart after a rest not of earth; to renew the balance of spiritual forces, and make man not what he was in the beginning, so much as what he was meant to be in the end; this was the thought of Socinus concerning Christ's religion in the soul. He denied alike the original righteousness and the original sin of man, asserting only the original possibility of both virtue and sin. Sin began with Adam when wrong was first committed, and it so begins with every man. The reproach of conscience is its proper witness. Virtue begins when man refuses temptation, and sensible of his freedom, rejects those things which the word of God, in Scripture or in reason,

tells him is wrong. A man cannot be guilty for his father's transgression, neither will a just God hold him responsible for sins which he has never wilfully committed. He is not to blame for the infirmities of his spirit more than for the weakness of his bodily frame. His sin is a result of personal choice and not of natural pravity. His righteousness is his own and his guilt is his own to every man.

Socinus followed Pelagius in his view of the freedom of the will. He anticipated Arminius in his view of the grace of Christ. He would not have any man claim salvation for his own good works, but it was even more abhorrent to his soul that any should claim salvation through the bare merits of Christ, without their own personal obedience. He taught that a virtuous life is the proper evidence of faith, and that the life acceptable to God is one in which the love and good works of Jesus are repeated. His views of practical duty, too, were in harmony with this theory. The punishment of death seemed to him barbarous in principle and of doubtful utility. Aggressive warfare was a monstrous perversion of justice and love. He would not have men do evil for the sake of possible good, or violate God's laws in the pretence of serving him. The use of deadly weapons, except for purposes of self defense, he held to be contrary to the Christian spirit. All luxury and vain show, all avarice and sordid lust of gain, all uncleanness, whether of person, word or thought, was a hindrance in his view, to the Gospel in the heart. If he prized the rite of baptism less as an ordinance, he prized it more as a symbol. As applied to infants it seemed to him but a form. But as received by the mature man, it fitly presented the proper purification of the spirit. The Lord's Supper was to him not a mystical feast, but a fraternal commemoration of the Saviour's dying love.

One word may be added on the idea of the *church* which Socinus gave. "The church," he says, "is either visible or invisible. The visible church is an assembly of men, who hold and profess so much of the true religion of Christ as is necessary to salvation. The invisible church is an assembly of men who have a genuine and justifying faith in Christ, and who are scattered over the world. The visible church may be considered as one body, because it

comprehends all the particular churches or assemblies of those who profess the Christian doctrine of salvation as its members. Any single society, and so any, as it were, single member of the body we have spoken of, belonging to the universal church, may be deemed and called a church, which distinction does not hold with respect to the invisible church.

In regard to the ministry, Socinus taught that its authority came not from a transmitted virtue, but from the free choice of the people. The pastor of every congregation should be one whom they have selected from his superior wisdom and piety to explain to them the sacred word and to show them the issues of their sin. His power with the people was the power of the truth which he preached, and he had no right to compel any to assent to his opinion. All action within the church should be done by the votes of its members, and none should be hindered from the free expression of his views. The people might admonish the minister, if they saw anything in his character or conduct inconsistent with his office. The system of Socinus was what we call Congregational; and we live under a form of church discipline and order which he proved to be Scriptural and rational, just alike to the minister and people, and consistent with the Saviour's word.

Such was the scheme of doctrine embodied in the catechism of the Unitarian Church of Poland, and compiled from the writings of Socinus, and published in the year 1609. It was dedicated to James I. of England, and found soon many adherents in the English realm. In eleven sections it treats of the great doctrines and duties of the Gospel, and its conciseness, its perspicuity, its humane and generous spirit, its comprehensive morality, and its genuine piety, have extorted for it the admiration of the most orthodox historians. It has always been the pride of the Socinian chuches, and after centuries of persecution, which they have passed in defending it, they may be pardoned in regarding it to-day as hardly less than inspired. Few of the more famous doctors of the church have left such a monument of their genius and faith. We here may justly prize the early testimony to what we believe is to be at some time the faith of the universal church.

The fame of Socinus rests not on the short story of his life, but on this better creed than the creeds of the councils. From his sound beginning the great order of the ages has yet to grow.

It does not fall within my plan here to tell the hard fortunes of the Socinian party—what injuries they bore, what changes came over their fraternities. No sadder chapter in the history of religion is written; but it belongs to a later age. Socinus left at his death a strong and hopeful party. And his early followers so shared his spirit that an English archbishop could say of them, when half a century had passed, that they were the strongest managers of a weak cause, and were in heart and head above the doctors of every communion.

XV.

THE PURITANS OF ENGLAND.

"So absolute, indeed, was the authority of the crown, that the precious spark of Liberty had been kindled and was preserved by the Puritans alone; and it was to this sect, whose principles appear so frivolous, and habits so ridiculous, that the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution." Such is the testimony which the philosophic historian of England, who hated the manners and despised the dogmas of the Puritan fanatics, is constrained to bear to their influence in the age of Elizabeth. Hume would gladly have avoided, if he might, an admission so troublesome to his favorite skepticism. But no prejudice could cover for him the great fact which the succeeding centuries have only continued to interpret on both sides of the ocean, that these contemptible Puritans have been the chief architects of civil and religious freedom. The spirit of individual right, which they fixed forever in the statutes of the English realm, gave to the philosopher the chance to publish unmolested his infidel opinions, and substituted the grave answers of respectful arguments for the rack and the fire by which skepticism like his in an earlier day would have been speedily silenced. It is to the very men, whose grotesque exterior and whose blind enthusiasm are matter for satire to the wits and scholars of the eighteenth century, that these owe their freedom to laugh at things sacred, and to set before the world their sophisms and their blasphemies.

No candid writer to-day, whatever his estimate of the character or the theology of the Puritans, will venture to deny the statement of Hume, made more than half a century ago. Indeed, in these last days, men of all parties vie with each other in extolling the people whose name in

their own day was a synonym with the learned for narrow bigotry, and with the refined for disgusting cant. The American Anglo-Catholic even, in whom mental hallucination in this day seems to reach its extreme, saves his talk about the English Rebellion and Archbishop Laud from perfect imbecility by admitting that the Puritans loved liberty and established it. Even the crazy Romanist of New England apologizes for the hard words which his system compels him to say about the sect which produced such men as Cartwright, Pym, Hampden and Winthrop, and keeps pride in his lineage, though he hates the faith which his ancestors prized. A reactionary criticism, indeed, delights just now to fasten upon the weak points of the Puritan character; and men who have not manliness enough to understand its self-sacrifice will enlarge upon its harshness, its tyranny and its hatred of beauty. The class of amateur Christians, to whom groined arches, and costly pews, and luxurious music, and a sweet-voiced, fashionable preacher make the substance of religion, are given now to thank God that the Puritan Church exists no longer, and that those grim sectarians are all in their graves. The worshippers of Pagan art who go mad before an undraped statue, wonder how men existed in the days when truth and law was so much more than beauty. It is quite common now to hear beardless youths, whose information on the Puritans is derived from the vivacious pages of the lighter magazines—a class of works into the secret of which the soul of no Puritan could ever come—passing severe judgment upon the men who have left Old and New England what they are to-day. But when candor, and learning, and philosophy, and genius and piety to-day speak about the Puritans, they magnify this name. The ringing sentences of Macaulay, which thrill every schoolboy as he reads, summon for us the array of praying warriors, with their sad, determined constancy, and their terrible faith in God. The quaint sharpness of Carlyle's tangled style shows us in clear outline from the Puritan stock the genuine heroic profile. The swelling periods of our native historian, Bancroft, rise to the dignity of eloquence when his filial reverence turns to describe the virtues and glory of his fathers. Even the French Stoic,

calm in his praises of the liberals and the zealots of his own brilliant nation, chooses for his warmest eulogy the Calvinists of England and the statesmen of the Commonwealth; and Guizot has said what Mackintosh was always hoping to say. The scholarship of New England has widely departed from the creed of the Puritans. The style of life and the style of thought for which they suffered and fought has become curious, almost obsolete in its chief features in the land which they colonized. Their descendants worship now to the sound of organs and in the sight of colors, and dread the tedious sermons to which they thronged with delight. The sports which they proscribed are commended now, and the Sunday which we keep is not the Sabbath which they sanctified. Yet the scholars and preachers of this land are loyal to their heritage, love to renew the memory of their Pilgrim fathers, and describe still in sermon and song the worth which they have learned from childhood to honor. When the anniversary of their winter landing returns, in what affectionate fervor their tale is repeated, and the proud fulfilment of their hope contrasted with the pains which they bore. I have read a glowing tribute to their memory from a descendant on the Pacific shores, where thirty years ago there was an unbroken wilderness.

The materials for a just estimate of the character and influence of the Puritans are ample. From every point of view they have been criticised, and have passed the ordeal alike of party brand, of sectarian, of literary and of æsthetic judgment. The high tory and the flaming radical, the Romanist, the churchman, and the dissenter of many degrees, the lyceum lecturer and the college professor, have taken care to make the world familiar with these singular men. The relics of their industry in every department are abundant. The tomes of their theology still lend weight to the libraries of divines, and many ministers still delight in the solid thoughts of Baxter and Owen, of Chavnock and Howe. The epic of their great poet is one of the world's classics; no library is complete without the Paradise Lost; and no student has learned of what the composite English tongue is capable, unless he has spoken the grand sentences, Saxon in their nerve and classic in

their roundness, of the prose works of John Milton. Who has not followed the pilgrim's progress as the Puritan Bunyan has marked it? What figure stands out more clear before us from history than the figure of Cromwell, the plebeian ruler, whom Nature made for a despot, but whose religion so tempered his ambition that he stays in perpetual contrast with the upstart tyrant of France. And whose words of cheer and prophecy are uttered so often, the blazon of progress and faith, as those noble parting words of the Leyden pastor, "I am verily persuaded that the Lord has more truth yet to break out from His holy word." Truly, the educated child of New England parentage may write from his memory alone about the Puritans and not write amiss. If he mistake about these men, it must be through wilful blindness.

It would be a needless rashness, therefore, in me, to attempt here an original estimate of the Puritan character, or to trace the issues of their movement in the free institutions of England and America, when the most popular English historians of both hemispheres have done this so brilliantly. I shall go back to the origin of the Puritan sect, and dwell upon the causes of the movement and its earlier developments, and leave aside the tempting passages of the Commonwealth and the civil wars, in which Puritanism proved itself in parliament and the field, brandished its secular weapons, and wore its invincible armor. The pictures of its early fortunes and sorrows have, perhaps, a feebler coloring, and we cannot eliminate from them such striking portraits. The names of which Puritanism makes boast come chiefly in the later reigns of Charles and his successors. But there is enough in the martyr period of the sect to attract our thoughtful regard. The persecuted preachers of Elizabeth's reign were the worthy precursors of the statesmen of the Commonwealth. Cartwright was not unworthy to be forerunner to Milton.

The name Puritans was not new in its application to a party in the English Church. In the third century after Christ, the word *Cathari*, or *pure*, had been applied to a sect which denied the need of many ceremonies or much display in the administration of worship. In the year 1564, it began to be used by a similar portion of the sub-

jects of Elizabeth. The Reformation of the English Church had now reached a point when all danger of a return to Rome seemed to be over. The atrocities of Mary's rule had confirmed the Protestant spirit of the nation, and with the expiring Smithfield fires fell the last hope of regaining England to the authority of ultramontane rule. The exiles of faith, returning from their continental homes, brought with them an aversion to Popish rites and practices which they would fain settle into law. They hoped great things from the known firmness and the Protestant education of the new queen. The daughter of Anne Boleyn could never forgive the power which had slandered her mother, and could never imitate the acts of that sister whose unlawful supremacy had postponed her own royal accession. But it was soon found that little favor to religion was to be looked for from the cold-hearted, self-willed, violent heir to the temper of Henry VIII. Elizabeth was a Protestant indeed, so far as hatred to Rome went, but not in loving the ritual or principles of the Protestants. She had no idea of encouraging freedom of will or freedom of thought among her subjects. She dreaded the intrusion of ideas which might conflict with her prerogative. Fond of display, she coveted the splendid apparatus of the Catholic service to add to the dignity of her religious supremacy. The doctrines of the ancient Church she had not renounced. The sacrifice of the mass she pretended still to believe in, and authorized the sign of the cross in her chapels. She wanted prelates to discipline the church to her use and will, and hated preachers who felt a motion to declare the word of God. Everything which might keep and establish the majestic order of the old hierarchy she favored. Everything which tended to simplify religion, or awaken idea in the place of form, she obstinately resisted. Neither the sagacity of her counsellors nor the entreaties of her bishops could soften her arrogant resolve. Heresy was to her less malignant than schism; she could pardon unsoundness in faith better than uneasiness in service. At the beginning of her reign, she found it difficult to force the English prelates into conformity with her views. But when her determination became manifest, the reluctant loyalty of these men

consented, and they became partners in a persecution which they had learned before to abhor. Two parties greeted her accession. The one was the English party proper, who had taken pride in their exile in holding to all the customs and institutions of their native land, and had refused in Frankfort and Geneva to identify themselves with the system of foreigners; who wished to show that they were loyal, though afflicted, and did not change their hearts, though they might change their sky. The other party was the Puritan party, who counted the reform unfinished in their own land, and gladly availed themselves of the chance of exile to study the creeds and the system of the foreign reformers. These remembered the noble refusal of the martyred Hooper to wear at his consecration the robes of a superstitious church. They had treasured up the arguments of those doctors who had declared in the reigns of Edward and Mary that a half reform was contemptible, and that compromise with Antichrist was an insult to God, and had suffered for their bold avowal. The middle way of the more moderate party seemed to them at once mean and dangerous, lacking the first principle of all true protest. They found in Geneva the model of a rational and scriptural church in which freedom and order existed side by side, and moral purity was the crown of their union. Fierce disputes arose between these parties even in the time of their exile. The encroaching zeal of the Puritans did not conciliate their adversaries. Their doctrinal unity only made their antipathy of system worse, as family quarrels are worse than all other; and they brought back to England a rooted jealousy. It became soon evident that the adhesion of the queen to the principles of the Church party proper would not be meekly assented to. If the Puritans were not formidable by numbers, they were well officered by men of learning, and they had on their side a trenchant and ready logic, and a terrible earnestness. Their preachers were men of the people, and the bishops knew enough of the English people to feel that there was danger in irritating too far the masters of the popular mind. The wiser among them advised concession and objected to any process which should force recusants to violate their con-

sciences in their submission to external forms. But Elizabeth was not to be reasoned with. She asked not advisers, but only instruments of her will and pleasure.

On the twenty-fourth of June, 1559, the famous act of uniformity became a law throughout the English realm. By this act, all ministers were required to conform in discipline and in ritual to the canons of the Church as laid down in the prayer-book of King Edward, under severe penalties. The first opponents were of the Catholic party, and all the bishops but one of Queen Mary's reign refused to sign, and left their offices. Twelve months passed before men could be found to accept the vacant places in sufficient numbers to consecrate the new archbishop. And when Matthew Parker was solemnly ordained to the primacy, the absence was noted of many of the ceremonies and vestures which usually accompanied that service. The new archbishop executed most unwillingly at first the rigorous provisions of the new act. He felt at every step that he was strengthening public opinion against the Church. And though he had a heart not averse to persecution, and was not troubled by any compassionate feelings for the sufferers, he tried every expedient to evade the impolitic service which the instances of his royal mistress pressed upon him. The fifteen years of his ecclesiastic rule were, on the whole, more favorable to the growth of the Puritan sect than might have been expected from his habits and character. There were instances of cruelty, indeed, and burnings at the stake on trifling pretexts. Some were exiled. Some were imprisoned. Many were deprived of their livings. They were insulted by the mockery of trials. Their arguments were answered by sneers and their plea of conscience was laughed at. Some conformed, with mental reservations, as many do in signing the creeds to-day. But a large body, who go by the name in history of non-conformists, utterly refused.

It is proper to state the grounds of the non-conformists, that we may know exactly what it was which separated our Puritan fathers from the national Church. In doctrine they did not differ substantially from the dominant body. The Arminian theory had not yet been adopted into the English liturgy, and the peculiar views of the Romish

Church had been dropped from the creed. It was heresy to teach the "real presence," and John Knox found sympathy among English prelates for his ultra-Calvinistic views. Doctrinally, the Church of Elizabeth, and of those who protested, were one. But the general objections of the Puritans to the Church were summed under nine general heads.

First—They denied that the bishop had any superior right over his brethren in the ministry, or any title to lordship in the state, and protested against the supremacy and the worldliness of the Episcopal class. Second—They held that the subordinate offices of deans, archdeacons, etc., in which the Church abounded, were unlawful and unscriptural. Third—They declared that the bishop had no right of excommunication or punishment, no right to depose, fine or imprison men by virtue of his office, and contended that such acts belonged exclusively to the secular power. Fourth—They denied that the bishop had any right to admit members to the Church on his own responsibility, and contended that it was the duty of the brethren of the Church to decide upon the fitness of members Fifth—To many parts of the liturgy they took serious exception, especially to parts of the marriage and burial service, and to the frequent responses, which they considered unmeaning and impertinent. The apocryphal books they rejected. Sixth—They insisted that preaching was the most important part of public worship. A man might pray in private, but he went to church to hear the word of God explained. They opposed, therefore, all sinecures in the Church, all mere reading of a set written form. Seventh—They repudiated the whole system of church festivals and fasts as savoring of Popery, and unwarranted by Scripture, would not keep saint-days, Easter, Christmas or Lent, but insisted that the Sunday was the Christian sabbath, to be kept with the strictest holiness. Eighth—They vehemently opposed the profane pomp of worship, as they deemed it, especially in chanting the prayers and in the use of musical instruments, and argued that they were the late innovations of luxury upon worship. Their ninth objection, apparently most trivial of all, was in reality most influential and grave. It pointed out numerous particu-

lars in the rubric which savored of superstition, and justified false views of Christian duty. There was the sign of the cross in baptism, of which they doubted the sense; there was the bow at the name of Jesus, which seemed to them to imply that Jesus was greater than God, that the Son was more worthy of honor than the Father; there was the change of raiment during service, as if prayer derived sanctity from the dress of the priest, or could not be offered as truly in a black gown as a white one, as if simplicity were not more acceptable to God than show; there was the whole formula of marriage, and especially its ring, which seemed to them worse than folly, since it favored the idea that marriage was a sacrament, instead of a civil contract; there was the kneeling to receive the Lord's Supper, a posture hostile to the idea of a feast of communion, and tending to show a humility before men rather than God; there was the folly of godfathers and godmothers standing sponsors for children in whom they had no natural right, and hindering the proper obligation of parents; all these and more abuses were denounced by the Puritans as needless, profane and irreligious in their tendency. On these points they took issue with the national Church and insisted upon reform in each and all. For these they argued, voted and suffered. They preached in their churches against these relics of Popery, and they confessed without fear before the courts that to all these things they were hostile.

The immediate successor of Parker in the archbishop's chair, Edmund Grindal, whose learning and eloquence had raised him to a station of which the mildness of his temper seemed to unfit him to exercise the authority, pursued with the Puritans the policy of conciliation; nor could the threats, or even the punishments which the queen bestowed upon him, induce him to act the part of a persecutor. He loved the system of Calvin too well to deal harshly with its adherents. And though he indignantly repelled the accusation of being a Puritan, and pretended that he was a zealous friend to the Establishment, it is certain that many of the contumacious preachers were left unmolested in sowing their sedition. Their places of worship were resorted to, to the neglect of the parish churches.

The men and ladies of noble families went to visit them in prison; and their writings were preserved and prized. The eight years of Grindal's primacy gave the Puritans abundant chances to explain and commend their doctrines, and to justify before the people their contumacy in resisting abuses.

But the death of this prelate, in the year 1583, changed at once their prospects. Dr. John Whitgift, the champion of the Church in the halls of debate, a man of great ability and acuteness, but of an energy and iron will after the queen's own heart, was raised to the vacant see. Whitgift hated the Puritans with all the vehemence of his fiery nature. He remembered how Thomas Cartwright had ventured to dispute with him at Cambridge, and what the popular verdict was upon their reasoning. He rejoiced in the occasion of now venting that wrath which want of power for so many years had compelled him to restrain. He decreed that no Puritan minister should teach in the English land. All non-conforming ministers were suspended from their official functions. They went out into the fields and woods, but it was declared a crime to hear them there. It became dangerous for the nobles to harbor Puritans in their houses. The haughty sovereign commended her archbishop, and though her civil ministers remonstrated and pointed out the sure disaster of alienating so large a portion of intelligent and influential men, she justified the establishment of a Court of High Commission, whose business it should be to hunt out and punish Puritans. Many thought of the Inquisition, and some dared to say—even privy counsellors to her Majesty—that it was only the introduction to England, under another name, of that infamous tribunal. But it was decreed, and it pursued with vigor its fatal work. It sent spies into the houses even of faithful churchmen, and diffused everywhere fear, distrust and indignation. The result was what might have been foreseen. The consciences of men could not be forced. And the zeal of the Puritans took on the darker fire of a sullen vengeance.

In the beginning the Puritans were far from wishing to be schismatics, or to break their connection with the Church in their land. They would gladly have retained

its offices, and they were true Englishmen in their unwillingness to rebel. They wanted to reform the Church, not to break from it. They wanted to purify the altar already built, not to build a rival altar. But now oppression drove them to more radical thoughts. Was it needful to bear any longer with that which so cruelly cast them out? Was that a true Church of Christ which kept so many of the features of the false Church at Rome? Should they try any farther to redeem what God had evidently maddened to its own destruction? The Bible, newly translated, helped the Puritans to decide their course. They compared the Church of Elizabeth with the model of that hierarchy which God, through Moses, founded, and saw how widely it lacked the old Hebrew strength, simplicity and reverence. They seemed to be the remnant of the faithful in an idolatrous nation. And though loyal still to the crown, ready to fight in the armies of the queen and to pray against her enemies, they began to meditate their mission as the heralds of a new crusade. The time had not come for an outbreak. The day of submission was not over. The wilderness wandering had not fulfilled its forty years. But the queen could not live forever. And it was permitted then to look with longing to the prospect of another freer rule when their childless tyrant should be laid with her fathers. The heir to the throne was nurtured in a church modelled more on the apostolic plan. The people of Scotland had now banished all prelacy from their borders, and installed the ideas and customs of the Church at Geneva. The encouraging word of Knox and Maitland came to remind them that God was living, and a just God would care for his own. And great thoughts of the future consoled them for their present affliction. It became their duty now in every lawful way to accustom men to liberal ideas of church law, and to prepare the way for an overthrow of the Episcopal power. Driven out from the churches, the Puritans claimed their place as citizens and statesmen in the popular branch of parliament. Questions of prerogative came to discussion at that bar, where the votes of the people fixed their rights and gave to the crown its supplies. There were not wanting those who hinted that an outraged people might be

constrained to resist by force what they could not conquer by pleading. Cartwright had declared that the enemies of God's Church might deserve death as well as common murderers. And the Saxon lineage of his followers prepared them to take the field, like Israel of old, in defense of their faith. The ministry, ejected from their pulpits, found places to speak and multitudes to listen. The spies of the archbishop could not frighten them from the duty of prophesying. "Woe is me," was their language, "if I preach not the counsel of God unto you." The greater danger only added to the vehemence. What they could not do so safely or so often, they did more intensely. If the churches could not add the associations of familiar worship to their meetings, they had the Bible, and carried it with them, and could expound from it the truths of salvation wherever men gathered to listen. The words of the prophets could ring with as clear a sound, though heard along the highway, as within sacred walls.

Fanatics are appointed in God's providence to go before every moral and religious movement, and to utter in extravagant speech its inspirations. They offend the taste and the prudence of those who stop to reason, but they declare a word which prudence and culture will take up and apply. It is unjust and unwise to condemn for their violence those in whom sincerity and zeal outruns discretion. The Puritans had their fanatics, who became party leaders, and perilled the cause of religious freedom by their untimely violence. Chief among these was Robert Brown, who gave his name to a numerous sect, which was for a time confounded with the whole Puritan party. Brown was a young man of noble connections, a graduate of the Cambridge University and a clergyman of the Church. But his temper and his tongue were alike under weak control. His opinions prevented him from gaining any living in the establishment. But in default of this, he became an itinerant missionary of the new opinions, went about the country haranguing against the ceremonies of the Church and the whole system of ordinations, bishops and festivals, challenging the clergy everywhere to debate with him, and courting their violence. He was imprisoned again and again, but only to boast the more when released

of his patience in bearing hardness and his resemblance here to the great Christian apostle. In 1582 he published a book on the Life and Manners of True Christians, in which he urged ministers not to wait for any official decree, but to take the reformation of the Church into their own hands. Disciples, of course, thronged around him. If his spirit were not quite meek and saint-like, nor his speech of the choicest, he would be a religious hero, who could tell of thirty-two prisons which he had occupied, some so dark that he could not see his hand at noonday. His congregation, dispersed by royal authority, fixed themselves at Middleburg, in one of the Dutch provinces, where for a few years they kept their worship and held together. But the character of their leader was not stable enough for a quiet life; his zeal grew cold; he went back to England, took orders in the Church, became a profligate, and died without reputation at an advanced age. But his principles did not fall with his apostasy. The truths which he had spoken took root in the hearts of many more pious and faithful. They appealed to the sober reason of men not easily deluded; and they attracted many before John Robinson worthy to be reckoned as his companions.

The principles of the Brownists were few and simple. Their model of discipline was the Church of the Apostles. The centre of their church union was a covenant similar to the New England covenants to-day, declaring the Bible and its ordinances the sole guide of their conduct. All signed this, and each new member made before his brethren profession of the essentials of his faith. The ministers had no power but what the people gave them. A majority of voices chose them and ordained their duties. There were pastors to administer the rites of the Church, teachers to speak its word, and elders to pray with its sick and succor its poor. Every man had a right to question his Christian guides as to their opinions, and to speak at the proper time and place any word which the spirit might move him. All congregations were *independent*. No minister had any right out of his own, even to preach, and no interference was allowed of any other in an act of discipline. There were no set forms of worship. The government was a democracy.

Martyrdom sanctified the radicals' theory of this new body of separatists. The queen chose to construe a denial of her supremacy in the Church as treason against her state; and in spite of the protest of the Brownists that they were ready to die in her defense, and that they loved her as their lawful ruler, they were tried and condemned as traitors. Henry Bawawe, after Brown the most zealous preacher of the new views, with Greenwood, a learned and eminent divine, were executed at Tyburn like the vilest criminals. The weak denial of John Udell of the party whose principles he had defended, extorted by his severe trials, did not save him from death in a prison. The Brownists had a double foe to contend with—the party of the queen and the Puritan party proper, whose sympathies went with the Presbyterians of Scotland rather than with the Independent system. The beginning of that long strife now appeared which raged so fiercely in the wars of the next century and brought the army in to crush the parliament. The Puritans were more indignant with the Brownists, because they suffered for the bad name of these men. They had to bear the obloquy, as moderate reformers in all time must, of the extreme opinions of their party. The repudiation of an unpopular name did not screen them from the royal hatred. It mattered little to Whitgift and his brethren how far the Puritans went—whether to a criticism of the Church forms or a rejection of the whole Church system. The fault was in encouraging at all the rebellion. The archbishop and the queen knew but two parties—those who were for and those who were against them—and were as indifferent as Pilate to the quarrels of Puritans among themselves. It was joy only to find such unquestionable fanaticism as might authorize persecution. Cartwright and his brethren, who would do everything but acknowledge the queen's supremacy, denounced in vain from their prison the excesses of Hacket and his prophets; a raving blasphemer, who called himself King Jesus and stirred up the people to revolution. The moderate party failed alike with the Court and the people—with the Court, because all shades of schism were alike criminal, and with the people, because they seemed afraid to follow their principles to just conclusions.

Nobody pitied them for their sufferings, and many despised them for their faintheartedness.

In the meantime, the Puritan party made constant progress. All the vigilance of Whitgift could not prevent the books of the Reformers from finding their way among the people. In numerous noble houses the domestic chaplain was a preacher of the new sect. The reformed book of discipline, signed at first by more than eight hundred ministers, found sympathy with a much larger number. Ingenious expedients were discovered to evade the law about worship. This act, one of the most arbitrary and disgraceful of Elizabeth's reign, provided that any who should print, write or speak words against the established worship, or should attend any unlawful meeting, or, being above sixteen years of age, should fail for one month to hear divine service in some regular church or chapel, should suffer perpetual banishment. The moderates got along with this last provision by going to church when service was almost over and compromising with conscience; but the Brownists would not yield, and mostly went into exile.

Such was the state of things in the year 1603, when James of Scotland succeeded to the throne of Elizabeth. The number of Puritans of various parties was estimated at several hundred thousand, a considerable portion of whom adopted the extreme opinions. The Church at Amsterdam had become consolidated, and in other towns of Holland and other states of Europe the refugees gathered their communities and held their worship. The English people, weary of the tyranny of their arbitrary queen, rejoiced at her death, and all believed that the policy of her successor would lie in another direction. The Presbyterians relied upon his known and expressed admiration of their religious system. And the first greetings of his reign were a demand of the Puritans for a restoration of their rights and a repeal of the unjust statutes against them. Before he entered London, the great Millenary petition, subscribed by a thousand ministers, was put into his hands, in which the grievances were set forth and redress demanded. In the next year a solemn conference was held at Hampton Court in the presence of the king,

in which four leading Puritan divines sustained the cause of reform against all the chief prelates of the Church. The splendor of attire in which these prelates appeared, their sophistry, their entreaties and their subtle flatteries, contrasted with the simple, frank and bold manner of the Puritans, fatally wrought upon the weak mind of the monarch. His arbitrary temper could not brook any language which savored of freedom. His manner to the churchmen was as gracious as it was harsh to the Reformers. And when Whitgift exclaimed, in the utterance of an opinion, "undoubtedly your majesty speaks by the special aid of God's spirit," the submission of James to the will of the Church was complete, and the Puritans saw that there was nothing more to hope for. The declaration of the king was absolute, sharp and final. He claimed entire conformity, declared that he would have no judges of his right or authority, and that he would harry all recusants, whatever their station, out of the land. The stubborn should hang for it. He declared that the prayer-book should be the approved manual of worship, and confirmed by new sanctions the court of High Commission. His assumptions were more confident from the pedantry with which they were supported. James imagined himself to be a profound theologian and a universal scholar. He fell into the common error of believing himself competent to decide points about which he had merely heard others talk. Educated in the midst of the religious controversies of Scotland, and wonted to the long sermons of those painful preachers, in which the metaphysics of most abstruse divinity were so skillfully dispensed, he seemed to himself to possess the requisites of a consummate doctor, and had always longed for a field where he might prove without hindrance the quality of his knowledge. In Scotland, he had been hampered by the obstinacy of the preachers, who knew his weakness and would not flatter it, and who made him a tool of their purposes. But in England he saw in the hierarchy a proper tool of arbitrary power, and he eagerly seized it. Here he could be a dictator of faith, and men would acknowledge the ability and the learning that his native land had so lightly esteemed.

His Sacred Majesty, therefore (for that was the title

which James assumed), began by assuring the Church of his favor and protection, and by increasing the penalties of the Puritan heresy, as he called it. Three hundred ministers were at once deprived of their charges, and Bancroft, the new archbishop, was encouraged to rival Whitgift in his execution of discipline. Suspicion of Puritan sentiments became as bad as the crime itself. And he who could recommend to the Dutch states to burn their Arminian professor, proved by various examples in that kind that he was sincere in his advice. But the rack and the stake could not now hinder the fanaticism which had possessed the people. The strong men, driven into foreign lands, were not silenced. And the king was defied to seal the lips which God's spirit had opened. The warning voice of the great Lord Bacon prophesied of danger to come in such summary dealing. But the great philosopher had learned to cringe, and James could not fear his venal spirit. Everything seemed to work against the Puritans —the influence of law, of royalty, of wealth—yet their numbers increased; their zeal waxed warmer; their preachers discussed the divine right of kings, and hope pointed them vaguely to a near promised land of deliverance. They could rejoice in the choice of Abbot as archbishop, whose suffrage was uniformly given for liberal and charitable measures, and who, half a Puritan at heart, would not execute the laws to which he was compelled to assent. The luxurious and dissolute habits of the king offered a striking contrast to their stern and austere sanctity. The taxes under which the people groaned to supply his extravagance, were arguments in favor of a purer religion. They could take courage in the fact that a new translation of the Bible, by the king's authority, was now given to the people. The distant churches of Scotland and Ireland sent word to their suffering brethren to persevere in the faith. And in Leyden a notable pastor was preaching with vigor and success the gospel of a full religious freedom.

To John Robinson is assigned the honor of being the father of the Independent sect. And if his recorded words testify to the spirit of his teaching, the name was not unjustly given. In England he had been a Brownist of the

most earnest kind, and had shared with his small congregation many perils and wanderings. But his heart was not naturally violent. And when, in 1610, he established his church in peace at Leyden, he was able to see, in comparing his own church with the churches of the friendly land which received him, that the difference was not very wide, and that a reasonable charity was better than a rigid separation. Adhering to the theory that each church was free to choose its own guides and ordain its own rules, he yet recognized the fraternal tie among Christians of different name, and welcomed to the table of his communion members of all Christian bodies. He would pray with the Arminians and invite them to preach in his stead, would ask their advice in troubles, and take counsel with them on questions of doctrine or duty. The consistent and beautiful life which he lived won the regard even of the bigoted Calvinists of Holland, and they tolerated the bold Englishman, who preached a creed, unlike theirs, looking forward for its development instead of backward for its sanction. Ten years in peace the congregation kept together. But it pained the catholic heart of Robinson to behold the discords of his adopted land, and to see the brethren of a noble religious heritage neglecting the warfare with Antichrist to fight about the obscurest notions of theology. He feared that the congregation could not dwell in peace much longer in a land which could deal so basely with the noblest of its children.

A new world, in which England and Holland had already planted colonies, invited them at once to a home of safety and a missionary achievement. They had heard of the fair lands of Virginia, and the noble river on which Hudson had sailed. Would it not be a noble work for them to found on this virgin soil the substantial structure of a true Christian Church, and anticipate prelacy on what might be the future seat of a mighty empire? In the Dutch land, the language was uncouth, the style of living ungraceful, and there was nothing to give them the home feeling which they longed for. However kindly treated, they were always strangers there. They longed for a country which they might call their own, and hear only the music of their own tongue, and be free from the exile

feeling. It seemed hopeless to wait longer for a change in the English state, which might give them return to the pleasant fields which they had left. The prince on whom they had fixed their hopes, that Henry, whose generous word had gone forth that his first royal act should be to abrogate all that his father had done against the Puritans, and to free his realm from religious bondage, had been cut off prematurely, and in the hard, willful and morose temper of the single remaining son of James they feared only a more implacable ruler.

Their resolve was taken. Agents, sent over to England, with some difficulty procured a grant of land in the northern portion of the Plymouth patent. A few men of capital were enlisted in the enterprise, one ship was bought and another hired, and in July of 1620, one hundred or more of the congregation of John Robinson set sail for the New World. They were of either sex and there were children among them. The parting at Delft Haven is one of the touching incidents which the gratitude of the world will not suffer to be forgotten. Every child to-day has in imagination a picture of that scene; the noble pastor, John Robinson, uttering such brave words of cheer, bidding them inscribe on their covenant as its first article, that they be ready to receive whatever truth should be made known to them from the written word of God,—the embraces, the tears, the prayers and psalms, as parents and children separated, uncertain of ever meeting again,—why need I dwell upon the household story of New England? History has called that little band by the name of Pilgrims, repeating so, not the memories of the Christian ages, when the feet of the devout were turned to the city of David's reign and Jesus' dying, and faith knelt at the shrine of the nations, but that elder tradition which showed the wanderers of God seeking, as he should guide them, the house of their refuge. If the new land had, to the Church of Robinson no legendary holiness, its very bleakness and desolation became beautiful, because there the promise rested. It was sacred, because in that barren field they could raise their Ebenezer, the sign of a kingdom which God should build and bless.

Shall I leave the track of Puritan history to follow the

fortunes of that little band, their hardships on the sea, and their hardships on the shore, the struggle with the elements which greeted them so roughly, and the pestilence, not more kind to them than to their savage foes, shall I tell of their journeys in the forest, shall I examine that charter of government, which, drawn up on the ocean, became on the land the pledge of their stability and freedom, and which is held now in reverence by all who love God and liberty, shall I show you the custom of a New England home in that early day, or a New England Court, or a New England Church, how Allerton appointed his household, how Bradford governed, or how Brewster preached and prayed; or need I describe to you the later rise of the larger Colony of Massachusetts, when the hunted Puritans came, not by hundreds but by thousands, and the pupils of Oxford and Cambridge, with their wives of gentle blood, gladly exchanged their hopes of preferment and the turmoils in the land of their birth, for peace and security as the pioneers of their faith had found it; or mark for you the character of that company, the ancestors of patrician races, Winthrop and Endicott, born to be magistrates, and Cotton and Higginson, in whose numerous descendants the religious constancy and the large genius of their honorable line is still manifest?

We leave, therefore, the Puritans of New England, whose fortunes and character it is a shame for any intelligent child whose school-days have far advanced not to know by heart, to take a parting view of that larger body of which the colonies of New England were but a slender offshoot. We go back to the fatherland, where, during the settlements on these shores, the Puritan elements have been working to fearful issues. We pass over fifty years of English history, and take our stand in the middle of the seventeenth century. Puritanism has now reached the apex of its power. It has gone steadily upward, battling with royal prerogative, asserting popular rights, striking down tyranny in its outworks, surrounding it with determined rebellion, till at last it has voted in solemn session that no right divine doth hedge a king, and has brought in the face of the princes of Europe, the descendant of fifty monarchs to the traitors' block, it has numbered

among its orators such men as Pym and Hampden, and Sidney and Vane—models to-day and forever of the forensic orator and the ardent patriot, it has proved the true alliance of Church and State in the principles of freedom and the recognition of human rights on which both rest, and torn asunder the false alliance of form and statute; it has organized armies more than a match for veteran loyalty, and shifted its field of conflict from the halls of Parliament to the red fields of Marston Moor, Naseby and Worcester; its keen diplomacy has become dangerous abroad, and its words of menace at home the signal of triumph. It has Cromwell now to lead its invincible hosts, and Milton to defend its acts of daring. It has turned upon the primate of the Church his work of tyranny, stripped him one by one of all his ecclesiastic robes, tortured him with the mockery of an almost endless trial, and consigned him at last to the doom of the vilest criminal. The great enemies of God's people are vanquished, and Laud has shared the fate of Strafford. The great University of Oxford, the bulwark of the ancient church, has passed to its control, and the painful preachers take the place of the exiled heads of the schools, and compel the students to listen to their long expositions of the word of God. In the cathedral pulpits, Presbyterian divines now dispense the metaphysics of Calvin and denounce the idolatrous pomp which before marked worship there. The great assembly of divines has met at Westminster and passed upon the form and discipline of a true Church of Christ; has composed larger and smaller manuals of faith, to remain forever as catechisms for the believers, and has decreed that the Protestantism of England shall lie in its soundness of faith more than its gorgeousness of ritual. Fanatics of a new stamp have arisen, who proclaim the Puritans of England to be the first artificers of the new and final monarch of God, and add the English Republic as fifth to the empires of Assyria, of Persia, of Greece and Rome. Millenaries proclaim in the ranks of the army that the acceptable year of the Lord is at hand, and Separatists call upon the ignorant to hear the inspiration and come out from the ministry of those whom knowledge hath puffed up. The catalogue of heretical sects proscribed by parliament is already a long

one, in doctrines from the Arminians to the Skeptics, in discipline from the Antinomians to the Familists and Ranters. The land is full of pamphlets which hot brains have forged and busy hands are scattering. The leisure of the camp and the peace of the Lord's Day are disturbed by the jangling of controversy. The most abstruse questions mingle with the most practical debates, and the speech of Scripture makes the burden of forensic eloquence and martial dispatches. In the ranks of the armies the Hebrew names have nearly supplanted those of the ancient Saxon day, and the fiercest bear strangely the titles of some milder christian virtues. A new style of morality has come in, and the profane sports of monarchy are made by statute unlawful. The wearing of hair, the attendance on spectacles, the indulgence in dancing and music, the keeping of the Sabbath, are all cared for by statute, and woe now to any offender. Gravity, sobriety and the fear of God have cast out the implements of divided worship. The revenues of the Episcopal office are sequestered to the needs of the troops or the services of the tabernacles, and pictures no longer adorn the walls of the ancient churches. The Bible has survived alone the iconoclasm. The cross reminds worshippers no longer of the Calvary, and even from Lambeth Chapel, where archbishops for many centuries had knelt to the solemn chanting, the organ is taken away. The Sabbath evening stillness is broken even in London city only by the psalms, as one hears them from the window sung by the pious father with his children around him. Beneath all the fanaticism an awful seriousness reigns. There is the consciousness of power, but the stillness of fear, godliness without happiness, union without love, the life of those who live on the volcano slope, quiet on the surface but heaving beneath them with its mighty forces, and folding over them the lurid shadow of its smoking cone.

It is from this culminating point of Puritan history, when the name was dropped but the reality was intensest, that the novelists and historians have drawn their pictures of the sect. The Puritan character, as we know it, appeared then in all the concentration and force of its elements. Its deep, undoubting, immovable faith, that sense of God's presence

which dwarfed all fear of man; its fiery, resolute, daring energy, rushing on against every obstacle and every foe; its conflicts of humility and zeal, of austere sanctity and bitter penitence; its rage in battle, balanced by its earnestness in prayer; its calmness in demeanor covering a heart steeled against compassion; its stern sense of justice, bearing timid men even on to regicide; its stoical firmness, caring not for the praises or the abuses of men, but relying only on the approving voice of God; its individualism, making every man the keeper of the trust of an infinite soul, and its spirit of congregation, binding all the brethren into a church of God's elect, to whom the kingdom of heaven was promised—all show the finest illustration in this period of Cromwell's power.

No single name can be selected as giving the complete type of the Puritan character. But in Richard Baxter more than any other are the elements of that character found, and in finer combination. His long life of seventy-six years was spent throughout in service to the cause of pure religion. He deserved well the reproach upon his gravestone, that "he was the sworn enemy of kings and bishops and in himself the very bond of rebels." He loved virtue better than honor, truth better than applause, and God more than any man. His affectionate word was the mediator between the contending sects of the Puritan party, and yet none were more faithful than he to the principles of freedom. His ever-busy pen gave testimony that he was at once constant to watch and earnest to persuade; and one hundred and sixty-eight publications are the memorial of his industry, his piety and his genius. His Call to the Unconverted was the marvel of his own day in its wide influence and its rapid sale; twenty thousand were disposed of in a single year. And even now, sects which have widely departed from his dark theology commend this tract to their disciples, and place it by the side of that other sweeter tract of the same author, the Saints' Everlasting Rest. He has given us from his own pen the story of his life and experience, and his reflections are worthy in their wisdom to stand by the side of the great philosopher, whose universal fame his childhood early learned to envy. Forced all his life into controver-

sies of various kinds, and sustaining them with matchless vigor, he yet longed in his heart for peace, and learned with advancing days to be charitable with error. The pressure of calumny could not deter him from duty. The misunderstandings of friends could not weary him of maintaining their cause. He was bold before his accusers, but to the insolent Jeffries he returned only the answer of a Christian. A lover of philosophy, he sought the best philosophy in the teachings of the gospel. He could not blame the zealous for their excess, when he remembered that it was for the service of Christ. Yet he counselled no violence and praised no evil done to the glory of God. He was one of the Puritan saints, unyielding, uncompromising where principle was at stake, yet humble as a little child when he spoke of the goodness and love of God. His enemies admired his learning, confessed his purity and dreaded his power. Cromwell felt from him the check of that single love of God in which worldly ambition could find no place, and the usurper was cautious of one who could refuse the emoluments and honors of a bishop's place. A virtual martyrdom allies him to the noble army who aforetime suffered for the faith, and the Puritans proudly compare him to that bishop of the church who was from the first his rival in eloquence and letters. If the scholarship of Jeremy Taylor was more luxuriant, and his fancy more quaint and various, the theology of Richard Baxter was more robust and his reasoning more close to conviction. No library is complete which does not hold the chief productions of both these great men. But the works of Taylor will be rather the joy of literary leisure, while the works of Baxter will be the food of the spiritual life. The prelate will take captive the senses by the charm of his genius, while the Puritan will fasten the soul to the power of his divine wisdom.

XVI.

UNITARIAN PRINCIPLES AND DOCTRINES.

"Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."—ROMANS xiv. 4, 5.

THESE words of Paul to the Romans are suitable to preface a statement of the principles and doctrines of the Unitarian sect of Christians. Those who deny to this sect the name of Christian show only their want of acquaintance with its writing and its preaching. It is very easy to make the charge of "infidelity" against a religious body; but to intelligent minds those who make this charge only exhibit their own want of charity or knowledge. Men do not build churches, hold public worship, support ministers, and spend money in works which look exactly like Christian works, and are just what other churches do which call themselves Christians, while all the time they are infidels or atheists. There are some absurdities so patent that they refute themselves, and bring confusion upon their prophets; and to say that Unitarians, who have churches in America, and England, and France, and Holland, and Switzerland, and Germany, and Austria, and have had them for hundreds of years; who pray in Christ's name, and sing hymns in his honor, and commend his example, and repeat his characteristic works, — to say that a sect of this kind is not "Christian," is one of the absurdities that would be incredible, if men were not found foolish enough to utter it. A similar utterance was that of those Pharisees who ventured to say that Jesus could not be God's prophet, because he did not keep the Sabbath day in their fashion. More sensible men at once answered them that the acts of the healer, and the words of the teacher, proved sufficiently that he was a prophet from God.

There were "blind leaders of the blind" in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, and there are blind leaders of the blind in our time. And there are no persons whom these words of Jesus more accurately describe than those who deny the Christian name to a religious body of whose ideas and principles they are ignorant, which they take no pains to know, and who only care to foster the illusion of those who know as little of it as themselves. Paul has words of this class of men, too, in that first letter of his to Timothy, where he speaks of persons "desiring to be teachers of the law: understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm."

There is no need of refuting a charge which refutes itself to a thoughtful mind from the facts which cannot be denied. But a simple statement of Unitarian principles and doctrines, which might be made throughout from the very words of Jesus, may show more clearly the folly of the charge so loosely brought. We separate the principles from the doctrines, since the first are the working force of a religious body, the second only its temporary, possibly its shifting, opinions. Every church must be judged by its principles, by its ideas, by the ideas which move it and give it power. Now, no church has principles more distinctly defined, more universally admitted, than the Unitarian Church. The Episcopal, or Presbyterian, or Baptist, or Methodist bodies cannot be surer of their ideas than the Unitarian. There are certain principles, on which all our churches, all our ministers, all our men and women, communicants and non-communicants, whatever their different notions about one or another dogma;—certain principles, upon which all are agreed, which all in our body recognize and magnify.

1. The first of these principles is the grand Protestant principle of the *right of private judgment.* We hold to this in the fullest extent. We say that every man has a right to form his creed for himself, from his own investigation, thought, and conviction, and that no one has a right to hamper him in the process of finding this, or to dictate to him by authority what he shall believe; that there shall be absolute and perfect freedom for all men in coming to religious truth as much as to any other truth. We

say that no councils, no synods, no catechisms, no fathers of the church, no doctors of the church, no preachers, no editors, whether of the ancient time or the present time, have a right to lord it over the souls of men, or to say what they *must* or *must not* believe. Every man must settle that for himself. Catechisms, councils, wise men, may help him in his decision, but cannot decide for him beforehand. This is a principle which every Unitarian Church in this country or in Europe maintains with all positiveness, and from which no temptation could draw it away. Every Unitarian asserts the right of every man to think for himself in coming to his saving belief.

2. A second principle of the Unitarian Church is, *that no one can be required or expected to believe what is contrary to reason*, or what seems to be so; that reason is the arbiter of truth, and that all truth is to be tested by reason. Unitarians hold that reason was given to man as his light and his guide, that this is the "logos" of which John speaks, and that the only faith which is good for anything is that which reason accepts. All beyond this is profession, — phrases, but not truth; of no use to any one. All Unitarians are rationalists in this sense, that they do not wish or intend to say that they believe anything which seems to them to be mathematically, metaphysically, or morally untrue, contrary to the accepted laws of science or of soul, — anything which is absurd to the reason, or revolting to the conscience. They will not believe a mathematical falsehood, or a falsehood of any kind, though it may be called a mystery and pretend to be revealed by an angel. Every church in the body, every intelligent member in the body, holds to this principle, however high or deep their thought of God and Christ may be. We are all rationalists in vindicating reason as the ground of faith.

3. A third principle of the Unitarian Church is, that *no man is infallible;* that no creed can be framed that shall be beyond the reach of error, or that shall not be open to change; that no form of words or even of ideas can set forth the absolute truth as it is in the mind of God. The wisest men make mistakes, and they make mistakes in interpreting and deciding religious truth as much as in

interpreting or deciding any other truth. There is no infallible teacher, there is no infallible church, and there never can be. A thousand men, or a million men, agreeing to say the same thing, do not make that thing true. A doctrine is not true because it has been repeated for a thousand years in thousands of churches. The Catholic Church is not infallible, in spite of its claim to own the Holy Spirit. The Protestant Church, in any branch, is not infallible, in spite of its claim of going by the letter of the Bible. There never was a saint or a prophet, since the Church began, who could say that he was exempt from the possibility of error. All Unitarians hold to their principle. We have no infallible standard in the word of any man, or in the words of any set of men.

4. A fourth principle of the Unitarian Church is, that *no creed can contain the whole of religion;* that religion, religious faith, cannot possibly be summed up in the words of a creed. No formula, however ingeniously phrased and arranged, can possibly contain all that the soul believes and feels about man and God and the relation between them. Religion is broader, deeper, higher than any creed can possibly be. A creed may attempt to tell what faith is, may tell some things which we believe, but it falls short of expressing all our belief even now, much less all that we may believe hereafter. It may have five articles or thirty-nine articles, or a hundred articles, and still be inadequate. It may be very simple or very complex, very clear or very obscure, and still fail to conclude all faith. Some Unitarians like creeds, while others do not; but all agree that a creed can never be a finality, never be fixed for all time, and for the substance of all faith, never stand as the barrier to all farther religious advance. There is not one Unitarian, anywhere, in any Unitarian Church, who sums up the religion of all men, or even his own religion, in the words of any creed.

5. A fifth principle of the Unitarian Church is, *that there can be, and that there ought to be, no uniformity of religious faith.* Differences of faith are inevitable. Men cannot all believe alike more than they can look alike or act alike. Their faith will vary with their temperament, with their education, with their habits of thought, with the

influences around them. Some will be able to believe what others cannot possibly believe. Some will accept readily what others cannot be persuaded to accept. All attempt to establish one creed for the various branches of the church is preposterous. Sects and parties in religious things are as natural and as necessary as they are in secular things. And it is just as impossible to force unanimity upon the major points as upon the minor points of the creed. All men cannot be made to see God in exactly the same way, or to find salvation in exactly the same way, more than they can be made to take precisely the same view of Baptism and the Sabbath. This principle of permitted and inevitable diversity of religious opinion is one which all Unitarians, whether of the right wing or the left wing, most strenuously maintain.

6. A sixth principle of the Unitarian Church is, that *sincere faith is the only true faith;* that a mere form of words or phrases does not express a man's faith, unless he knows what he is saying. A man's creed is not what he utters with the lips, but what he utters with the mind and heart; not what he repeats following the dictation of a priest, but what he repeats out of the motion of his own soul. His real belief is not his *professed* belief, but his *honest* belief, be this much or little, be this identical with or different from, his professed belief. Everything which one adds to his honest conviction is superfluous, however it may coincide with the dogmas of the church. It is a principle of all Unitarian churches, that saving faith is not in form of sound words, but in the sense of clear ideas; that sincerity is the prime requisite in all religious statements and confessions. They will never ask a convert to say that he believes one jot or tittle more than he does sincerely believe, even if he may be kept out of the kingdom of heaven by the defects of his faith. Strict and perfect sincerity is the avenue by which they would send forth their confession of belief.

7. A seventh principle of the Unitarian Church is, that *character is better than profession of any kind*, and that profession without character is good for nothing. The character of a man tells what he really believes better than his words can tell this. The acts of a man, his general

tone of thought and habits of life, are the expression of his real creed. We look for his belief at what he is, and not what he says he is. We ask for better proof than any declarations, specially made. The creed is written in the life, and the world reads it from the man's life. Every article must be practically witnessed by the general tenor of the man's acts or words. This all Unitarians assert, whether they have a creed or not, that the creed is second to the life, and must never be made the evidence or the substitute for the righteousness of the man. They infer no man's Christianity from the ease and readiness with which he repeats the phrases of the catechism; but they look first at the work which he does, at what he shows himself to be, whether his life and acts have any resemblance to the acts and life of the Christ. That is first, last, and always their test of the Christian character.

These which we have mentioned, — the right of private judgment; reason as the arbiter of truth; that no man is infallible; that no creed can contain the whole of religion; that difference of faith is necessary and inevitable; that sincere faith is the only true faith; and that life and character prove real belief; — are *principles* admitted by all Unitarians. Turning from these to speak of *doctrines*, we have to say at the outset, that no person can pretend to tell more than the average faith of the body to which he belongs. The Unitarian Church have not, and they never will have, any authoritative creed, any series of articles of which one may say, "that is the creed of the sect," any thing which corresponds to the Augsburg Confession of the Lutherans, or to the Westminster Catechism of the Presbyterians, or to the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church. One who attempts to tell the doctrines of the Unitarian body must gather these from his study of the books which have been published by leading writers, and from his general acquaintance with the men and women of the body. He can only speak from impressions, and he has no right to commit any one else to his opinion.

The first and highest doctrine of a religious system is the doctrine of *God*. If there is no doctrine of God, there can be no theology. What do Unitarians, in their average faith, believe of God?

1. They believe in the *existence* of God, and in his personal existence; that he is a personal being, with mind, will, feeling, and power, all infinite; that his attributes of infinite knowledge, infinite power, infinite love, all inhere in a substance which is real. They do not attempt to show the form of this great person, to show the mode of this infinite existence, to show what kind of a being a self-existing being — who never was born and who can never die — is. They simply say that they believe that there is a God: they are not atheists.

2. Then, in the second place, they believe in God as the *Creator* of all the things which are in the universe, giving in the beginning the germ of all worlds, and establishing the laws of generation and development, by which the universe has become what it is; that what we seem to see, and what we call *matter*, existed originally in the Divine thought; that God is the author of all being, mediately, or immediately; that all things come from God, on earth or in heaven.

3. In the third place, Unitarians believe that God is a *just God;* in other words, that he *rules the world by laws* which are sure, unvarying, impartial, and universal; that there is nothing in the universe which is not subject to law; that spiritual processes are as much under the dominion of God's law as material processes, — every being, high and low; a grain of sand, or a planet in its orbit; the flowers of the morning faded at night, or the cedar of Lebanon with its thousand years; the meanest reptile and the greatest man; everything that has being, is subject to a law which the Infinite Ruler keeps for it. They say that God's will is just, because it is according to law, and that when men have discovered the law of any being's life, they have found the Divine justice concerning it. The sternest Calvinist could not believe in the justice of God more absolutely than the Unitarians believe in it. The laws of God are his decrees, and he has decrees for everything that he has made. There are no exceptions to these laws; what seem to men the exceptions, are only the result of laws which they have not yet discovered. God is the Infinite and Supreme Ruler of all the things that are made.

4. In the fourth place, Unitarians believe that God is *a loving and tender Father*, having in infinite measure all that love for his creatures which earthly parents have for their children; that God's creatures are his children; that he loves them all, blesses them all, wills the best good of them all, and is never weary of loving them. This fatherly love is his providence for them, — general for all together, special for every one. Unitarians do not believe in any partial providence, any love or care which is for one family and not for another, one people and not for another, one race and not for another, one church and not for another, one age and not for another; — but in a providence which extends to all ages, all churches, all races, all peoples, all families, all men, and all creatures, special always, because always present and never wanting. The fullest idea of an ever-present, ever-active, ever-tender, ever-kind love of the Father of all creatures is the Unitarian idea of Providence. In their idea God can never be a *hating* God, can never cease to love and care for any of his children. His love is incomprehensible, only because it is so immense and infinite, so much beyond all human love.

5. And the name of the Unitarian body suggests another peculiarity of their belief concerning God, — *in his Unity*. They believe that he is *one*, not divided in his Deity, not dual, or triple, or quadruple, or centuple, but strictly *one*. They believe that he exists in one being, and one person, that all his manifestations are gathered and concentrated in this single personality. They speak of him as one person in describing his work. They address him as one person when they pray to him. His being is single and singular. It is not the society of Gods of which Unitarians think when they think of God. They keep this conception of unity because it is simple, is rational, and best explains the work of Providence and Creation. They believe in the unity of God as distinguished from Pagan Polytheism, or from philosophical Trinities, such as those of India and Greece, and such as those of the church-creeds. They find it entirely possible to worship God the Father without having any other God to divide his worship. And in worshipping God the Father,

they worship the God whom Jesus himself worshipped, and whom his word has taught them to worship.

This, then, is what the Unitarians believe of God: that he exists as a person; that he creates all things; that he is just, as he rules by law; that he loves, as an Infinite Father, all his children; and that he is one God, not divided in his essence. How his being is, what it is, what is his form, they do not know, they do not care to know. The finite cannot comprehend the infinite. And they say of God, that no searching can find him out, and that all dictation of what he *must be* and what he *must do*, is foolish and irreverent. They affirm, as much as any sect, the mystery of the Godhead; only it is to them real mystery by its greatness and fulness, and not by its mathematical enigma. God is the eternal wonder of the human soul, so high, so vast, so complete in glory, that no thought can attain his being;—but he is in no sense the puzzle of the soul, vexing it continually by an existence which seems false and wrong, according to the laws of thought. The mystery of the Godhead in the Unitarian creed is not the part of God which lies nearest, but the outlying greatness which shades the farther circle, and is lost in the infinite distance.

Next to the doctrine of God, in a system of theology, is the doctrine of *Man*. What do Unitarians believe concerning Man?

1. They believe, in the first place, that in his physical nature man *is part of the orderly system of organic creations*. He makes one of the series of animated and organized beings. He has wants, instincts, desires, in common with other animals. He eats, drinks, sleeps, walks and runs, rises and rests, utters sounds, and communicates his feeling as beasts, birds and insects do. The structure of his frame is not essentially different from the structure of other animal frames. It has the same proportion and adjustment of bone, and nerve, and muscle, of heart and brain. Man is animal, is born as animals are born, dies as animals die, in bodily organization, has the same limitations to his physical being. His spiritual nature exempts him from none of the physical laws. He is as much under these laws, subject to physical conditions, as the humblest

creature of God. Anywhere on the earth, man has his place and his share in the physical order of the earth. Physically, he is not more wonderfully made than any plant or crystal.

2. But Unitarians believe, in the next place, that man is *at the head* of this series, is the highest and most important of all the visible works of God's hand. They believe in the dignity of his nature, that he is, and was meant to be, Lord of Creation, the master of the forces of the world, and of the lives below him; that he has larger powers, finer feeling, quicker perception, greater range of action, than any of the other beings with which he stands in line; that there is nothing above him in this world, and that the imagination can conceive nothing of which his nature is not capable. They believe that man has an intelligence more perfect, a will more energetic, than any brute beast; that he has, in short, a nature more spiritual than any,—that man has *a soul.* Concerning the nature of that soul, they hold differing opinions. There is no uniform Unitarian psychology, as there is no uniform orthodox psychology. But upon the fact that man has a soul, they are generally agreed. The spiritual worth and dignity of the human soul is more insisted upon in the writings of the Unitarians than in the writings of any religious sect.

3. And then Unitarians believe that this spiritual dignity is *a possibility of the whole human race,* and is not the property or prerogative of any particular portion of the race. They are far from maintaining that all men are actually equal, in the life that they have, but they maintain that all men are potentially equal, in what they may become, and that they have the same spiritual rights. They have all the same Father, no matter where they are born, under what sky, in what corner of the earth, to what custom of life, to what kind of influence. The savage is a man, and has the rights of a man. The negro is a man, and has the rights of a man. The idolater is a man as much as the Christian. Woman is human, and human rights are hers. Unitarians have no dogma about the first human pair, or the first creation of the race; where it was; in Asia or America; when it was, six thousand years ago, or six hundred thousand years ago; in one pair

or in one hundred pairs, or by development from lower races; but they believe in the unity of the human race, as men everywhere have moral sense and religious sense, and may be educated to a spiritual life and into a kingdom of heaven. All men are spiritually children of God.

4. Yet, on the other hand, Unitarians believe in the *actual imperfection of men.* None, anywhere, are as good as they might be, as good as they ought to be. All men are *sinners*, to use the common word, because they transgress laws which are appointed for their physical and spiritual welfare. This transgression is sometimes voluntary and deliberate; men know that they are transgressing. Oftener it is involuntary, and is discovered only by the penalty which it brings. Unitarians say that even the best man, who is most careful of his heart and way, is not perfect; that he does, or says, or thinks what is not best, that he makes mistakes, that he violates law. There is no one who is in all things wholly righteous. On the fact of sin, Unitarians have a doctrine as positive as the doctrine of any sect. All men are sinners, all women are sinners, all children even, are sinners, in the sense that they do what they ought not to do, and leave undone the things which they ought to do. All who violate the laws of their being commit sin, and will be punished for that sin; the smallest or the greatest violation of law has its inevitable penalty.

The condition of man as a sinner, as a transgressor of law, makes it necessary to have a doctrine concerning Deliverance from Sin,—concerning what, in the ecclesiastical dialect, is termed "Salvation." What is the Unitarian doctrine of Salvation?

1. Unitarians believe that salvation is *deliverance from sin itself*,—from its influence, its mastery, its inner force and outer force. They do not expect or ask for deliverance from the penalties of sins committed, or from the penalties of sin while the sins themselves are retained. They believe that the only way of escaping the punishment of sins is to get rid of the sins themselves. They do not believe in sin as an abstraction, but in sins as realities. The best way, and the only way, of getting rid of sin is by dealing with sins as realities, as things, and not as an in-

fluence in things. Deliverance from sin is wrought by rectifying the sources of transgression, by substituting right principles for wrong principles, right affections for wrong affections, a right direction of life for a wrong direction of life, by getting temptations out of the way, by purifying passions and appetites.

Unitarians believe that *the method of salvation varies* in the case of different persons. Where men are conscious of any violation of law, the first step must be repentance and a resolution to change from such violation. Where they are not conscious of such violation of law, the evil must be remedied by better surrounding influences and better education. The ordinary means of saving men from sins are training them from childhood in the way of virtue, giving them good precepts and good examples, encouraging all that is pure and righteous in their conduct and conversation, keeping around them an atmosphere of purity, removing all that imbrutes and debases. As so much of the sin of men comes from the circumstances of men,—their mode of life, their society, the influences around them,—they will be saved by setting these circumstances right, by making them more comfortable. As so much of sin comes from disorder in the physical frame, salvation comes in sanitary reforms, in better air, more light, more exercise, more physical health. Unitarians believe that men are saved by the application of the remedy exactly to the need; not by any arbitrary and artificial scheme which is the same for all, and has no connection with the special offence, but by the remedy that belongs to the disease. They would not deliver one person from melancholy by the same process which is to deliver another from drunkenness. They would not save one person from jealousy as another is saved from the habit of stealing. The salvation must be adapted to the offence, whatever that offence may be. Salvation has its difference in degree as well as its difference in kind. A great deal more of it is needed in some cases than is needed in other cases. Those who are spiritually wise need very little of it; those who are spiritually blind and ignorant need a great deal of it. It is much more difficult in some cases than in other cases; more difficult when the sin is of

habit and temperament than when it is of sudden temptation, and not natural; more difficult when it is bound up with interests and passions than when it stands aside from the daily course of life. There are some occupations and positions in life in which deliverance from sin is extremely improbable, some callings in which life seems only possible through continued sin.

Unitarians believe in change of heart, where the emotion and direction of the heart need to be changed, but the saving change in their theology means always *a change of life and action;* a coming back from violation of law to obedience to law. Salvation is the reconciliation of the life to the laws of God, the restoration of the transgressor to obedience. In this work all the change is in the life, spirit, and purpose of men; there is no change in the Divine Father or in his laws. God does not repent; only man repents. God does not alter his work or his counsels; only man changes his work and his counsel. Unitarians do not believe in any *transaction* between God and man in this matter of salvation, or any scheme by which Divine attributes are adjusted in a work which is wholly the concern of the creature. Change of heart and life does not merely guarantee salvation, not merely win this,—*it is* salvation. The salvation comes *in* the obedience to law, not merely *after* the obedience to law. Unitarians believe in future salvation as identical with present salvation; and hold that the only real salvation is present salvation. A man is saved in the spiritual world as he is saved in the natural world,—by obedience to the laws of his being.

The most important influence in this deliverance of the soul and life of man from sin is the *Christian religion.* This saves men in most civilized lands; though Unitarians believe, too, that heathen religions have saving qualities, and that the Chinese are saved from sin by the teachings of Confucius, the Persians by the teachings of Zoroaster; that men are made better by the moral truths even of idolatrous faiths. But they believe that the best of all religions—the religion which gives the highest, broadest, and most spiritual salvation—is the religion which holds the name of Christ. They accept Christ as the Saviour of

those who become his disciples, and know his Gospel; and as indirectly the Saviour of many who are not called by his name, and are not conscious that they know his Gospel. The average Unitarian faith exalts the salvation which is from Christ, and gives it all the practical force which it has in any creed. No epithets of honor are too strong to describe this great salvation.

But the Unitarian idea of this salvation is not that it is mystical, unnatural, outside of the ordinary ways of influences, but strictly according to the natural way of influence. Christ saves men by his *teaching*, by telling them what is just, pure, good, true, noble, and divine, by giving them good instruction, by giving them right moral and religious ideas. He is the great teacher, whose words are wiser than those of prophets and sages. Christ saves men by his *example;* showing in his own conduct and conversation, as we read his biographies, what way of life, what kind of intercourse, makes men happy, and gives a clear conscience and the sense of God's nearness. Christ saves by *the spirit of his work*, which was in healing and blessing men. Christ saves by his *fortitude in suffering*, instanced in many ways, but especially by his death upon the cross; which is, moreover, the supreme sign of self-devotion and sacrifice. Christ saves, as he shows in his word and his act, in his life and death, the incarnation of the Divine spirit,—the *life of a Divine Man*. In speaking and thinking of the salvation of Christ, Unitarians do not separate the human from the divine in his nature, or one part of his life from another. Men are not saved by his miraculous birth, or by his miraculous death, or by anything in his history that is apart from practical adaptation to the human soul. Men are saved by forming his life within their lives, by becoming like him in spirit, in purpose, in virtue, and in faith, by the whole of his life, and by the general influence of his work. They are saved by the Christianity which has *got into the customs of society*, which has been fixed in the statutes and laws, which has entered into the relations of life, of business, of the State, or of the Church. Among Unitarians there are various views of the nature and the being of Jesus of Nazareth. Some think that he was different by constitution from all

other men, with no human father; while others think that he was what his own Apostles supposed him to be, the son of Joseph the carpenter, and that he had brothers and sisters, as the narrative says. Some think that he lived in an angelic state before he was born, while others give to him no more pre-existence than to any man. Some think that his rising from the dead was in the flesh with which he died, while others think, like the women at the sepulchre, that it was a spirit which appeared in the form of man. But whatever these differing views about the kind and degree of the humanity of Jesus, all Unitarians believe that he saves men by natural influence on their hearts and lives, as he teaches them, shows them their sin, inspires them to seek better things, and demonstrates to them the kingdom of God, the man of God, and the life of God. All Unitarians find this sufficient, without any scheme or contrivance by which God has to appease his own wrath in the slaughter of an innocent person for the sins of a guilty world. In the Unitarian phrase, the word "atonement" always means, as it meant in the one place where it is used in the New Testament,—*reconciliation;* and that reconciliation is in bringing the souls of men to sympathy with God and his laws. The Unitarian Christology is of one who prepares the souls of men to be the dwelling-place of God's spirit, of a mediator who gives to the soul the message and the substance of the life of God; who showed in a simple human life of compassion, love, and faithfulness, the visible inspiration of God.

And this leads us to say that Unitarians believe that there is a special influence of the spirit of God upon the souls of men. They believe that men are inspired, are quickened, are enlightened and energized by this divine influence; that it is in the word of prophets and in the acts of saints. They believe that there was inspiration in the ancient time, and that there is inspiration in the modern time; that there is a faith in spiritual things, a sight of spiritual truths, which is not the result of investigation, or of logical process, but which is given directly, which comes in conscious communion with God. They believe that *prayer* is the natural and the effectual method of this communion with God, that the Divine Spirit always comes

near to the souls of men when they pray sincerely, when they pour out their souls in petition for spiritual gifts, or recognize the providence and love of a living God. Unitarians use prayer, and believe in it, though they attach to it no superstitious ideas, and do not think that its influence is in any sense supernatural. They believe in prayer as wholly according to the spiritual law; as the necessary way of gaining graces of the soul, and of holding conscious intercourse with God. They have not all the same philosophy of its working. Some think that it may move the mind of God, while others see its effective work in the minds and hearts of men. But all confess that it has its place in the way of the spiritual life, and that inspiration comes through prayer.

Unitarians believe, as really as Evangelical sects in their prayer meetings, that men may be, and ought to be, inspired to-day as truly as in any former day; as really, too, as Roman Catholics, that inspiration ought to be, and that it is, in the Christian Church. They have a very positive doctrine concerning *the Church.* They say that the Church is the spiritual union and fellowship of all Christian men and women, of all men and women who have the spirit of Christ in their hearts and are trying to do his work; that it is not to be fastened in any sectarian enclosure, or described by any sectarian name; that no denomination of Christians has a right to call itself "*the*" Church, exclusive of other denominations; that all righteous and God-fearing men and women, who are trying to realize the kingdom and justice of God, as revealed by Christ, are in the Church, members of the Church, whether they belong to any particular Church or not, whether or not they have taken any sectarian name; that the Holy Spirit admits men to the Church, and not the laying on of a priest's hands or the uttering of a few phrases; that a great many persons are in the Church who have never confessed their faith before men, and have never gone through any process of conversion that they have known. Unitarians believe in the "Holy Catholic Church" in the largest sense of that phrase, not as meaning Roman Catholic, or Anglo-Catholic, or Presbyterian Catholic, or Catholic with any local or sectarian prefix, but as meaning the whole

company of those who have been influenced by the great salvation. The Church is as wide as the world and as wide as the presence of the Lord. They believe, as Paul believed, that even a multitude of the heathen, without knowing it, are in the Church of Christ; that the only Church which Christ formed, or intended to form, was this spiritual Church, which knew no distinction of name, and had no rejection of any who might wish to come into it. Unitarians do not believe in a Church which bars or bolts its doors to any that wish to come in, or which sets in the gateway any barrier or test of human opinion or human creed. They believe in a free Church, not in a fenced Church, in a Church which is recruited always and is never full.

Unitarians have no doctrine of sacraments, except as all obligations, all solemn promises, are sacraments. Baptism they call a sacrament, as it is a pledge of a man or woman for themselves, or for their children, that they will try to realize the righteousness of God in their own lives, or in the lives of their children. Unitarians have no holy-water, and pray when they baptize that the man may consecrate himself or his children by that *sign* of purification. The external act is only a sign, and they regard the manner of administration as of no importance, whether it is by touching the forehead or plunging the body. Marriage is a sacrament, as it is the promise of two souls to keep spiritual union, and to be faithful to one another in the most momentous of earthly relations. The Lord's Supper is a sacrament, as it renews from time to time the promise of brotherly love. Unitarians attach no superstitious ideas to this so-called rite. It is not to them a repetition of the tragedy of Calvary, or a peculiar privilege of men initiated into a secret society or a reward of religious merit;—in no sense an awful mystery. It is simply a memorial feast, calling to mind the last supper of Jesus and his disciples, and signifying the relation which the disciples of Jesus always bear to one another. Some Unitarians attach more importance to this memorial than others, but all agree in making it a *means* of religion, and not in any sense an end. None that I know would keep any person away from the Lord's table who may wish to come

there, whatever his name, his profession, or his character. Unitarians believe that the communion of the Lord's Supper ought to be always free, as it was free in the beginning, and they have no measure of fitness for it. They make their invitation to it as broad as was the invitation of Paul and Timothy. The Lord's Supper which they believe in is not the Mass of the Catholic Church, or the solemn symbol of the Evangelical elect, separated from the world, but the memorial feast as they find it in the Scriptures of the New Testament.

Unitarians take the books of the Bible as the record of the teaching of God to the Jewish people and to the early Christians through their wise men and their prophets. Their doctrine of the Bible is, that it is a collection of books on various subjects,—historical, biographical, poetical and moral, of various value, but mostly with a religious bearing and purpose. The inspiration which they find in the Bible is an inspiration of the men whose story is told, not an inspiration of the words and letters. The Old Testament is the literature of the Jewish people; the New Testament is the early Christian literature. Unitarians prize the Bible as much as any sect; use it in their churches, use it in their homes, gladly assist in its circulation; but they do not make an idol of this sacred book, and worship its name. They prize it for the ideas which it holds, and the truth that it contains, and do not make more of it than it really is, or contend that it is what it never claims to be. To them the Bible is in the words of men,—Hebrew and Greek, Latin and English; and it has the characteristics of human thought and speech, even while it tells the will of God.

And the Unitarian doctrine of the Sacred Day is that it is the *Lord's Day*, which preserves in memory that great event in the life of Christ which took away from his followers the fear of death. They do not think of this day as the Jewish Sabbath, loaded with prohibitions, a day on which it is sinful to walk or ride, to laugh or to be joyful, but as a day for the exercise of all the best and freest natural affections. It is no more sacred in itself than any other days of the week, and has no moral code peculiar to itself. The Unitarian doctrine is that the Sabbath

was made for man and not man for the Sabbath; that there is no more reason for wearing sad countenances when men worship together than when they work together. The dignity of the day comes in the spiritual quickening which it gives; in its associations with what is beautiful, and pure, and friendly, and fraternal; in its separating men from selfish cares and joining them in common prayers for mutual good; in giving them experience of the heavenly life, which is the immortal life. On the Lord's Day men feel their true life, and they have this more abundantly.

And the Unitarian doctrine of death is, that it is *only a change in the condition of life*, not an extinction of life itself. It has no power to destroy the soul, but all its work is in taking vitality from the bodily frame, and leaving the parts of this to dissolve and enter into new material forms. The soul, the living spirit of the man, unclothed from its mortal part, assumes now a spiritual body, suited to a new world and new needs of life. The philosophy of the spiritual world is not uniform with Unitarian believers. Some have it nicely drawn out, and can make pictures of it, while with others it lies vague and undefined. But all that I know agree in rejecting the crude notion of the resurrection of the physical body, and in denying any necessary union between the soul and body after death has parted them. Most Unitarians believe in the recognition of departed friends, that souls which have been joined on earth in love will still keep union in the spiritual world; that in the disembodied world there are near societies, families and kindreds, though the physical ties exist no longer. There are some who think and speak of Heaven as a place; but the faith of the wisest treats Heaven as a state, which may be as real on the earth as beyond the earth.

In regard to rewards and punishments in the future life, Unitarians have no doctrine separate from their general doctrine of law and its violations. They believe that all good deeds have their inevitable reward, cannot fail to bring the happiness and peace which they deserve, but that the thought or expectation of personal happiness, here or hereafter, is *not the proper motive of Christian*

virtue. Men should do good, because that is right, because that is the will of God, not because it will give them some individual blessing. So they believe that every sin has its penalty which cannot be escaped, and that the spiritual penalty of sin will endure as long as the sin lasts, and until it shall have wrought its due and needful reformation. How long in time this will be, they cannot tell; but they believe that God's counsel will not fail through man's transgression, and that it is the Lord's will that not one of his rational creatures should utterly and forever perish. They expect, in the consummation of all things, the universal reign of the Lord.

This is a rapid and concise statement of the average Unitarian opinion upon the principal points of religious doctrine. Unitarians claim that these views are rational, and can be maintained without doing violence to reason; that they are Scriptural, and can be justified from the spirit and from the letter of the Christian record, rightly read; that they are agreeable to the best instincts of the soul; that they are harmonious with the science of nature, and with the needs of human life; that children can understand them, and that the mature mind does not outgrow them; that they are good to live by, and that they are good to die by. This system of doctrine has satisfied and still satisfies, the wisest men and the best men; men who are honored, trusted, and loved; men who are listened to respectfully, and are followed by the praise and reverence of the whole community. Three of the American Presidents have been members of the Unitarian Church, and two others have given this faith in substance as their creed. Of Judges, Governors, Senators, Congressmen, elected by votes of the Evangelical sects, who have professed this faith, the list would be a very long one. The most distinguished of the writers of the country, in history, in poetry, in philosophy, in art, are nearly all Unitarians. The ablest public speakers find inspiration in these views of God and man. So far as great names lend credit to any doctrine, this Unitarian doctrine certainly has it. But it has in quite as large measure the better credit of noble and beautiful lives, of saintly men and women, who rise, a cloud of witnesses, to tell what it has done for

them. The worst bigot in Massachusetts would not dare to call Governor Andrew an "infidel," though he was as faithful to care for his Sunday-school class in the Unitarian Church of the Disciples as for the wounded in the hospitals and the soldiers in the field. No faith has ever been more ready to prove itself by works of love and mercy than this faith. If it has not sent many missionaries to fight against idolatry in heathen lands, and substitute for this idolatry the creeds of Augustine or Calvin, it has sent far more than its proportion of missionaries into the waste places at home, into the haunts of wickedness, to convert the blind, and the erring, and the sinful. No one can deny that Unitarian Christianity makes ministers of practical righteousness.

Unitarians are not indifferent to the good-will of the Christians around them. They do not like to be misrepresented, or to be treated as outlaws, even by ignorant and bigoted men. But they can stand alone, and are not to be driven from their position by any slanders. They will hold fast to what they believe to be truth, even if they are denounced as unbelievers, or are denied a place in the great salvation. They want no Heaven which is won by compromise and hypocrisy; and they will lose the society of men whom they respect rather than be false to the word of God as it is spoken to their souls. They hold their doctrine not as a finality or a perpetually binding creed, but as ready always to revise and improve it, as the spirit of God shall give them more light and knowledge. They own no master but the great Teacher, the great source of spiritual wisdom, and they are content to abide his judgment. They ask no triumph or success, but the triumph which truth shall give them, as shown in the logic of their argument, and as shown in the lives of their confessors.

XVII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE JEWISH RACE.

NOTHING in our time is more remarkable than the change in the kind of interest which is taken in the fortunes and character of the Hebrew race. For ages, Christians have had rather an archæological heed of the people who were their religious ancestors, and have limited their concern to the religious books and the ancient doings of a nation once the people of God, but who forfeited their right by their rejection of the Christ, and virtually became heathen. Since that fatal act of impiety, the Jews have been as good as dead to a vast majority of the Christian world, and have been known only as subjects of persecution and outrage of every kind, illustrating in their fate the sure Divine vengeance upon wickedness. A hundred years ago the praise of a Jew by a Christian would have brought suspicion upon the Christian, and almost have condemned him as a blasphemer and an infidel. In the Middle Age, the Jew was the type of all that was mean, treacherous, false, and infamous. His squalid garb, his cringing gait, his malignant leer, his avaricious heart, were the mark of the satirists, and the proof for the preachers of the justice of an offended God. The Jew had no rights that Christians were bound to respect. He was an outlaw, only tolerated from prudence or policy. He could be abused in his person, robbed of his purse, driven like a dog from his home, could be spit upon, beaten, burned, with no one to defend him, or even to pity him. To call a Christian "Jew" was the height of insult. The foot of a Christian was polluted in crossing the threshold of a Jew, or the barrier of his quarter in the cities. It was sacrilege for a Christian to marry a daughter of the hated race. Kings and lords might use the rich Hebrews for the necessities of luxury or war, but the convenience of their loans

did not bring more consideration for their lineage. Shakespeare in his Shylock, Walter Scott in his Isaac of York have not overdrawn the scorn and contempt which followed the Jew of the former centuries.

But all that is strangely changed. The lost honor of the Jews has been restored. The persecutions have ceased. In most civilized lands the Jews stand equal with the Christians, with the same rights, with the same privileges, with as good consideration from the rulers, and less harmed by bigotry than the Christian sects around them. They are in the high places of trust and power,—ministers of finance, ministers of education, peers of the realm, mayors of great cities, senators in the assembly, close counselors of the kings. Their worship is recognized as lawful, and even supported by largess from the State, as much as Catholic or Protestant worship. In the very lands where they were once fiercely hated and driven, their synagogues now surpass in splendor the most costly of the Christian temples. In Berlin, the Hebrew temple to-day is larger than the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem, and has beauties which the Temple of Solomon could not show. In America—in New York, and Cincinnati, and in many more places,—the synagogues rival the grandest of the Christian structures, and they stand proudly on the corners of the principal streets.

The Jews now claim their full share of public duties and public rewards. They seek offices and they get offices. They supervise the doings of Christian Boards of Trade and in Boards of Instruction. The Rabbi may be the Committee in a school where the words of Jesus and the story of the crucifixion are read by the teachers to the pupils. The secular and the sectarian journals chronicle the acts of the Jews as carefully and candidly as they chronicle the acts of any Christian sect; give abstracts of their synagogue sermons, reports of their solemn feasts and fasts, their Passover and Pentecost, and their *Yom Kippur*, and their joyous *Purim*, as much as of the Christian Christmas, and Lent, and Easter. In the almanacs, the Jewish calendar accompanies the Christian. The Jewish newspapers abound, and in vigor and variety compare favorably with the Christian weeklies, and furnish edifying

reading to the disciples of Jesus. If they have in our land no university as yet, the Jews have famous seminaries in other lands, and the sons of their race bear off high honors in the Christian colleges. The reproach of the name has utterly vanished, and no horror is expressed when Christians renounce their faith; when "love" makes of the son or daughter of some Christian communion an Israelite of the ancient pattern. A change of that kind does not degrade the social standing of the person who makes it.

In the novels and dramas that are now written, a Jew is oftener the hero than the villain of the piece; his virtue, his faith, his magnanimity, are set in contrast with Christian selfishness and falsehood. Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" has become the type of nobleness, which is commended in orthodox works of fiction. Disraeli is not the only famous writer who finds pleasure in making the race of Abraham the pioneers of civilization, and the arbiters of the world's destiny. Writers who have no Hebrew blood, and no filial feeling in their discourse, expatiate upon the great service of the Jews to the world, in art and science, in letters and music, in commerce and discovery. In the current literature of Europe, the Jew has a singular prominence, more than rivaling that given in America to the negro, its former pariah. Japhet is concerned for Shem as well as for Ham; and while enthusiasm for the negro is declining, interest in the Israelite is gaining. Christians are not unwilling to look at their own religion as it appears from a Jewish position, and to listen to Jewish judgment upon their claim. They are reconsidering the case of the ancient Jews, are allowing that the rabble, and even the better class, who shouted at the crucifixion, sinned from ignorance rather than will, and that many of the Pharisees were godly and faithful men. Some prejudice against the Jew may remain, but it is not religious prejudice. There are missions for the conversion of Jews in Moslem lands,—a feeble one in Jerusalem; but few expect or care for the conversion of the Jews in the Western lands. The least trusted of the race are those who pretend to be Christians; and dealing with them is as unsafe as of the Jews with the ancient Samaritans. This

change in the position and honor of the Jewish race is certainly one of the most striking social phenomena of our age. It realizes the saying of Zechary the prophet: "Ten men shall take hold, out of all languages of the nations, shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, 'We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.'"

This new favor which the Jewish race has found, invites to a study of its characteristics. Rabbi Jellinek, of Vienna, in his admirable treatise, has drawn these very sharply, and has said only what the observation of intelligent minds will justify. The study of these characteristics is a study of contrasts, for the character of the Jew is a constant paradox in its apparent contradictions. The race is at once universal and special; enthusiastic and sagacious; conservative and progressive; subjective and objective; proud and humble; passionate and patient; economical and lavish; dogmatic and tolerant;—all these contradictions we find in its character, to mention no more. It is a race which justifies by its style and its spirit the most opposite estimates. This combination of contrasts seems to warrant the theory of the future triumph of the race as the synthesis of humanity, harmonizing opposites, reconciling discords, and so inheriting the promise of universal dominion. The reasoning which infers this triumph is rather fanciful, and mistakes association of contrasts for fusion. To the minds of careful thinkers these contrasts leave rather an impression of incompleteness than of genuine harmony. The dualisms are too evident to give the sense of unity.

1. The first peculiarity that appears in the study of the Jewish race is, that it is at once *universal and special*, in its spirit and in its place in the world. It is everywhere, and yet it is a race by itself. It has no particular country or home, and yet it is separated from all other races, in whatever country it may be. The Jew is found in all the nations, barbarous as well as civilized, and yet he keeps individuality of race in all the nations. There are Jews in warm climates and in cold, in old nations and in new, in free nations and in despotic, in Pagan and Moslem and Christian nations; and yet in all these the race is essentially

the same. The English Jew is brother not only to the American, but to the Moorish and Egyptian and Persian Jew. The spirit of the race is the same under whatever sky. No race better adapts itself to circumstances, yet no race more resists circumstances in change of character or faith. The Jew makes himself everywhere at home, in great cities or small cities, in wealthy communities or poor, yet remains the same person in all, not to be mistaken for those with whom he dwells. In France, he is a Frenchman, and has French manners; in Egypt, he is an Egyptian, with Egyptian manners; in Russia, he is a Russian, and lives like a Russian; nevertheless, no one mistakes him for a Frenchman, or an Egyptian, or a Russian proper, and the sign of dress is the least important of the marks which distinguish him. He speaks the language of the nation in which he lives, and correctly enough; but with a peculiar tone and accent, as distinct in Semitic and Turanian dialects as in the European tongues. The words of a German Jew are different from the words of a Spanish Jew, but the tone and the quality are the same. The Jew enters as heartily as any into the politics, the civil and social affairs of the country in which he dwells. He enlists in its armies; he votes in its assemblies; he is eager in its amusements; he is foremost in its traffic; he does not stay aloof from any social call; he has no conscientious hindrance from any civic duty. He adapts himself perfectly to exigencies of time and place. Yet, after all, the Jews mingling with the throngs in London and New York are as truly a peculiar people, as in the Ghetto of Rome, or the Judenstadt of Prague, or the huddled hovels of Mount Zion in Jerusalem. They are a community by themselves as much when they are gay and glittering in the Opera House of Chicago, the new Lake City of yesterday, as when they are bent and sad-eyed in the ruined lanes of ancient Tiberias.

This external peculiarity of the Jews is also manifest in their spirit. They keep by themselves and are tenacious of their ideas, yet no people in the world are more sensitive to the opinions of the people around them, or more anxious to secure the good-will of the Gentiles. The Jewish authors, poets, artists, musicians, do not work only or

mainly for their own people, but more for the alien races. Auerbach writes for Christian readers; Meyerbeer composed for audiences of the heathen, while his enduring love was for the brethren of his faith. The Jewish composers, in music and in story, choose their themes outside of their own history. *Moses in Egypt* was the work of the Catholic Rossini; while the *Huguenots*, and *John of Leyden*, and *Robert the Devil*, were the heroes of the Jewish master. The complaint runs back to the time of the Alexandrine Philo that the Hebrew people are so greedy of Gentile praise, and so ready to adopt foreign ways in neglecting their own traditions; and the very Philo, who thus grumbles, shows the fault which he rebukes in his own love for Greek speculations. That illustrious ambassador at the Roman Court not only used the Greek tongue in pleading for his people, but the very phrases of the Greek philosophy. Indeed, Jewish historians have marked the close resemblance of the spirit of Jews and Christians dwelling together, — how quickly Israel in its dealing and its thought borrows the temper and method of its neighbors. A noted German proverb runs: "*Wie es sich Christelt, so Juedelt es sich*"—"As the Christian tone is, the Jewish tone will be." The direction of the Judaism can be judged from the Christianity around it. Where orthodox Christianity has sway, Judaism, too, will be orthodox; where Rationalism is stronger, Judaism will be rationalistic.

This distinction is even shown by Jewish writers in their classification of the Biblical books. The Law is special; the Prophets are general. The Levitical precepts are particular; the Psalms are universal. The Pentateuch is a religion for one people; the other writings are a religion for all peoples. And a distinction is even made in the Law itself, as some parts of it are shown to be special, while others are shown to be general; the priestly regulations only valid for Jews, the decalogue also for Gentiles. Too much stress may be laid upon these differences, for there are certainly passages of the Psalms and Prophets as intensely special and Jewish as anything in the books of the Torah. But the contradiction of Jewish particularity and universalism remains a fact, which it is impossible

to deny or to neglect. The Jew has always a double nationality,—that of his own blood and heritage, and that of the people with whom his lot is cast. His real home is the earth anywhere; and yet his other home is always that happy land which God gave to his fathers, and which holds the graves of his Prophets and his Patriarchs.

2. Equally marked in the character of the Jewish race are the contrasted qualities of *enthusiasm and sagacity.* On one side the Jew is extravagant, while on the other he is keen, careful, and close in his scrutiny. He loves hyperbole; and the round and exaggerated numbers of the Biblical stories are as common in the familiar speech of the modern Hebrews as in the time of Saul or Joshua. The Jew is sensitive to emotions,—breaks into rapture over fine music, over lyric verse, over ardent sentiment; is moved easily to joy or grief, and has no bound to his expression of feeling. In his praise or in his blame he uses strong language; loves vehemently, and hates vehemently. His heart speaks in his look and gesture, and his whole frame is eloquent. All branches of the Semitic race, the Arabs as much as the Jews, have this demonstrative manner, this show of earnestness, in all that they say or do. They work with heart and soul and mind and strength. The Jew seems in all that he says or does to remember the phrase of his first commandment. There is nothing languid in his movement. Even when his body is weak his step is quick. Even when his eye is dim its glance is rapid. Even when his voice is broken there is no drawl in it. He talks large, in grandiose style, though he may dwell in a cellar. The poetry of the Hebrews has no metre, no rules of quantity or rhythm, but swells with its theme; and it expresses the spirit of the people, which has no limit to its sentiment, whether of wonder or grief. The Jew prefers high colors, as well in feeling as in dress, and delights more in tragedy than in comedy. He can laugh on occasion, but weeping is more natural to him, and lamentation in his heritage. The pastime of the Jews in Jerusalem is their weekly wail before the sacred stones of the ruined Temple; this wail to them is what a bull-fight is to a Spaniard, or a horse-race to an Englishman. Goethe calls the Hebrew language "pathetic"; it were

more accurate to call the spirit of the race pathetic. In all the writings of Jews, romance, or song, or drama, or opera, there is a sad tone, a deep melancholy, even when the talk is of common things. A Jewish author may be affected, stilted, fantastic, prolix in his extravagances, but he is not dull or dry. His writing has glow, even when it is the report of finance or the narrative of a journey. One may not fully trust it, but it wins sympathy by its gushing tone. The Jews write admirable letters. Their money-changers can make, like women, the merest trifles interesting by much fervor of phrase. This is a characteristic of the race which no one can mistake.

But to match this is their equal sagacity, what might perhaps better be called their *shrewdness* or *sharp-sightedness*. Is there any keener race on the face of the earth, any race less drawn away from reason by sympathies, more exact to judge, more clear in vision, and more cautious in conclusion? With all those swelling phrases, with all those tearful looks of wonder and sadness, with all that pathos of soul, the Jew looks at things as they are, takes facts as he finds them, and will not be led away by imagination. He has none of the credulity which is apt to go with enthusiasm. He believes only what he sees, and he acts from sound reasons. No man is less willing to take the bare word of others, or to take anything on trust. He must see into everything that he believes,—into the propositions of science as much as into the motives of men. Ardent as is his manner, there is caution in his glance. He is on guard against some secret design; he seems to read something in the soul of the man who talks with him which does not appear in the word or look. The ancient Hebrews had to use that sharp sight in reading their sacred books, where there were no signs of vowels, and the right sound of the words was not easy to see at once. A Jew who reads his Bible without the aid of the Masora has constantly to "judge" in his pronunciation of the syllables. This shrewdness of the race appears not only in their sharp bargains, their transactions in Rag Fair, and on the Exchange, but in their love for verbal subtleties, for puns and puzzles. The Talmud, which holds their character as much as their wisdom, is at once a collection

of wild fancies and of shrewd aphorisms, of imaginations transcending experience, and of quaint sayings coming from microscopic studies. The Jews prefer visions to moralizing, and are not lovers of syllogisms. They will "jump at conclusions" when they can, but they are quite sure of their distance and their footing before they make the leap. They are not loose reasoners, and they use the French point more than the German period. Jewish extravagance is not an expansion of the argument, but a display of light around it — a luminous atmosphere around a central core, like the light around the sun. The Jew loves to put the truth into a keen question. He is as Socratic as the Yankee. His queries are crushing and decisive, and he asks them, not for information, but as the utterance of an undeniable verdict. All the senses of the Jew are alert and active. He is watching and listening, even when he seems to be negligent or absorbed in his own thought. His highest rapture never carries him away from scrutiny of what is around him.

3. A third contrast in the character of the Jewish race is that of *stable and progressive*; or, to use the larger epithets of our time, *conservative and radical.* The Jew holds fast to traditions, yet is inquisitive of novelties and ready to seize inventions. He prides himself upon his ancient Law which has outlived the laws of civilized lands; boasts that he belongs to the oldest time by the statutes which he obeys, and the customs which he keeps; that he eats and drinks, works and prays, according to the teaching of holy men of old; his glory is in the consistency of the present way with the former rule. Even the most radical Jew prizes a sort of conservatism, and has a respect for antiquity which no speculations can overthrow. He always feels that his faith is well founded, that there is something solid under him, that his feet are upon the rock, and that if he changes he is not blown about by the wind. He may give up many things which the fathers believed, may condense and expurgate the mass of his traditions; but in the process he only makes their outline clearer and their essence more substantial. He may use for practical ends the dialects of the Gentile peoples, but his own divine language remains. The Hebrew is not corrupted, but is

as pure in the synagogue to-day as it was in the Temple in Jerusalem. The Romaic Greek of modern Athens, with all the restorations of modern scholars, is quite another thing from the Greek of Thucydides or Plato. The Latin of the Catholic schools, mediæval and monkish, is not the Latin of Seneca or of Tully. But the Hebrew which the Israelite children hear in Holland and Poland and Mexico and Morocco is just as pure as the Hebrew that was heard in Samuel's schools of the prophets. This sacred language is fixed, and no improvement will be allowed in it.

And there is no prominent race in any civilized land which keeps so much of antiquity in their life as the Jews. The Basques of the Pyrenees, the Celts of Brittany, the Finns and the Lapps, and a few other small tribes of Europe, keep very ancient customs, and have the signs of a prehistoric time. But these tribes are insignificant, and are rapidly dying out; while the Jews, with customs still older, are flourishing and increasing, and are a strong force in the world. In the flux and confusion of modern agitations, the Jews show something stable. The claim of the Catholic Church for its doctrine is illustrated in the spirit of this people. They worship ancestors almost as much as the Chinese. English and Spanish pedigrees are short compared with those of the poorest sons of Israel. The most ancient proverbs enter into the common speech, — are the daily discourse and the permanent wisdom of the family. Even when Jewish sermons are bold in criticisms and denials, they are full of the sacred phrases. Jewish stories seem to recall the hills and the streams, the vines and the flocks, of the Canaan beloved, even though the scene be laid in other lands. In all that one reads about this race, the impression of stability is constant; every Israelite seems in some sense to realize the legend of the "wandering Jew," holding to life over the changes of empires and ages. The very children of the race look old, as if they belonged to the past more than they belong to the present.

And yet *development and growth* have always marked this Jewish race, as they do to-day. The Pharisaism of Herod's time was an improvement upon the Ritualism of Solomon's time. The Babylonish Talmud improved as

much as it enlarged the Jerusalem Talmud. The Jews have had their sects as well as the Christians—their inquirers, their freethinkers. The Caraites keep their synagogue still, as they have for more than a thousand years. The history of Jewish literature seems to show an ardor for novelties, a quick ear for new revelations. If the Jew feels that his feet are upon the rock, his eye and his hand are free, and his longing is not satisfied by his solid foundation. He has an insatiate and irrepressible curiosity. "Prove all things" was the word of a Jew, though he coupled with it the other precept, "Hold fast what is good." This progressive spirit is seen in the way in which the Jews handle their Law. They by no means treat this as a fetish, to be shrined, and ignorantly worshipped. They are perpetually examining it, making comments upon it, prying into it, bringing it into new relations. No law is more manipulated. It is elastic in their use, and each Rabbin is skillful to make it prove his own theories. The Law is the same as it was in Gamaliel's synagogue, but its exposition is new, and of the nineteenth century. In fact, that Messianic hope, which looks forward and not backward, compels the Jew to be in some sense a radical. One who seeks a better country, a new glory, a restoration and renovation, cannot be content with present things. The very restlessness of this forward-looking means progress. An unsatisfied race must be an improving race. And every Jew must believe in progress, not only as he hopes for a kingdom to come, but as he compares the condition of his people now with their condition a hundred, or a thousand, or even two thousand, years ago. The fortunes of the race exemplify the doctrine of progress, as they have risen to the honors of the courts of kings, and hold in their hand the wealth of the nations.

4. Another evident contrast in the character of the Jews is that of *subjective and objective*, or to use a less scholastic phrase, of *selfishness and generosity*. The Jew is an egotist, and never loses his personality, never forgets himself, always looks out for his own interest. As Jellinek says, the world is his anvil, while he is the hammer. He cares for his own fortune, his own comfort, his own destiny. He

is not content to be a part of the universe, a fraction; he must be the centre, the ruler, the shaping influence in the surrounding circumstances. He is very jealous of his freedom and his rights, and will not give these up. He has no love for abstractions, or for truth separate from personal gain. He does not take kindly to organizations in which his individuality is compromised or merged. As artisan, or merchant, or banker, he prefers to be untrammeled, and not to be bound by the rules of any guild. If he joins an association, the obligations hold lightly upon him, and a slight cause will break them. The clannishness of the Jews in questions of race by no means implies the loss of individuality in the general interest of the whole. There are jealousies, rivalries, and divisions enough within this apparent union. Of each other, the Jews are often unmerciful critics. Their spirit is essentially aristocratic; each one is inclined to think himself superior to the rest, and to overrate his importance, and to get recognition of personal worth. No people make more use of the first personal pronoun; no one is more unwilling than the Jew to lose credit for his work, or have another take his proper praise. They do not write anonymously. The thing done is good to the man because he has done it.

This Jewish egotism is shown in some peculiarities of their ancient tongue. For the pronoun "I," the Hebrew has two forms. For the pronoun "we," three forms. The word "self" has several equivalents. Words expressing subjective qualities are rich in synonyms. There are twelve words which mean to "think," twelve words which mean to "hide," eighteen words which mean to "see," twenty-one words which mean to "speak;" while to "speak" and to "think" can be expressed by the same word. In everything which belongs to personality, to individuality, the Hebrew language is redundant. On the other hand, the language is poor in conjunctions, in words which seem to join men to the men or things around them. And this linguistic peculiarity is seen in the literature of the Jews, which deals with personal fortunes more than with general ideas. The Jew is interested in the illustration of his own experience, and cares little for mere philosophy. That slur of the wise Preacher upon mere wisdom

suits the Hebrew people still, and they have contempt for metaphysical problems. The Hebrew would know about himself, when he came, what he is, and what will become of him, and has not much heed of the philosophy of other things. He rejects, however, most energetically, the materialist theory of mind as the product of mere sensation, — a sheet of paper on which the senses inscribe all that is written. The Jews prefer a philosophy which is bound up in the events of a human life.

Other illustrations might be given of this egotism of the Jews, such as the imputation in debate with rivals of personal motives, or the tendency to find the ideas of Gentile writers in their own books, which sometimes betrays them into anachronisms. But the *objective* character of the Jews, their unselfishness, is equally marked. First, there is their family love, the love of parents with children, of brothers with sisters, as strong now as in the days of the patriarchs. The finest style of family life is seen in Jewish households. Then there is their hospitality, the virtue of an Israelite as much as of an Ishmaelite. Then there is their spirit of compassion for the poor and suffering. No people care so well for those of their race who are sick or old or wretched as the Jews. The synagogue is not more important than the hospital. Christian mercy is only borrowed from the Jewish virtue, emphatically enjoined in the Sacred Books. There are no Jewish beggars, not only because the people are too proud to beg, but because the want of the poor is met so well by brotherly kindness.

And the objective character of the Jews appears in their care for the opinion of other races about them. They are not self-sufficient, though they are self-conscious. They are gregarious, too; they like to live in neighborhoods, and in the neighborhood of other peoples. History tells us of no Jewish hermits, and the worst curse upon a Jew is that which sends him away from his kind. They go away only as they are driven, and their whole exile is a season of complaining. They have not the spirit of pioneers, and cannot be alone with Nature. Jews do not like to live in communities where there are no Gentiles. They come back to Christian and Moslem cities rather

than build cities of their own, even when they have ample means to do this. They cling to something outside of themselves, and thrive best when they deal habitually with alien races. They covet the good-will of others when they have no need of help or patronage.

5. Another contrast in the Jewish character is that of *pride and humility*. Their egotism is accompanied by an unbounded national pride. The Jew is proud of his blood, of his lineage, of his long history, of his divine right, proud that his people are the chosen people of God. He is even proud of his persecutions, proud that his race have endured such hardness, and yet have kept their purity of faith and their identity of life. The Arab vagabond, who wears the green turban, is more lordly in his assumption than any Pacha, for he has Mohammed for his ancestor. And the Jew in Amsterdam or Frankfort can despise the sleek burghers who pity him, for he has Abraham for his father, while they are men of yesterday. That the Jews do not beg, comes largely from this national pride; they are afraid and ashamed to disgrace their hereditary dignity. Exacting as a creditor, compelling payment of all that is "nominated in the bond," the Jew asks no favors, and would rather seem to do them than to ask them. The Israelite pawnbroker, who loans on a pledge of five times the value of his loan, with an interest of twenty or of forty per cent., keeps the air of one who is conferring a gift. Every Jew is more or less a Pharisee in this national pride.

But on the other hand, in outward appearance, the Jew is the humblest of men. His manner is supple and deferent. His gait is bent and shuffling. He keeps out of the way of others, and gives them the path. His address is mild, insinuating, full of apologies, excuses, protests of unworthiness. He is ready to accommodate, and take the lowest seat. In public places he keeps in the background. He walks with downcast look, like the publican in the parable. Arrogant as he may be in heart, he is respectful in manner; his arrogance has no noisy boast. Shylock may despise Antonio as "a fawning publican," but to a looker-on, Shylock fawns and apologizes much more than the Christian merchant. The words are humble, though

they may hold a latent satire. A haughty Jew is a rare phenomenon. The wealthy banker, who handles his millions in London, and ranks with nobles of the realm, is as meek in address as the servile money-changer in Cairo, who sits at the parting of the ways. The Jew may feel like a lord in the heritage of God in which he has the right of the first born, but his very nobility constrains him in his intercourse with men to take the servant's place. Jesus was never truer to his nation's spirit than when he said to his followers: "Let him among you that would be greatest be your servant." That is the Jewish way of gaining position, not in the offensive style of command, but in a "voluntary humiliation," in taking the servant's place, in seeming modesty. One may notice in the cities that the Hebrew tradesmen make much less parade in their signs and their announcements than the Christian tradesmen, do not hang flags across the streets, or put forth monstrous placards. The largest operators are the least ostentatious. The proud race of Israel, with their pedigree of four thousand years, humble themselves before the Gentiles who have no ancestry.

6. And equally marked in the Jewish character, is the contrast of *passion and patience.* While "sufferance is the badge of all the tribe," no race is quicker to take offence, and to show anger in look and gesture. The wrath of Shylock, learning his daughter's disgrace and flight, is the sign of an enduring trait in his race. A rash humor runs in their blood. They may "pocket the insult," but they feel it, and they show that they feel it. Anger is one of their national passions, and they share it with their Jehovah, whose wrath is real, though it abates so readily. In the Jewish ethics, anger is not a sin; even the Christian Apostle excused it as a natural impulse. The enthusiasm of the race shows itself often in this practical fashion, and even policy or fear cannot always suppress the hot rage which was royal in the wrath of Saul or Moses. In the Jewish quarters of European cities an impression is left upon the mind of the foreign visitor of perpetual disputing; the language and gesture are those of Billingsgate, and one looks to see a speedy war of blows follow the war of sharp words. In Jerusalem, to-day, the Sephardim speak

of the Ashkenazim in tones which are quite other than kindly. A Jew in whose heart there were no hatreds, no vexing wrath, would not be true to his hereditary temper, would deny the gift of his dark-eyed mother. Much of his joy comes in the indulgence of his angers; this gives vitality to his blood, and arrests physical decay. Fagin, in the Dickens story, relieves himself in his avarice and his falsehood by explosions of wrath upon the instruments of his cunning. The chief artistic defect in the character of Nathan the Wise is that this passion is wanting, that the noble man never gives way to indignation, not only bears injustice, but bears it with so much composure. He is too much of a philosopher to be a genuine Jew. Elijah, denouncing Ahab and Jezebel; Paul, calling Ananias a whited wall, forgetting in his wrath the High Priest's dignity, are more accurate types of the Jewish character than the calm sage of the German drama, who not only suppresses his anger, but seems never to feel it.

Yet over against this passion see the infinite *patience* of the race. To no people on the earth so much as this is the epithet "long-suffering" rightly applied. They have won it by centuries of oppression. If patience were not the virtue of the fathers, it certainly would be the virtue of the children. The wise Koheleth said that "the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit," and the wiser son of Sirach exalts this virtue. The proverbs which commend patience are Hebrew in their origin. The Dutch learned their familiar sentence, "*Geduld gaat boven geleerdheid*" — "patience goes beyond learning," — from the Jews who dwelt in their land. The special grace of Job is the national boast of the Hebrews. They need no exhortation to labor and to wait, for there is nothing which they cannot bear, and have not borne; insults, frauds, falsehoods, blows, every kind of injustice, are all part of their long training in suffering and patience. The duty now is an instinct as much as a principle. The Jew, in sadness of soul, may cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Yet he will endure and not faint, though the Lord should still hold back for a thousand years.

7. The next pair of contrasted traits to be noted in the Jewish character are *lavishness and economy*. The second

of these is so much brought out in novels and plays that it seems almost a paradox to speak of Jewish luxury. Yet there is no race on the earth more given to luxuries than the Hebrew. We find this in the invectives of the prophets against the feasts of men and the dresses of women. In the time of Jesus, indeed, there was an ascetic sect, and his forerunner came crying in the desert in a camel's-hair cloak and a leathern girdle, and feeding on mean food. But for all that, asceticism was not in the temper of Israel, and the Essenes were eccentric, with but small influence on the national character. The modern Jew is certainly not ascetic. He loves show, he fills his house with fine furniture, and follows close, where he does not lead, the most extravagant fashion. Not only are the daughters of Israel profuse in their jewelry, but the men, too, wear rings upon their fingers, and diamonds in their bosoms. A Jew prefers to spend his money for trinkets and trappings rather than for books and implements; he may do without the necessaries of life, but he cannot spare its luxuries. He must be very poor not to have some special indulgence, something to feast his eyes. Spectacles of all kinds, balls, operas, concerts, find their best patrons in the children of Jacob. No conscientious scruples restrain them; and they are willing by their attire and their prominence to bear a full part in the show. In the days of David and Hezekiah, music and dancing entered into the Jewish worship, and no religious prohibition hinders this passion, or puts it under ban. The luxury of the Jews is not less real that it is so often concealed from the vulgar gaze. The outside of the Jewish houses in Damascus is blank and forbidding; the walls are sodden and gray, and weeds grow in the crevices. But when the doorway is passed and the court-yard is reached, there are bright mosaics, and plashing fountains, and mirrors in the walls, and damsels in rich attire of colors and gold. Solomon, the magnificent, presents the Hebrew idea of wisdom; to have such possessions and displays that the world shall look on with envy and wonder. The Jew banker, with his four-in-hand equipage on the avenue in Newport, represents fairly the luxury of his race.

To dwell on the *economy* of the Jews, which balances

their luxury, would simply repeat the universal prejudice. "As rich as a Jew," is a proverb; but the common idea is that the Jew gets rich more by parsimony than by enterprise; that he *lays up* his money while he uses it. The traditional Jew of history and romance is the miser, clutching his gold, hiding his gains, rejoicing in his hoards, wasting nothing. His congenial trades are those in which there is no loss of substance, such as money-changing; or in which refuse is gathered and used, in cloth or in metal. Doubtless this Jewish habit is greatly exaggerated. Japhet has its misers as much as the race of Shem. The Scot is as canny in turning a penny as an Israelite of pure blood; and the sons of Abraham find their match in saving among the sons of the Puritans. The Jew is sometimes cheated by the Yankee. Nevertheless, the Jews are a saving folk, and seldom spend more than they have or more than they earn. The luxury is within the limit of their fortune. The prodigal son is an exception in their families, and the young Hebrew goes to the far country more to trade and accumulate than to waste his substance in riotous living. For this race the Gentile rule of fortunes squandered in the second or third generation is not valid; the thrift is transmitted, and the hoards are increased in the new generations. Left to themselves, and not hampered by disabilities or vexed by persecutions, the Jews are sure to grow rich; and they will grow rich, even when they are vexed and oppressed. All their reading of the cynical sentences of the Preacher about the vanity of riches, of the prayer of Agur for the just mean of property, cannot weaken their desire to lay up store of earthly treasure. They are hard-money men, and they believe in coin as the one thing substantial, if not the one thing needful. Their aristocracy is also a plutocracy, like the English, and the neglect to use the occasion of adding to their fortune is a foolish blunder, if not an unpardonable sin.

8. One more contrast in the Jewish character must be mentioned,—*of dogmatism and tolerance.* On one side the Jews are intensely dogmatic. They insist that their own religion is the best, the saving religion; that it is revealed and divine; that it came from God, and has a sanction which no other can have. They know that they are right.

Their doctrine is positive. They have no questions, no exceptions, no hesitation in their assertion, no qualifications. Their only apology for their faith is in the works of Philo. Neither for the foundation nor for the substance of his belief does the Jew seek outside arguments, "reasons for believing." The reason and the argument are in the faith itself. It is almost as self-evident to him as a mathematical axiom. In every Jewish treatise or history this sturdy dogmatism appears, not weakened by any doubt, but strict and outspoken. The controversy is not timid, but aggressive. Outnumbered twenty-fold as the Jew is in his dispute with united Christendom, he is as brave and confident before this vast force, in this unequal strife, as David was before Goliath. He is a zealot, as ardent as any of the ancient sect, though he is more prudent than the zealots who destroyed the kingdom in their zeal for the Law and Prophets.

And yet, with all this dogmatism, the Jewish race is tolerant, and practices toleration more frankly than any Christian sect. It never molests other religions; has no spirit of propagandism; uses no arts of sectarian increase. It lets other races get salvation in their own way. It may be said that such charity is easy and politic for a race which has no power to persecute, which is hopelessly inferior in force; and that no one knows what the Jews would do in a changed situation, and with a majority on their side. But they never were a proselyting people, even in the day of their strong empire; and the assertion of Keim that they were, is not justified by their authentic annals. Solomon did not compel his subjects or his captives to worship Jehovah; on the contrary, he left the natives around him to their own gods, and even gave these gods room and welcome upon the hills of Judea. There is no evidence that he converted the Queen of Sheba to the faith of Israel, or sent her home to give to her people the sacrifices of Moriah, or the laws of Sinai. The Jews receive only voluntary converts, and use no pleading or threatening to gain them. They leave other sects to stand or fall, each by its own light, and to its own master. The bigotry which is the sin of so many of our Christian journals is not conspicuous in what the Jewish journals say of the Christian

sects. They allow to others the freedom which they claim for themselves. If they do not answer cursing with blessing, they have no actual anathemas. They let their foes alone. The Jew has his own Sabbath, but he does not grudge to the Moslem or to the Christian their sacred days, the Friday or the Sunday, the first or the sixth day of the week. He does not wish them to intrude in his house, but in their own houses they may act their pleasure.

These evident contrasts in the character of the Jewish race seem to prove to its loyal children, such as Rabbi Jellinek, that it holds the future of human destiny; that it is the reconciling race which shall fulfill the prophecy of joining the lion and the lamb, and shall make the synthesis of the opposites in custom and faith. More interesting to the Jews even than their former story, so full of providence and deliverance, and triumph, comfort in captivity, restoration after sorrows, is the question of their future destiny. In the heart of the people there is a lasting confidence that a new Jerusalem better than the old shall come; and that the glory of the former record shall be pale in the brightness of the coming kingdom. But where and how shall this kingdom come? Shall it be literal restoration to the ancient land so long desolate, a new throne on the hill of the Palace and the Temple, a gathering of the people from all the lands of the Gentiles to the narrow region which was so "goodly" to the eyes of their fathers? This crude Messianic hope still clings in the longings of the ignorant; and in the synagogue-prayer that the Redeemer may soon come to Zion, they seem to see the thronging and jubilant pilgrimage back to the deserted seats. But intelligent Jews have ceased to expect or wish for any such literal return. They look for a spiritual kingdom as broad as the world, and not fixed in any land or on any hill. The new temple will not be on Gerizim or in Jerusalem, but in the hearts of men. The triumph of their race is not to be in its concentration apart, but in its influence in moulding the characters and purifying the faith of other races. The joy of the Jews now is in the thought that they are as leaven in the civilization of men, and that the best human things, the highest moral and religious ideas, come through them and their

ancient Law. They see the Messiah's advent in the recognition which they are gaining, in the respect for their position, in the influence of their industry, their genius, and their hope. Their kingdom comes as they sustain the cheer and hinder the despair of the world around them. While they would hold their purity of blood and of race, they have no wish to draw back from that contact with the Gentiles, which has so enlarged the dominion of their ideas, and given them the heathen for inheritance. The Jewish wise men now teach that the mission of their race is to do for the whole earth what it did for Canaan after its years of wandering,—to subdue opposing forces, to civilize and to bless. Everywhere they are dropping what is only narrow and technical, and insisting more upon the broad and universal part of the creed. Unlike the Roman church, which stands immovable in the progress of the ages, learning nothing from the world's wisdom, and only iterating the old formulas, the Jewish wisdom moves with the age, and adapts itself to the world's spirit. This race belongs to the nineteenth century as much as young Germany, or young France, or young America. It springs to the new work of opening the resources of continents, and quickening the social forces. It is all alive with interest in the things which are present, and has small care for mere recollection of former days. A few Jews go off to Jerusalem with the pious purpose of finding a grave with their fathers. But no Jew, who has the sense of a living soul within him, or of a work in his own age, wishes a *home* in that land of graves. He finds his home close to his place of labor, and he builds his temple there, solid and visible, to stand as long as any religious house. The avenues of flourishing cities are to him more charming than the lanes of Zion, where the holy stones have long been trodden under the feet of men. There is more of Jerusalem where he can see the evident strength of his race, than where he can only read its dim and fading legend. Now that the Jew has become a man among men, a citizen of the world, and not its outcast, he does not seek the city where his outcast state is inevitably brought to his remembrance. When Israel was hated and spurned, it might wish to find a home in its former land of

rest. But now that the burden is lifted off, now that it is free from its task-master, it is better satisfied with the new privilege which the Lord has given, and finds in its dispersion that it inherits the earth in a wider sense than was meant by the seers when they spoke its destiny and its future glory.

XVIII.

CHRISTIANITY THE UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

ACTS iv. 12.—"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name given among men whereby we must be saved."

PETER, in this answer to the rulers and elders, speaks not so much of spiritual as of physical salvation. The cripple at the gate was made whole, he says, by the power of the risen Christ; and all cures of that kind can be wrought by that power and that name, and not by any lower skill or incantation. The healing of diseases is in the influence of him who by the spirit of God had been made superior to physical accidents and master of physical laws. Peter does not mean to say that only Christ can give light to men, or make them wise and happy, but that he only can realize the prophetic promise of the Messiah's kingdom, in which things which seem impossible shall be proved real, and ills of the flesh shall yield to the force of the spirit. Nor does he in this saying include any large survey of the world beyond the Sacred Land. He does not say that the heathen of Africa or Asia, of whom he knew nothing, can have no other salvation, spiritual or physical, than that which comes through Jesus of Nazareth. The motive of the modern missionary movement cannot be drawn from the literal intent of the Apostle's word. It may be true, and we may be glad to believe, that the name of Jesus is the saving name for every kindred, tongue and nation, but the Apostle does not say so in this answer to the rulers in Jerusalem. He simply tells them that no one of the great names which they know; no name of rabbi, or scribe, or prophet, or priest; no name which is respectable among them, or has ever been used in their assemblies, has such power as the name of him whom they have crucified; that the Jesus

whom they have rejected, have mocked, have outraged, have slain, lives still, in spite of them, and lives with a force and a grace stronger than all their arts, and evident to their eyes, with a force which they cannot deny or gainsay, and of which they need the aid and blessing.

But what Peter claimed for the physical power of Jesus there in Judea, the followers of Jesus claim now for his spiritual power everywhere. They say that he is Saviour of the world from its ills and sins, in the actual scope and character of his Gospel, if not in its first design. They insist that this name is the only universal name, eminent above all others, which ought to stand for a universal religion, and which will at some time or other stand for a universal religion. They affirm that Christianity, the religion of Jesus, ought to be the religion of the whole world, and that the world would anywhere be better for having this religion; that the best religions of the heathen are inferior to this; that no religion is so well adapted to the needs of men; that no other religion can be universal. Allowing, as every intelligent man must allow, that there is good in all religions, and that the rudest and harshest faiths have some saving influence, the followers of Jesus still maintain that there is more good in the Christian religion, and that this contains all the grace of the heathen religions and more which they do not contain. It is not at all necessary for those who hold that the Gospel of Christ is a universal religion, to insist that those who have it not, who do not know, or even who reject, the name of the Redeemer, are alien from God and the victims of his wrath; that the world of torment is peopled by swarming millions who have died without confession of this name. That there are local religions, national religions, very ancient, very strong in their hold, very salutary in their quickening of reverence and their restraint upon wickedness, is willingly admitted by intelligent men, even while they say that Christianity is better and ought to have sway above these local and national religions. Not bigotry alone holds the grand idea of the universal reign of Christ. One may exult in the broad harmonies of the great German master of symphony, without denying the sweetness of lesser melodies or the merit of inferior masters.

That Christianity, in any of its existing schemes or dogmatic statements, is likely to become the religion of the whole world, no wise man can believe. The Roman Catholic Church makes converts still among the heathen, as it has made them for more than a thousand years. Its rites resemble the heathen rites, and no very great change is required of those who bow down to wood and stone when Rome brings in her lighted altars and her images of the saints. Yet it is preposterous to suppose that the creed of St. Augustine or the creed of Pope Pius will ever be the rule of faith for the whole human race. The Calvinist missionaries of England and America continue to preach in India and China, and in the Isles of the Sea, but they find only few adherents among the blinded worshippers who live and die in those populous lands. No sensible man can believe that the whole world will ever belong to the Congregational or the Presbyterian Church. The Church of England makes large claim, and gains a place in some lands that own no allegiance to the English Queen; yet who is enthusiastic enough to imagine the whole race of man reading from the English prayer-book, or confessing the thirty-nine articles? No existing creed of Christianity, no existing sect, no form in which faith is stated, can be taken for the Gospel of final supreme dominion. The simplest and most rational statements are too technical for a universal religion. Christ may be the prevailing name, but not the Christ which any human systems have moulded or imagined, whether on earth or in heaven. The spirit of Christianity, and not its form, makes it universal.

A reason why some thinkers of our time strangely deny the value of the Christian Gospel, and make the fantastic and impossible effort to stand outside of it in a Christian land, is that they persist in confounding the religion itself with the forms in which it has been fastened, and think that it must always be encased in these forms and can never live separate from them. Christianity, they tell us, means the old ecclesiastical confession of Jesus as very God, and if you cannot take that, you must let Christianity go. Salvation by Christ can only be in this church method; and as the church method can never be the world

method, Christianity must, with all its diffusion, and with all the zeal of its preachers, be a partial and temporary religion, which men, even in so-called Christian lands, may outgrow. You may see men educated in our churches and religious schools, who frankly tell you that the Christian religion has done for them all that it can do; that they have got beyond it; that it seems to them limited and narrow, and that they will no longer stay in its bondage. And they argue that a religion cannot be universal which has not even power to hold its own children. That the Gospel of Christ is rejected by those to whom it has been carefully taught, is reason for denying that it will be accepted outside of its own circle. They say that more become heathen at home in their unbelief than all the heathen who are converted abroad. The Christian religion is only one of the religions of the world, good in some things, but not perfect, with its weak points as well as its strong points, suited to one class of men and one kind of civilization, only one phenomenon of a varied and heterogeneous religious life. They cannot tell what the universal religion is or will be, but they are confident that it will be nothing so special as Christianity, and nothing that has the name of any man, whether the human name or the official name. The mistake of their position is in fastening the religion itself to its historic form, in making the Church to be the visible house, instead of the company of invisible souls, in allowing the claim of the religious system to represent and conclude all of the religious life. If Christianity is all in any form in which it is now, or ever has been embodied, it certainly cannot cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Its spread will only be in detached masses, with wide chasms, and its triumph will be in fortresses set at intervals, which, strong as they may be, will always exclude more than they take in. Christianity will not be a universal religion merely as one or many of the Churches establish missionary stations in all lands, because at some time or other one may be able to hear the Catholic mass, or the Scotch psalm-singing, or the English Litany, or the Methodist prayer, on all shores and in all tongues, because there will be no part of the world, north or south, ancient or modern, savage or civil-

ized, in which the name of Christ will not be repeated, and his religion make some show; but because it will enter into the spirit of all religions and transform them into its own likeness. That any form of Christianity that has been known since the tragedy of Calvary will become the *substitute* for all the forms and faiths of all the nations is only an idle dream, fit to amuse credulous and enthusiastic souls. But that the soul of the Christ of God will inform and illumine the life of all the nations is the most reasonable of all religious hopes.

1. Let us notice some of the reasons of this hope, some of the reasons why Christianity fulfils the idea, and meets the demand of a universal religion. The first of these is that it addresses itself to all classes, conditions, ranks and ages in society, and finds its saints everywhere; that it is in no sense national, peculiar or exclusive. It is a religion for the old and the young, for the wise and the simple, for the rich and the poor, for the master and the servant,—independent of all circumstance or spiritual state. There may be national conditions to which it is not adapted, but for individual men and women and children, it is always good. Its essential ideas are welcome everywhere. That can be said of no other religion and no philosophical system. The sacred books of India and Persia and China, the wise books of Greece and Rome, never can find such wide favor as the Sermon on the Mount or the records of the Evangelists. Exceptional men may prefer other teaching to the teaching of these simple records, but this preference is not ordered by any rule of race or class. The testimony to the surpassing value and beauty of the Christian religion comes not alone from the devotion of those who blindly assent to it, but from the deliberate judgment of the wisest men, and even from the judgment of enemies. Rousseau wrote its eulogy while he would set up another oracle of truth. That it is beyond the mark of actual human life almost everywhere does not prove that it is not adapted to the condition of men. Every one would like to live up to it. No one pretends to live beyond it. Even those who reject the Gospel do not pretend that they are better or happier than they would be if they lived up to its precepts. Christianity had its cradle in Judea, and his-

torically was born of a very close and national religion; yet it is in no sense a Jewish religion, and the Jews claim no property in it. It suits the blood of the artistic Greek, of the arbitrary Roman, of the ardent African, as much as of the Jew. Lineage and climate make no law of its diffusion. The calendar of the Church represents very well this wide adaptation of the religion. Its saints and heroes, not selected by design to illustrate this idea, but chosen from age to age by their personal merit, are seen to come from every race and station. Some have been humble men, of mean descent and small fortune, while others have borne dignities and have filled the seats of the teachers. Some have been anchorites, dwelling alone in prayer and fasting, while others have been busy in the streets of cities, in works of charity and mercy. Some have the brow of youth, all radiant with health and life, while others show the lines of haggard age, rapt only in the vision of the near heaven so long expected. Ambrose and Antony, Catherine and Theresa, Louis the King, girded with armor, Bernard the Abbot, with the Pastor's staff, and the mendicant Francis, barefoot and a beggar,—these and how many more, show us by their union in the line that Christianity belongs to no class, and has a word and a call for all. Judaism could never become a religion for the world, because it has a priestly caste, a set of men who own as exclusive right its honors and mysteries, and whom the rest must obey. No religion that has a priestly caste can ever be universal, whatever its precepts. The universal religion must reach the highest and the lowest alike, and be as good for one as for all. This Christianity is, by the confession alike of friends and foes. This is the objection to it made by many: that it is too democratic; that it levels distinctions; that it confuses social order by giving one rule for all. This is its plea, even with its creed banner held up in the van of its march,—one salvation for all, the same law for saint and sinner, one door by which all enter in.

You may plead, indeed, that times arise in the life of almost every one, when Christ's teaching is found inadequate to show duty; that there are difficult cases of conscience that the religion is unable to meet; that it is not

in harmony with many natural, permanent, and therefore innocent instincts, and that it does not help on that material gain and comfort which is the first need and end of man upon the earth. Are there not many who fail to find in this religion the solution of the problem of their physical life? It tells them to take no thought for the morrow, while they have to take thought for the morrow, else they cannot live. It tells them to lay up treasure in heaven,—while here they are upon earth, and have this to care for. It tells them to trust their brethren, while their brethren are actually false and treacherous. It tells them to render to Cæsar his due, when Cæsar is a hard task-master and would despoil them of their right. It tells them not to fear death, when the fear of death is the best security for life. Can a religion be universal which has in it so much which is impracticable, so much which is unsuited to every actual social state, so much which must be varied and modified and explained away? How much of the religion would be left, if all must take only what every one can use? There are Christian ideas which are adapted to the Chinese and Hindoos, but are there not ideas which must be left out of the preaching if these races are to accept it? If Christianity must be clipped and twisted and beaten out to suit the state of men in Christian lands, must be warped to the prejudices of rank and wealth and dogmatism, or to the exigencies of trade and war, how shall it be brought to the more exacting needs of heathen lands?

This objection has a plausible sound, but is sophistical withal. It may best be met by considering what Christianity is in its origin and its essence. But we may say in passing that an elastic reach and range is not an objection to any system. The air is elastic, and may be compressed or expanded, modified by vapors or odors, but it is not any the less the all-embracing and the all-penetrating source of life. The air on the mountain is lighter than the air in the valley; the air on the plain is purer than the air in the mine or in the tenement-houses of the city; but it is still air, and better than any compound of the chemists' art. Water is elastic, and is beaten into wave and foam by the freaks of the wind, and yields before the cut-

ting keel; yet it holds no less its majestic flow, and runs where the rigid line of lava cannot run. It is a merit of Christianity that it will bear so much stretching and twisting, and yet keep its integrity; that it has such power of self-restoration; that now, after all these pleas of priests and rulers and worldly sophists, after all this false handling in the saloon and the market-place, and on the battlefield, it still continues to speak of peace and justice, and love and forgiveness.

The wonderful power of the Catholic Church is shown in its skill to take advantage of passing issues, to meet all emergencies, yet keep its unity throughout all. And it is evidence of the universal value of the Christian religion, that it will bear so much manipulation, so much expansion and contraction, without losing any of its essential ideas, and that we can know what it is and was, after all these transformations.

2. But we find another reason for believing that Christianity is a universal religion in the *humanity* of its origin. It begins with tangible historical fact — with a human biography. Jesus is not, like the gods of the Pagan religions, a mythical character, half human, half monstrous, but he is a man, born of woman, with a human name, lineage and work. The wonderful works which he is recorded to have done are not fabulous prodigies, works in the clouds, but human offices, the works which come from the wisdom of the human mind and the sympathies of the human heart. The story of Jesus is everywhere intelligible, and appeals to all who have human feeling. If the original record were lost, and we had only left the deified Christ of the creeds, Jesus might become as vague and legendary as the deified heroes of the Pagan mythology. But the records survive, and they have been multiplied in such abundance that all tribes find access to them. The story of Jesus is the only story of a founder of the religion which is ever likely to become widely known or widely attractive; the only story of a religious founder which makes its appeal directly to the hearts of men. Jesus is the one Saviour of men who can be brought into tender personal relations with the human soul, and with every human soul; whom saint and sinner, too, can accept as a brother and think of as a

brother in the flesh. The Hindoo can have no such relation with the mystical Brahma or the ascetic Buddha, avoiding human companionship. The Chinese can have no such tender feeling for the great Confucius, exalted by his wisdom. Hercules, and Prometheus, and Odin, and all the divine men of Pagan lore, are of another kind than this Divine Man, whose best divinity was in his perfect human work. The acts and spirit of Jesus are the interpretation of human experience and life. He is all the more fit to be the Redeemer of the world that his life on the earth was in such a small theatre, in such a narrow land. If, instead of living a few years in that close region of Galilee and Judea, he had for a century gone roaming through the countries abroad — a wandering Jew up and down the earth — his story could not have the meaning for men that it now has; its very volume would oppress the imagination and destroy its simplicity. But now how full it is, and yet how easily read and how easily understood; — a man in Palestine, living and dying, teaching and healing, and entering into the joys and sorrows of life in that narrow land, between the river and the sea, and yet such a man as every nation would be glad to own, and would make its own model of the righteous life. We may not say that no religion has had so dignified a beginning as this, but we may say that no religion starts in such clear daylight, with such positive credentials of its fitness for men. Its centre, and its indestructible part, is not a song of angels, not a cosmogonic tale, not an allegory or an epic, not any writing of the Invisible God on tables of stone even, but a life, as human in its deeds and its loves as any life of man ever will be, of one who ate and wept and prayed, who was a physician and preacher, a censor of morals and a friend in distress, and a servant of the men who called him their master. The religion that has this central figure has an advantage over all other religions which are gathered around some shadow of a name, or around some incomprehensible legend. And the story of the martyrdom of Jesus has an appeal of its own, as it shows the voluntary surrender of life to higher spiritual ends. Other religions have their martyrs — deaths endured rather than relinquish faith. But these martyrs

have been victims of a power which they might not resist. Jesus, on the other hand, appears as the *willing* martyr, not using the privilege of his power to save his own life, but going to death with an assurance that his dying might bring greater gain and be a blessing to the world. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." This is not a vain boast, when we think of the spirit in which the man of Calvary met the death which they gave him.

3. A third reason for assuming the universality of the Christian religion is found in its ethical character. Its philosophy and its spirit are all moral. There is no metaphysic speculation in it, no theological abstractions. It is all concerned with men and the duties of men, with the relations of human life. What is clearest in it is its practical moral teaching. It is a remarkable fact that no system of abstract theology ever has been drawn, or ever can be drawn, from the fragmentary record of the four gospels, while it is entirely possible to make from these a system of morals. The Epistles of Paul and the sentences of the prophets have more place in what is called Christian theology than the words of Jesus. The Gospel of John, indeed, has a tone of mysticism, and there are hints of the higher spiritual wonders and the order of things exclusively divine. But, abstracting what John himself says in his Gospel, Jesus appears here as a moral teacher as much as in the other three Gospels. Now a religion that is mystical, abstract, or mainly theological, can never be the religion of all nations, or of all sorts and conditions of men. Duties are more easily understood than doctrines, and a religion which tells what to do has a broader compass than a religion that tells what to believe. And Christianity makes its morality the basis of its salvation. It teaches that righteousness is the ground of hope, and that by this men come into the kingdom of God. The Christian creeds, indeed, do not teach this; and they hinder by their doctrine of faith in dogmas the spread of the truth which they would carry. The dogma of justification by faith alone can never be a universal formula. But the preaching of an upright life, of virtues such as those in the Christian system, of service limited by these moral laws, will make a religion everywhere in place. There are many

places on the earth where the doctrines of Trinity and of Angels, and of vicarious suffering, would neither be accepted nor understood, however ingeniously argued; but where is the place in which the morality of the Sermon on the Mount, or of the Parables, would not be acknowledged as noble? In this prevailing moral spirit, the Christian religion is shown to be a religion for all men.

4. And another reason may be found in the fact that Christianity takes men as they are and provides for their actual life. It speaks of heaven and of a world beyond this; yet its law is all for this world. It has no special teaching for any other state than this of earth. Its morality is for the concerns of the social life of men, of their dealings and relations more than of their dreams and fancies. The kingdom which Jesus brings is the kingdom of heaven; yet it is to be noted that in his words there is no law for any other life than that which men have here on the earth together. The only *ordered* heaven of the Gospel is the heaven of human homes and human help. Christianity in this way simplifies religion by concentrating its force upon the actual work and life of men, and by assuming that they are in their right place where they are, that the wrong is not in their condition, but in their ways and their lives, and that this can be, and ought to be, remedied. When a missionary of the cross goes to any heathen land, his first care is to learn the language and the customs of that land, that he may make these the vehicle of his word of reform. He does not tell them that they are wretched in having been born Chinese or Hindoo, but that he has something for them that will make them better Chinese or Hindoos than they have ever been before; that will purify their lives, and make God's Providence more real in their condition. He tells them that the sunlight of their own land is as good as the sunlight of any land, and that the heaven is as near to them there as it would be anywhere. Christian civilization does not mean merely the life of Europe or of America, but the morality which would make the husband kind to the wife, children obedient to parents, neighbors mutually helpful, laborers industrious, tradesmen honest, rulers just, all men truthful, sober, peaceable and humble. Bishop Colenso can preach

this Gospel to the Zulus as well as to the lords of England, and they understand it as well.

5. And the religion of Jesus has this advantage over other religions, that it holds to the worth of man as man, independently of his condition. There is no class that it despises. There is no class that it fairly casts out. It tells the poor everywhere that they are children of God and are rich in his love. It tells the weak everywhere that they are strong in the Lord, and may prevail by his strength. It calls sinners into the kingdom. It comes not only to lost sheep of the house of Israel, but to sheep, lost and wandering, of every land. It realizes that line of the Roman dramatist, and is so human itself that nothing human is foreign to it. No national prejudice can bar the way to the Christian appeal and call. It is enough that man is born of woman and has a part in the common lot to make him a child of the Church. No matter what theories of native or total depravity any Christian teachers may hold, whether they accept the sternest doctrine of hereditary guilt, or whether they believe that all children are innocent at birth and angels of God; in this they agree,—that all are worth saving; that all ought to be redeemed by the Gospel. Christianity is the only religion that has ever tried to *teach idiots*, not only to comfort, but to enlighten and restore, the feeble-minded. Other religions have recognized a kind of inspiration in lunacy, and have listened to the ravings of maniacs as if these were the voices of God's prophets; but Christianity alone has essayed to cast out the devils, and to bring back human reason in place of mad ravings. This religion alone has the end of making perfect men out of all kinds of material, and of building its houses of wood and hay, and stubble even, as well as of brick and stone. In the very beginning, Jesus, skilled in the lore of the Jewish teachers, and able to confute Rabbins in discerning the Law, addressed himself to the humblest class, and talked with the multitude whom the scribes neglected, and healed the lepers, who were shunned as unclean. And his followers in all the ages have kept that custom. Wise, and great and powerful as the Christian Church has become, ally of the powers of the world, strong in learned disputes, it has

never forgotten that its ministry was to bring men up from their low estate, and give them their birthright. It has told not only the noble and bright souls to become perfect, but the weak and penitent souls as well. We feel that any teacher, however wise or pious, denies the large word of the Gospel, who says that there is any man or woman fated to perdition by innate worthlessness, any man or woman whom God's grace may not reach, any man or woman too low to be lifted, too foul to breathe celestial airs. The very doctrine of death-bed repentance, which only Christianity holds, unsafe as it is, misapplied as it is, has this of merit, that it testifies to the worth of the human soul. This cannot be let go, even in long transgression and obstinate in its sin. The Christian religion will never despair of any soul so long as life holds; and by its doctrine of purgatory, it even follows the soul into the life beyond, and cares for it there. The Catholic Church, in this doctrine, teaches that the soul of the dead sinner is worth saving, too, and may be caught in its fall by the prayers of the faithful on earth, and held until its sin shall be expiated and pardon shall be granted. The very abuses of the Church testify to its love for souls, and to its estimate of the worth of man. In this regard, Christianity is broader, not only than all the heathen religions, but than any of the philosophies which would take its place and set it aside. Stoicism, which sometimes counterfeits the Gospel, and has in its training many of the manlier Christian virtues, differs in this, that it despises weak souls, timid, effeminate, impure. It takes as its motto not the line of the Roman freedman, which we just now quoted, but that other line of the Roman sybarite, "I hate the profane crowd, and I keep them under." The French atheists, in their mad rioting, crowned a harlot and proclaimed her goddess of reason, in place of religion crushed out. But Christianity is not afraid to take as a saint the sinning woman, who loved so much, and washed with her tears the feet of the messenger of God.

6. And one more proof we may find of the universal worth of the Christian Gospel, in its doctrine of *unity*. Other religions have taught the law of love, and the golden rule is found in many tongues. But only the Christian

religion has taught the substantial unity of the human race, the virtual brotherhood of men. Paul, on Mars Hill, quoted from a Greek poet to justify his doctrine that God had made of one blood all the nations of men; but the Greek poet did not say all that Paul said, and did not mean all that Paul made him to mean. The races of men are made one in the Christian Gospel. The white man by this is made to feel that he is brother of the red man and the yellow man and the black man. Ethiopia for the Christian missionary stretches out her hands as much as Macedonia calls; barbarian or Greek, Jew or Copt, all are his brethren, and all are brethren one of another. This is the Christian theory, however widely it may be departed from in practice. In Christ all men are to become *one.* His reconciliation is to be not only the reconciliation of sinning souls to the great God, but the reconciliation of divided souls to each other. Christianity makes of men in all nations and climes a *family*, while it shows in God their Father.

The uniting religion will be the universal religion. No religion ever can be universal which in any way separates the souls of men, encourages their divisions, encourages their isolation, encourages their personal pride, which does not give a common hope and a common love. This binding together of men is the complement of the binding of the soul to God, and this we find in the Christian Gospel. This is the only religious system which has ever seriously proposed to make the whole race of man a brotherhood, and which sees that brotherhood in its vision of the coming kingdom. All schemes of consolidation, of co-operation, of partial unity among trades and professions, all the communities and fraternities and phalanxes are only experiments which the broad theory of Christianity has suggested. These Shaker fanatics, these Icarian visionaries, Fourier and Owen, and all their tribe, only have tried to carry out on a small scale what Christianity would carry out in the spirit all over the earth. Christianity denounces everything that makes men enemies, and declares that good-will everywhere among men is the highest state and the crowning joy.

There are these reasons, then, for believing that the

Christian religion ought to be and will be the universal religion;—that it addresses itself to all classes, and finds its saints in all classes; that it originates in a human life, which all can see, love and understand; that its spirit is moral, and that it deals with human duties; that it takes men as they are and provides for their actual life; that it holds to the worth of man as man, without regard to his condition; and that it unites men in one brotherhood.

Other reasons might be added, but these are sufficient. These are characteristic marks of Christianity which distinguish it from other religions. Of no other existing religion can these things be said. No existing religion has any such plan of action, any such hope of triumph. No heathen religion expects that its church will ever cover the whole world as the waters cover the sea, while the Christian religion inspires that belief even in its smallest sects and fragments of sects. The earnest men in all the sects profess to believe that at some day or other all men will adopt their profession, all men will agree to their creed. That is the grand pretension of the Roman Church, which has yet among its members hardly a sixth or a tenth of the human race; that is the presumption of the Church of Swedenborg as well, that their new Jerusalem, so narrow now, will at last contain all the tribes of men. The sound Anglican divine is confident that his articles will yet become the universal saving faith; and every Sunday that confidence is matched in the sermons of the Mormon Tabernacle. Methodists in their Conference insist that the followers of Wesley are heirs of the kingdom of the earth as of the kingdom of heaven; and the followers of Ballou and Murray preach in this, their centenary year, that in God's time the whole world will become Universalist, that this is the coming faith of the race of man. Now this confidence of the several sects, large and small, in its own future, each in its own triumph, in its own universal dominion, preposterous as it seems to a rational mind, only shows what is the hope and inspiration of the wider religion of which these sects are only shoots and rays. The Christianity which is finally to prevail is not the peculiarity of any sect, but the part which they all have in common. This their zeal bears onward, and on this they have

no controversy. This essential Christianity is rooting itself in the world day by day, year by year, more firmly, in spite of all attacks upon one or another of its branches. It grows like that tree once so bright in the gardens, but now despised by fastidious taste, — the Balm of Gilead, — and though its boughs may be hacked and its trunk laid low, its roots will still send up their shoots all around, and all the more that the stronger growth is hindered. The attempts to depreciate Christianity only aid it by compelling its teachers to come back from its incidental and temporary adjuncts to its central principles, to press what is simple more than what is obscure, what is rational more than what is fantastic.

The time is certainly not very near at hand when Christianity will become the religion of all the race of man. Geologists predict that in the end of ages the primitive chaos will come back, that the elements which have wrought this creation of the spinning planets and the fertile earth out of the nebulous void are at work in its destruction, and that the fire and the water will whelm all these forms of physical life. Then, the cynics say, when there are no more any men on the earth, when it is all an ice-bound extinct volcano, waiting to be cast into fragments, Christianity may as well be a universal religion. But the time of the triumph of the Gospel will hardly be sooner than the time of the death of the race. Of what avail, they plead, are all these missionary efforts, all this preaching to the heathen, all these Bibles sent, all these churches gathered? Are not the millions obstinate in their blindness? Twelve hundred years have passed since the Arabian prophet proclaimed his divine mission, unfurled his green banner, and sent out his conquering armies. What country that he conquered has ever been rescued by any missionaries of the Cross? Nay, if we add to the millions of the heathen and the millions of the Moslem, the millions of those who in Christian lands have lost faith in the religion of the former ages, shall we not see a narrowing rather than a widening of the circle of influence? Is it not the idlest dream that this religion, or that any religion, shall ever conquer the intellect or even the heart of all the race of men? The Churches may iterate their

word that only by the name of Christ anywhere under the heaven can men be saved, but what sensible man can receive a theory which is denied by the life and death of all these generations? When this Gospel is so threatened in its own citadel, and may be starved out or crushed out there, is it wise to boast of its possible victories in a dominion where it has yet hardly found foothold?

But there are theories so inspiring, there are fancies so blessed, that no cynic cavils can set them aside. Again and again, a hundred times or a thousand times, these missionary efforts may fail, but they are renewed and they will be. Never was the Church of Christ more hopeful of its future than to-day. Never was the promise more cheering. Who speaks of giving up that really believes in this Gospel? For a thousand years, for ten thousand years, it may be, the great consummation may be withheld, and the nations of the world keep their separate idols. But the seed sown so widely will have its sure harvest. We shall continue to believe, and we shall continue to say, until some grander revelation is given, that the religion of Christ is the best boon of God to man, the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. And even if it should wait for its glory to the end of created things, we shall be content, remembering that strong saying of Jesus, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

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